This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

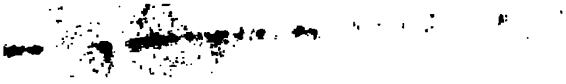
1442.16.7

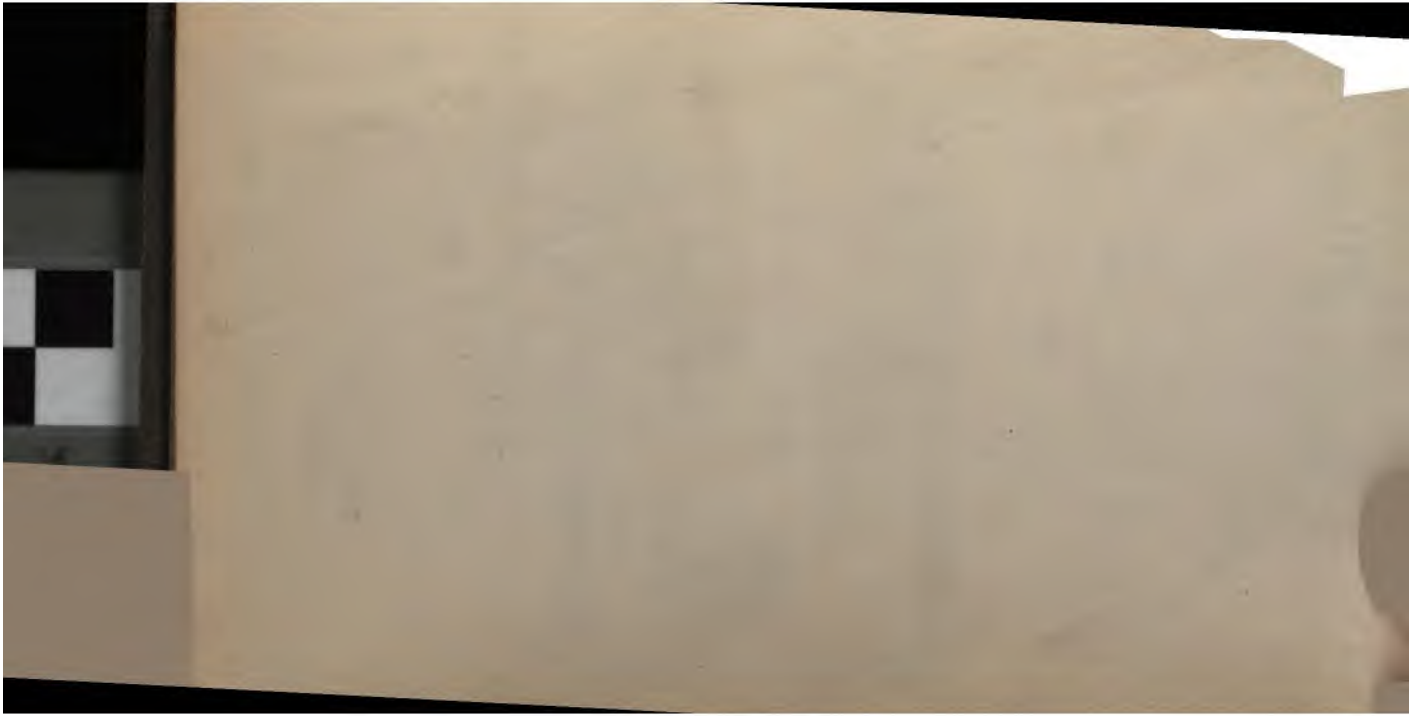
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

THIS VOLUME IS FROM
THE LIBRARY OF

GAMALIEL BRADFORD VI,

1863–1932, BIOGRAPHER AND ESSAYIST,
GIVEN BY HELEN F. BRADFORD
MAY 24, 1942

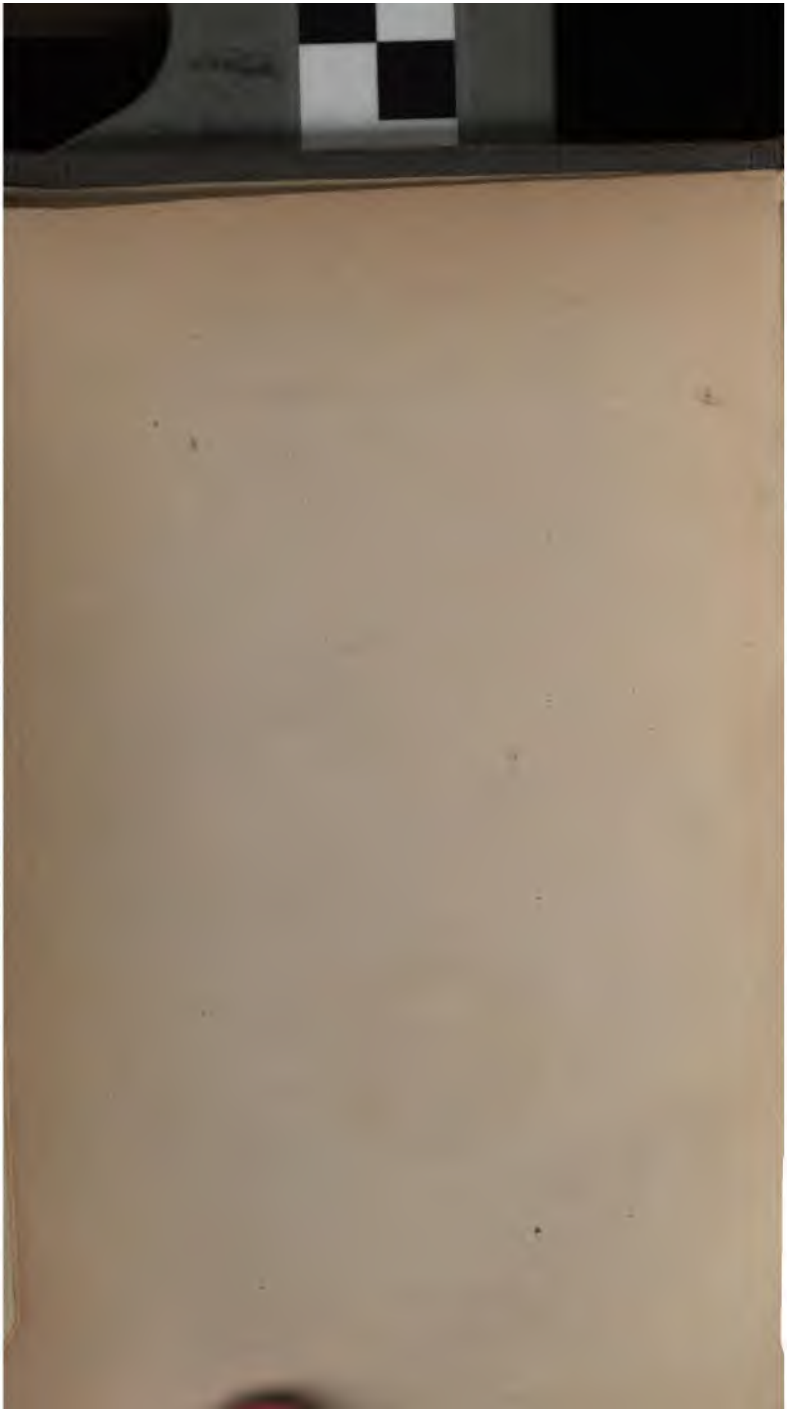




G. Bradford Jr.
Cambridge
Dec. 31 1883

Hedon H. Bradford
Wellesley Hills
Oct. 9 1886

Gamaliel Bradford Jr.
Wellesley Hills
Oct. 9th 1886
Three.



The Globe Edition

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS AND MANUSCRIPTS

BY

R. MORRIS

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY

WITH A MEMOIR

BY

J. W. HALES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY

NEW EDITION

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1879

14442.16.7

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
CAMILLE GRANDVAL
MAY 24, 1942

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

957
43-23
35

PREFACE.

esent edition of Edmund Spenser's works no attempt has been made modernize the Poet's language or to furnish the reader with an ext. I have been simply content to reprint the earliest known edi- Spenser's various poems, correcting here and there some few errors crept into them, by a careful collation with subsequent editions, most were published in the lifetime of the poet. For an account of these ir dates of publication the reader is referred to the Biographical Appendix I., at the end of this volume, contains all the most im- ariations from the original editions, and will enable the critical reader favourably or otherwise of this part of my work, in which I have some assistance from the previous labours of Church, Jortin, Warton, d, as well as from the excellent editions of Professor Child and Mr. lier. This present edition is the only modern one that contains a faithful f the first edition of the Daphnaïda, by means of which I have been to present a text free at least from one error that appears in every fter 1591.*

rose Treatise on Ireland, as printed by Sir James Ware, and followed ecent editors, was found on examination to be very inaccurate and te.† It seemed scarcely fair to Spenser's memory to let this single prose remain in so unsatisfactory a state. I have therefore re-edited three manuscripts belonging to the library of the British Museum.

ition of 1596 and all subsequent ones read—

'I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some *deere* cave.'

rs have proposed to read *dreere* for *deere*, but *deepe*, the lection of the first edition, is in- ough.

le itself as given by Ware is incorrectly stated. All the manuscripts, as well as the entry oks of the *Stationers' Company*, read 'A View of the PRESENT State of Ireland,' but, *ough, the word 'present' is omitted* in all editions that I have seen.

The text itself is from the Additional Manuscript, 22022, the oldest of th three mamuscripts; and, according to Sir James Ware's account of some of th best manuscripts seen by him, the Ad. MS. is evidently a very good on Harleian MS., 1932, which very closely resembles, even in its omission Ware's text, and Harleian MS. 7388, are very fair manuscripts, and have bee collated throughout with the Additional Manuscript and Ware's text.

In compiling the Glossary I have endeavoured to make it as complet as possible; and this, it is hoped, will in some measure compensate for th absence of notes, for which no space could be found in the present volume. have made free use of the labours of previous editors; Todd's Index, Pr fessor Child's Notes, and the glossaries of Mr. J. P. Collier and Mr. Kitchi have been consulted, and have facilitated and lightened my glossarial work.

In Appendix II. will be found Spenser's Letters to Gabriel Harvey, reprinte from the edition of 1580. They are also to be found, but in a very inaccura form, in the Folio Edition, 1679, of Spenser's works.

R. M.

August, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
[illegible] SPENSER	xi
[illegible]TER OF THE AUTHORS . .	3
[illegible] ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR .	5
[illegible] ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR THE FAERIE QUEEN, TO VARIOUS [illegible]LEMEN, ETC.	7
FIRST BOOK OF THE FAERIE [illegible]ENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE [illegible]GHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLI-[illegible]E	11
[illegible]ANTO I.	11
„ II.	17
„ III.	22
„ IV.	27
„ V.	32
„ VI.	38
„ VII.	43
„ VIII.	49
„ IX.	54
„ X.	60
„ XI.	68
„ XII.	74
SECOND BOOK OF THE FAERIE [illegible]ENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR [illegible]AR, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE . . .	79
[illegible]ANTO I.	80
„ II.	86
„ III.	91
„ IV.	96
„ V.	102
„ VI.	106
„ VII.	112
„ VIII.	119
„ IX.	125
„ X.	131
„ XI.	*139*
„ XII.	*145*
THE THIRDE BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY . . .	155
CANTO I.	155
„ II.	163
„ III.	168
„ IV.	175
„ V.	182
„ VI.	188
„ VII.	193
„ VIII.	200
„ IX.	206
„ X.	211
„ XI.	218
„ XII.	224
THE FOURTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP	229
CANTO I.	229
„ II.	235
„ III.	241
„ IV.	247
„ V.	252
„ VI.	257
„ VII.	262
„ VIII.	267
„ IX.	274
„ X.	279
„ XI.	285
„ XII.	291
THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF JUSTICE	296
CANTO I.	296
„ II.	300
„ III.	304

PAGE

CANTO IV. 310
„ V. 316
„ VI. 322
„ VII. 327
„ VIII. 332
„ IX. 337
„ X. 343
„ XI. 347
„ XII. 354

THE SIXTE BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE . . 360

CANTO I. 361
„ II. 366
„ III. 371
„ IV. 377
„ V. 381
„ VI. 386
„ VII. 391
„ VIII. 396
„ IX. 402
„ X. 407
„ XI. 412
„ XII. 418

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE: WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE 423

CANTO VI. 423
„ VII. 429
„ VIII. 436

TO HIS BOOKE 440

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER . . 446

THE RUINES OF TIME 489

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES . . 497

VIRGIL'S GNAT 504

PROSOPOPOIA; OR MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE 512

THE RUINES OF ROME 526

MUIOPOTMOS; OR THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE 532

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE . 536

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY . .

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH . .

DAPHNAÏDA . . . . .

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAIN

ASTROPHEL . . . . . .

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS

A PASTORAL AEGLOGUE ON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY KNIGHT, ETC. . . . . .

AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION FOR HIS ASTROPHEL . . .

AN EPITAPH UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY KNIGHT . . . . . .

ANOTHER OF THE SAME. . .

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION .

EPIGRAMS . . . . . .

EPITHALAMION . . . . .

FOWRE HYMNES. . . . . .

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE

PROTHALAMION, OR A SPOUSALL VERSE

SONNETS . . . . . .

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND, DISCOURSED BY WAY OF A DIALOGUE BETWEENE EUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS

APPENDIX I.—VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS . . .

APPENDIX II.—LETTERS FROM SPENSER (IMMERITO) TO GABRIEL HARVEY . . . . . .

GLOSSARY . . . . . .

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
: Knight was pricking on the plaine	11
shepheard borne in Arcady	559
lesson to learne Continence	106
urds boye, (no better doe him call,)	446
g stormes and tempests over-blowne	306
g stormes and tempest sad assay	582
ong a race as I have run	585
n, whether on the lowly plaine	572
ittle! wil rancke Winter's rage	448
ither doost thou now, thou greater	429
ither Love! wilt thou now carrie	596
hath nature to so hard a hart	577
ere care in heaven? And is there	119
rave Lord, whose goodly personage	8
hen, through tempests cruel wracke	578
hunted on a day	586
well expert in perilous wave	112
no winde at all there blew	568
a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle	38
ow many perils doe enfold	49
o whom shall I my case complaine	562
t dismayed that her immoved mind	573
see the haven nigh at hand	74
self captyved here in care	583
day at my window all alone	541
r pittie! that I have thus long	285
e Northerne wagoner had set	17
s the day, and through the trembling	605
y deare, when shall it please thee	480
ll fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd	566
see, by thy new taken taske	5
th, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake	563
ir bowres	582
to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found,)	476
shame! hold up thy heavy head	

	PAGE
DARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is shrowded	572
Dayly when do I seeke and sew for peace	574
Diggon Davie! I bidde her godday	473
Doe I not see that fayrest ymages	580
FAIRE Proud! now tell me, why should faire be proud?	577
Fayre bosom! fraught with vertues richest treasure	584
Fayre cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?	580
Fayre eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart	573
Fayre is my love, with her fayre golden heares	585
Fayre Thames streame, that from Ludds stately towne	5
Fayre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind	581
Firebrand of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton	235
Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king	583
GOE, little booke! thy selfe present	440
Great God of love, that with thy cruell darts	262
Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny	577
HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands	573
Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme	274
Harvey, the happy above happiest men	607
Here have I cause in men just blame to find	163
High time now gan it wex for Una fayre	68
How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure	576
I JOY to see how, in your drawen work	583
I saw, in secret to my Dame	586
I sing of deadly dolorous debate	532
In brave poursuitt of honorable deed	96
Innocent paper; whom too cruell hand	580
In that proud port, which her so goodly graceth	574
In vain I thinke, right honourable Lord	9
In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace	575
In youth, before I waxed old	588

	PAGE
Is it her nature, or is it her will	579
Is not thilke the mery moneth of May	458
Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde	466
It chaunced me on day beside the shore	489
It falls me here to write of Chastity	155
It hath bene through all ages ever seene	252
It often fals, (as here it earst befell)	247
It often fals, in course of common life	347
It was the month in which the righteous Maide	512
It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe	538
Joy of my life! full oft for loving you	585
Lackyng my love, I go from place to place	584
Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall clene	579
Let not one sparke of filthy lustre fyre	585
Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde	418
Like as a ship with dreadfull storm long tost	377
Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard	193
Like as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes	391
Lo! Collin, here the place whose pleasaunt syte	463
Lo! I, the Man whose Muse whylome did maske	11
Loe! I have made a Calender for every yeare	486
Long languishing in double malady	580
Long-while I sought to what I might compare	574
Love lift me up upon thy golden wings	599
Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre	592
Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace	583
Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde	578
Lyke as the Culver, on the bared bough	586
Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent	7
Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare	579
Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay	5
Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it	584
More then most faire, full of the living fire	574
Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day	583
Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade	584
Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life	8
Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily	168
My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize	578
My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre	577
Ne may I, without blot of endless blame	9
New yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate	573
No wound, which warlike hand of enemy	386
Nought is more honorable to a knight	300
Nought is on earth more sacred or divine	327
Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse	22
Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure	322
Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce	145
Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne	402

	P
O goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere	
O hatefull hellish Snake! what furie furst	
O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes	
O what an easie thing is to descry	
O! What an endlesse work have I in hand	
O! why doe wretched men so much desire	
Of all Gods workes which doe this worlde adorne	
Of Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call	
Of lovers sad calamities of old	
Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay	
Oft, when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges	
One day as I unwarily did gaze	
One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies	
One day I wrote her name upon the sand	
One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe	
Penelope, for her Ulisses sake	
Rapt with the rage of mine own ravisht thought	
Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste	
Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree	
Redoubted Knights, and honorable Dames	
Redoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind	
Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine	
Remembrance of that most Heroicke spirit	
Renowmed Lord, that for your worthinesse	
Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd	
Right well I wote, most mighty Soveraine	
Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire	
See! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave	
Shall I then silent be, or shall I speake	
Shepheards, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed	
Silence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage	
Since did I leave the presence of my love	
Since I have lackt the comfort of that light	
So oft as homeward I from her depart	
So oft as I her beauty doe behold	
So oft as I this history record	
So oft as I with state of present time	
So soone as day forth dawning from the East	
Some Clarkes doe doubt in their devicef art	
Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall	
Soone as the morrow fayre with purple be	
Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a bre	
Sweet Smile! the daughter of the Que Love	
Sweet warriour! when shall I have n you?	

	PAGE
good Hobbinoll, what garres thee	454
wrigot, what shalbe the game . .	470
them shall these wearie woes have	578
ing Architect of cancred guyle .	80
mame Poetes incompared spirit .	9
as Babel, Empresse of the East .	606
Peincter, when he was requirde .	10
which ye misdeeme, fayre love, is	582
as Britom Prince and Faery Knight	155
as warriors of anticke world . .	583
shepheard satte beside a springe .	484
as image of the Maker's beautie .	582
as pourtraict of that Angels face .	575
of love, if they should ever last .	412
-heads, which you this day doe weare	577
which me so cruelly tormenteth .	579
y Cuckow, messenger of Spring .	575
r nest, so soone as Phoebus Lamp .	211
hart that harbours vertuous thought	32
ther, knowing that his spotted hyde .	580
nefull smith, with force of fervent	577
e of meanest wits this worke like profit	5
g wheele, that runneth often round	575
nd forhead, that with grave foresight	229
d Muses have made alwaies clame .	7
pheards boy (best knowen by that	549
ayne beauty which I doo admire .	573
s, through which my weary steps I	360
y yeare his race now having run .	582
d that cannot deeme of worthy things	585
st in the course of heavenly spheares	
ld	581
y season, fit to fast and pray . .	576
mas chearelesse Night ycovered had .	224
n, why sytten we soe	452
udant heads, that with theire counsels	7
vertue then were held in highest price	296
apple she! that is so well assured .	581
an Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde	86
ous happy blessings, which ye have .	582
upon a worke of rare devise . .	6
s thy life, or waile thy worthie death	570
thou art the sommers Nightingale .	8
right noble Lord, whose carefull brest	8
t said, what ever man it sayd . .	279

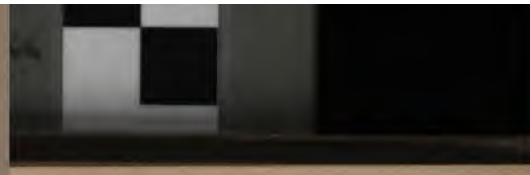
	PAGE
True is, that whilome that good Poet sayd .	371
Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes	580
UNQUIET thought! whom at the first I bred .	573
Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this .	574
Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring .	586
VENEMOUS toung, tipt with vile adders sting	585
WAS it a dreame, or did I see it playne . .	584
We now have playde (Augustus) wantonly .	504
Was it the worke of Nature or of Art . .	576
Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth	581
Well may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while	188
Well said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this	267
What equall torment to the griefe of mind .	257
What-ever man be he whose heavie minde .	542
What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses	578
What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might .	60
What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware	43
What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele	423
What Tygre, or what other salvage wight .	337
What vertue is so fitting for a knight . .	366
What warre so cruel, or what siege so sore .	139
When I behold that beauties wonderment .	576
When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare	436
When my abodes prefixed time is spent . .	579
When stout Achilles heard of Helen's rape .	6
When those renoumed noble Peres of Greece .	579
Where is the Antique glory now become .	175
Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt .	608
Who ever doth to temperance apply . .	102
Who ever gave more honourable prize . .	9
Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast	407
Who now shall give unto me words and sound	131
Whoso upon him selfe will take the skill .	310
Who so wil seeke, by right deserts, t'attaine .	608
Wonder it is to see in diverse mindes . .	182
Wrong'd, yet not daring to expresse my paine	504
YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre .	396
Ye heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie .	526
Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes .	587
Ye tradefull Merchants, that, with weary toyle	575
Young knight whatever, that dost armes profesee	27

EDMUND SPENSER.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, si male cesserat, unquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene; quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis.

Hither as to their fountain other stars
Repair and in their urns draw golden light.

SPENSER is wrapt in a similar obscurity to that which hides from us his
essor Chaucer, and his still greater contemporary Shakspere. As in the
ucer, our principal external authorities are a few meagre entries in certain
ments, and such facts as may be gathered from his works. The birth-year
t is determined by inference. The circumstances in which each died are
controversy. What sure information we have of the intervening events
of each one is scanty and interrupted. So far as our knowledge goes, it
slight positive resemblance between their lives. They were both connected
ghest society of their times; both enjoyed court favour, and enjoyed it in
ntial shape of pensions. They were both men of the greatest learning.
both natives of London. They both died in the close vicinity of West-
bey, and lie buried near each other in that splendid cemetery. Their
re eminently different: that of Chaucer was of the active type, Spenser's
templative; Chaucer was dramatic, Spenser philosophical; Chaucer objec-
er subjective; but in the external circumstances, so far as we know them,
ich these great poets moved, and in the mist which for the most part enfolds
mstances, there is considerable likeness.
is frequently alluded to by his contemporaries; they most ardently recog-
im, as we shall see, a great poet, and one that might justly be associated
ne supreme poet whom this country had then produced—with Chaucer, and
him constant tributes of respect and admiration; but these mentions of
t generally supply any biographical details.
liest notice of him that may in any sense be termed biographical occurs in
handbook to the monuments of *Westminster* Abbey, published by Camden
Amongst the Reges, Reginæ, Nobiles, et alij in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri



Westmonasterii sepulti usque ad annum 1606' is enrolled the name of Spenser, the following brief obituary:

'Edmundus Spencer Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facile pri quod ejus poemata faventibus Musis et victuro genio conscripta comprobant. immatura morte anno salutis 1598, et prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditu felicissime poësin Anglicis literis primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta epitaphia:—

Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi
Proximus ingenio proximus ut tumulo.

Hic prope Chaucerum, Spensere poeta, poetam
Conderis, et versu quam tumulo propior.
Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitque poësis;
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.'

'Edmund Spencer, of London, far the first of the English Poets of our age, poems prove, written under the smile of the Muses, and with a genius destined t He died prematurely in the year of salvation 1598, and is buried near Geoffrey Ch who was the first most happily to set forth poetry in English writing: and o were written these epitaphs:—

Here nigh to Chaucer Spenser lies; to whom
In genius next he was, as now in tomb.

Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse,*
Still nearer standst thou to him in thy verse.
Whilst thou didst live, lived English poetry;
Now thou art dead, it fears that it shall die.'

The next notice is found in Drummond's account of Ben Jonson's convers with him in the year 1612:

'Spencer's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter. The meaning of the alleg his Fairy Queen he had delivered in writing to Sir Walter Rawleigh, which was, by the Bleating Beast he understood the Puritans, and by the false Duessa the of Scots." He told, that Spencer's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his hous a little child burnt, he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in Street; he refused 20 pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure h no time to spend them.'†

The third record occurs in Camden's *History of Queen Elizabeth* (*Annales Anglicarum et Hibernicarum regnante Elizabetha*), first published in a complete in 1628. There the famous antiquary registering what demises marked the 1598 (our March 25, 1598, to March 24, 1599), adds to his list Edmund Spense thus writes of him: 'Ed. Spenserus, patria Londinensis, Cantabrigiensis autem alu Musis adeo arridentibus natus ut omnes Anglicos superioris ævi Poetas, ne Cha quidem concive excepto, superaret. Sed peculiari Poetis fato semper cum paup conflictatus, etsi Greio Hiberniæ proregi fuerit ab epistolis. Vix enim ibi secess scribendi otium nactus, quam a rebellibus è laribus ejectus et bonis spoliat Angliam inops reversus statim exspiravit, Westmonasterii prope Chaucerum imp

* *Compare* 'Underneath this marble *hearse*, &c.'
† *Works of William* Drummond of Hawthornden. Edinburgh, 1711, p. 225.

exiæ inhumatus, Poëtis funus ducentibus flebilibusque carminibus et amulum conjectis.'* This is to say: 'Edmund Spenser, a Londoner by a scholar also of the University of Cambridge, born under so favourable f the Muses that he surpassed all the English Poets of former times, not Chaucer himself, his fellow-citizen. But by a fate which still follows Poets, wrastled with poverty, though he had been secretary to the Lord Grey, ity of Ireland. For scarce had he there settled himself into a retired d got leisure to write, when he was by the rebels thrown out of his dwelling, of his goods, and returned into England a poor man, where he shortly after was interred at Westminster, near to Chaucer, at the charge of the Earl of s hearse being attended by poets and mournful elegies and poems, with the wrote them thrown into his tomb.'†

3, Sir James Ware prefaced his edition of Spenser's prose work on the State of with these remarks:—

far these collections may conduce to the knowledge of the antiquities and this land, let the fit reader judge: yet something I may not passe by Mr. Edmund Spenser and the worke it selfe, lest I should seeme to offer o his worth, by others so much celebrated. Hee was borne in London of an and noble family, and brought up in the Universitie of Cambridge, where fruites of his after labours doe manifest) he mispent not his time. After this ame secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, a and worthy governour, and shortly after, for his services to the Crowne, he stowed upon him by Queene Elizabeth, 3,000 acres of land in the countie of There he finished the later part of that excellent poem of his "Faery Queene," was soone after unfortunately lost by the disorder and abuse of his servant, he had sent before him into England, being then *a rebellibus* (as Camden's are) *à laribus ejectus et bonis spoliatus*. He deceased at Westminster in the 599 (others have it wrongly 1598), soon after his return into England, and uried according to his own desire in the collegiat church there, neere unto r whom he worthily imitated (at the costes of Robert Earl of Essex), pon this epitaph was framed.' And then are quoted the epigrams already from Camden.

next passage that can be called an account of Spenser is found in Fuller's *ies of England*, first published in 1662, and runs as follows:—

mund Spencer, born in this city (London), was brought up in Pembroke-hall in idge, where he became an excellent scholar; but especially most happy in h Poetry; as his works do declare in which the many Chaucerisms used (for I ot say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by rned to be beauties, to his book; which notwithstanding had been more sale- f more conformed to our modern language.

ere passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spencer presenting his to queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the lord Cecil,

* *Annales*, ed. *Ecarne*, iii. 783.

† *History of Elizabeth, Queen of England*. Ed. 1688, pp. 564, 565.

her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound; and when the treasurer (a good st of the queen's money) alledged that sum was too much; "Then give him," quo queen, "What is reason;" to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, matters of higher concernment, that Spencer received no reward, whereup presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the queen in her progress:—

I was promis'd on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason.

'Hereupon the queen gave strict order (not without some check to her trea for the present payment of the hundred pounds the first intended unto him.

'He afterwards went over into Ireland, secretary to the lord Gray, lord d thereof; and though that his office under his lord was lucrative, yet got he no e but saith my author "peculiari poetis fato semper cum paupertate conflictatus est that it fared little better with him than with William Xilander the German (a excellent linguist, antiquary, philosopher and mathematician, who was so poo (as Thuanus saith), he was thought "fami non famæ scribere."

'Returning into England, he was robb'd by the rebels of that little he had dying for grief in great want, anno 1598, was honourably buried nigh Chan Westminster, where this distich concludeth his epitaph on his monument

Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitque poesis;
Nunc moriturâ timet, te moriente, mori.

Whilst thou didst live, liv'd English poetry
Which fears now thou art dead, that she shall die.

'Nor must we forget, that the expence of his funeral and monument was defra the sole charge of Robert, first of that name, earl of Essex.'

The next account is given by Edward Phillips in his *Theatrum Poëtarum A rum*, first published in 1675. This Phillips was, as is well known, Milton's ne and according to Warton, in his edition of Milton's juvenile poems, 'there is reason to suppose that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the *Th Poëtarum*.' Phillips' words therefore have an additional interest for us. 'Ed Spenser,' he writes, 'the first of our English poets that brought heroic poesy perfection, his "Fairy Queen" being for great invention and poetic heighth, judg inferior, if not equal to the chief of the ancient Greeks and Latins, or modern It but the first poem that brought him into esteem was his "Shepherd's Calendar," so endeared him to that noble patron of all vertue and learning Sir Philip S that he made him known to Queen Elizabeth, and by that means got him prefe be secretary to his brother * Sir Henry Sidney, who was sent deputy into Ir where he is said to have written his "Faerie Queen," but upon the return of Sir H his employment ceasing, he also return'd into England, and having lost his friend Sir Philip, fell into poverty, yet made his last refuge to the Queen's b and had 500*l.* ordered him for his support, which nevertheless was abridged t

* Father.

rho, hearing of it, and owing him a grudge for some reflections in Mother Tale, cry'd out to the queen, What! all this for a song? This he is said en so much to heart, that he contracted a deep melancholy, which soon ht his life to a period. So apt is an ingenuous spirit to resent a slighting, the greatest persons; and thus much I must needs say of the merit of so t from so great a monarch, that as it is incident to the best of poets some- utter some royal or noble patron, never did any do it more to the height, ater art or elegance, if the highest of praises attributed to so heroic a n justly be termed flattery.' *

enser's works were reprinted—the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* renth time—in 1679, there was added an account of his life. In 1687, r, in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, wrote a formal bio-

e the oldest accounts of Spenser that have been handed down to us. In hem mythical features and blunders are clearly discernible. Since Winstan- it may be added, Hughes in 1715, Dr. Birch in 1731, Church in 1758, hat same year, Todd in 1805, Aikin in 1806, Robinson in 1825, Mitford rof. Craik in 1845, Prof. Child in 1855, Mr. Collier in 1862, have re-told there is to tell, with various additions and subtractions.

rnal sources of information are, then, extremely scanty. Fortunately our urces are somewhat less meagre. No poet ever more emphatically lived in than did Spenser. The Muses were, so to speak, his own bosom friends, to pened all his heart. With them he conversed perpetually on the various is life; into their ears he poured forth constantly the tale of his joys and s, of his hopes, his fears, his distresses.

not one of those poets who can put off themselves in their works, who can ir own interests and passions, and live for the time an extraneous life. n intense personality about all his writings, as in those of Milton and of th. In reading them you can never forget the poet in the poem. They d fully reflect the poet's own nature and his circumstances. They are, as it spiritual diaries, refined self-portraitures. Horace's description of his own e-runner, quoted at the head of this memoir, applies excellently to Spenser. count the scantiness of our external means of knowing Spenser is perhaps be regretted. Of him it is eminently true that we may know him from his is poems are his best biography. In the sketch of his life to be given here shall be our one great authority.

* *Theatrum Poet. Anglic.*, ed. Brydges, 1800, pp. 148, 149.

CHAPTER I.

1552–1579.

FROM SPENSER'S BIRTH TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDAR.

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London in the year 1552. For both these facts have directly or indirectly his own authority. In his *Prothalamium* he sings of certa swans whom in a vision he saw floating down the river 'Themmes,' that

> At length they all to mery London came,
> To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
> That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
> Though from another place I take my name,
> An house of auncient fame.

A MS. note by Oldys the antiquary in Winstanley's *Lives of the most fame English Poets*, states that the precise locality of his birth was East Smithfield. E Smithfield lies just to the east of the Tower, and in the middle of the sixteen century, when the Tower was still one of the chief centres of London life and i portance, was of course a neighbourhood of far different rank and degree from l present social status. The date of his birth is concluded with sufficient certain from one of his sonnets, viz. sonnet 60; which it is pretty well ascertained w composed in the year 1593. These sonnets are, as we shall see, of the amorou wooing sort; in the one of them just mentioned, the sighing poet declares that it but a year since he fell in love, but that that year has seemed to him longer

> Then al those fourty which my life out-went.

Hence it is gathered that he was born in 1552. The inscription, then, over his tom in Westminster Abbey errs in assigning his birth to 1553; though the error is le flagrant than that perpetrated by the inscription that preceded the present one, whic set down as his natal year 1510.

Of his parents the only fact secured is, that his mother's name was Elizabeth. Th appears from sonnet 74, where he apostrophizes those

> Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade
> With which that happy name was first desynd,
> The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
> With guifts of body, fortune and of mind.
> The first my being to me gave by kind
> From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent.

The second is the Queen, the third 'my love, my lives last ornament.' A careful examination by Mr. Collier and others of what parish registers there are extant in such old churches as stand near East Smithfield—the Great Fire, it will be remembered, broke out some distance west of the Tower, and raged mainly westward—has failed to discover any trace of the infant Spenser or his parents. An 'Edmund Spenser' who is mentioned in the Books of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber in 1569, as paid for bearing letters from Sir Henry Norris, her Majesty's ambassador in France, to the Queen,* and who with but slight probability has been surmised to be the poet himself, is scarcely more plausibly conjectured by Mr. Collier to be the poet's father. The utter silence about his parents, with the single exception quoted, in the works of one who, as has been said above, made poetry the confidante of all his joys and sorrows, is remarkable.

Whoever they were, he was well connected on his father's side at least. 'The nobility of the Spensers,' writes Gibbon, 'has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the "Faerie Queen" as the most precious jewel of their coronet.' Spenser was connected with the then not ennobled, but highly influential family of the Spencers of Althorpe, Northamptonshire. Theirs was the 'house of auncient fame' alluded to in the quotation made above from the *Prothalamium*. He dedicates various poems to the daughters of Sir John Spencer, who was the head of that family during the poet's youth and earlier manhood down to 1580, and in other places mentions these ladies with many expressions of regard and references to his affinity. 'Most faire and vertuous Ladie,' he writes to the 'Ladie Compton and Mountegle,' the fifth daughter, in his dedication to her of his *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 'having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed and am bound to beare to that house, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours, &c.' To another daughter, 'the right worthy and vertuous ladie the Ladie Carey,' he dedicates his *Muiopotmos*; to another, 'the right honorable the Ladie Strange,' his *Teares of the Muses*. In the latter dedication he speaks of 'your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge.' It was for this lady Strange, who became subsequently the wife of Sir Thomas Egerton, that one who came after Spenser—Milton, wrote the *Arcades*. Of these three kinswomen, under the names of Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis, Spenser speaks once more in his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*; he speaks of them as

> The honour of the noble familie
> Of which I meanest boast myself to be.

For the particular branch of the Spencer or Spenser family—one branch wrote the name with *s*, another with *c*—to which the poet belonged, it has been well suggested that it was that settled in East Lancashire in the neighbourhood of Pendle Forest. It

* See Peter Cunningham's *Introduction to Extracts from Accounts of the Revels at Court.* (Shakespeare Society.)

is known on the authority of his friend Kirke, whom we shall mention again presently, that Spenser retired to the North after leaving Cambridge; traces of a Northern dialect appear in the *Shepheardes Calendar*; the Christian name Edmund is shown by the parish registers to have been a favourite with one part of the Lancashire branch—with that located near Filey Close, three miles north of Hurstwood.

Spenser then was born in London, perhaps in East Smithfield, about a year before those hideous Marian fires began to blaze in West Smithfield. His memory would begin to be retentive about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession. Of his great contemporaries, with most of whom he was to be brought eventually into contact, Raleigh was born at Hayes in Devonshire in the same year with him, Camden in Old Bailey in 1551, Hooker near Exeter in or about 1553, Sidney at Penshurst in 1554, Bacon at York House in the West Strand, 1561, Shakspere at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, Devereux, afterwards Earl of Essex, in 1567.

The next assured fact concerning Spenser is that he was admitted a sizar of Pembroke College, then styled Hall, Cambridge, in 1569. Of his life between 155[illegible] and this date we know nothing whatever. In the muster-book of a hundred in Warwickshire Mr. Collier has noted the record of one Edmund Spenser as living in 1569 at Kingsbury, and conjectures that this was the poet's father, and that perhaps the poet spent his youth in the same county with Shakspere. But it may be much doubted whether it is a just assumption that every Edmund Spenser that is in any way or anywhere mentioned in the Elizabethan era was either the poet or his father. Nor, should it be allowed that the Spenser of Kingsbury was indeed the poet's father, could we reasonably indulge in any pretty pictures of a fine friendship between the future authors of *Hamlet* and of the *Faerie Queene*. Shakspere was a mere child not yet passed into the second of the Seven Ages, when Spenser, being then about seventeen years old, went up to the University. Perhaps the lines already extracted from the *Prothalamium* tend to show that, though London born, Spenser was not London bred. They speak of London so specially as

> My most kyndly nurse
> *That to me gave this life's first native sourse.*

Then the fact, already stated, that the *Shepheardes Calendar* is written in a Northern dialect points to a prolonged residence in the North. That dialect seems familiar and as it were household to him.* Then it is known, as also has already been said, that he went to the North after the completion of his University career. Why should we not accept what would surely seem the obvious conclusion, that his home was in the North, though for one reason or another—many reasons might be imagined—he was born in London, and perhaps spent his infancy there?—that before going to Cambridge, as afterwards, he resided in Lancashire?

* It may be suggested that what are called the archaisms of Spenser's style may be *in part* due to the author's long residence in the country with one of the older forms of the language spoken all round him and spoken by him, in fact his vernacular. I say *in part*, because of course his much *study of Chaucer must* be taken into account. But, as Mr. Richard Morris has remarked to me, he *could not have drawn from Chaucer* those forms and words of a *northern* dialect which appear in the *Calendar*.

ainly his youth was spent amid the fair sights and sounds of the country. From y boyhood he had lived with Nature face to face. He had wandered at his own will about the hills and dales that surrounded his rural home. In one of his extant poems (the Twelfth Eclogue of the *Shepheardes Calendar*) he describes uch fervour and delight, and with his characteristic melody, the life he led in nger days:—

Whilome in youth when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedlesse lust me did so sting,
That I oft doubted daunger had no feare:
I went the wastefull woodes and forrest wide
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espide.

I wont to raunge amid the mazie thicket
And gather nuttes to make my Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrie ages waste?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

How often have I scaled the craggie oke
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife?
For like to me was libertie and life.

sure he is here writing in the language of pastoral poetry, that is, the language passage is metaphorical; but it is equally clear that the writer was intimately horoughly acquainted with that life from which his metaphors are drawn. He ibes a life he had lived.

eems probable that he was already an author in some sort when he went up to ridge. In the same year in which he became an undergraduate there appeared rk entitled, 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and nities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings as also the greate Joyes and res which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable l that sincerely loue the Word of God. Deuised by S. John Vander Noodt.' er Noodt was a native of Brabant who had sought refuge in England, 'as well at I would not beholde the abominations of the Romyshe Antechrist as to escape andes of the bloudthirsty.' 'In the meane space,' he continues, 'for the avoyding lenesse (the very mother and nourice of all vices) I have among other my yles bene occupied aboute thys little Treatyse, wherein is sette forth the vilenesse asenesse of worldely things whiche commonly withdrawe us from heavenly and nall matters.' This work opens with six pieces in the form of sonnets styled ms, which are in fact identical with the first six of the *Visions of Petrarch* sub-ntly published amongst Spenser's works, in which publication they are said to have formerly translated.' After these so-called epigrams come fifteen *Sonnets*, eleven *ich are easily recognisable amongst the Visions of Bellay*, published along with *ions of Petrarch*. There is indeed as little difference between the two sets

of poems as is compatible with the fact that the old series is written in blank
the latter in rhyme. The sonnets which appear for the first time in the
are there describing the Wolf, the River, the Vessel, the City. There are four
of the older series which are not reproduced in the later. It would seem pr
that they too may have been written by Spenser in the days of his youth, thoug
later period of his life he cancelled and superseded them. They are therefo
printed here in this volume. (See pp. 699–701.)

Vander Noodt, it must be said, makes no mention of Spenser in his volum
would seem that he did not know English, and that he wrote his *Declarat*
sort of commentary in prose on the *Visions*—in French. At least we are tol
this *Declaration* is translated out of French into English by Theodore Roes
that is stated of the origin of his *Visions* is: 'The learned poete M. Fr
Petrarche, gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan the six firste
which because they serve wel to our purpose, I have out of the Brabants speache
them into the English tongue;' and 'The other ten visions next ensuing ar de
of one Ioachim du Bellay, gentleman of France, the whiche also, because they
to our purpose I have translated them out of Dutch into English.' The fact
Visions being subsequently ascribed to Spenser would not by itself carry
weight. But, as Prof. Craik pertinently asks, 'if this English version was n
work of Spenser, where did Ponsonby [the printer who issued that subs
publication which has been mentioned] procure the corrections which are no
typographical errata, and the additions and other variations* that are found
edition?'

In a work called *Tragical Tales*, published in 1587, there is a letter in verse,
1569, addressed to 'Spencer' by George Turberville, then resident in Russia as se
to the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph. Anthony Wood says this S
was the poet; but it can scarcely have been so. 'Turberville himself,' r
Prof. Craik, 'is supposed to have been at this time in his twenty-ninth or th
year, which is not the age at which men choose boys of sixteen for their f
Besides, the verses seem to imply a friendship of some standing, and also
person addressed the habits and social position of manhood. . . . It has no
commonly noticed that this epistle from Russia is not Turberville's only p
address to his friend Spencer. Among his "Epitaphs and Sonnets" are two
pieces of verse addressed to the same person.'

To the year 1569 belongs that mention referred to above of payment ma
'Edmund Spenser' for bearing letters from France. As has been already rema
is scarcely probable that this can have been the poet, then a youth of some sev
years on the verge of his undergraduateship.

The one certain event of Spenser's life in the year 1569 is that he was then e
as a sizar at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He 'proceeded B.A.' in 1573, and
menced M.A.' in 1576. There is some reason for believing that his college li
troubled in much the same way as was that of Milton some sixty years later
there prevailed some misunderstanding between him and the scholastic auth

* These are given in the Appendix to present work.

He mentions his university with respect in the *Faerie Queene*, in book iv. canto x where, setting forth what various rivers gathered happily together to celebrate th marriage of the Thames and the Medway, he tells how

> The plenteous Ouse came far from land
> By many a city and by many a towne;
> And many rivers taking under-hand
> Into his waters as he passeth downe,
> The Ele, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
> Thence doth by Huntingdon and CAMBRIDGE flit;
> My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
> He doth adorne and is adorn'd of it
> With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

But he makes no mention of his college. The notorious Gabriel Harvey, an intimat friend of Spenser, who was elected a Fellow of Pembroke Hall the year after the futur poet was admitted as a sizar, in a letter written in 1580, asks: 'And wil you needs have my testimoniall of youre old Controllers new behaviour?' and then proceeds t heap abusive words on some person not mentioned by name but evidently only to well known to both the sender and the receiver of the epistle. Having compiled list of scurrilities worthy of Falstaff, and attacked another matter which was a abomination to him, Harvey vents his wrath in sundry Latin charges, one of whic runs: 'Cætera ferè, ut olim: Bellum inter capita et membra continuatum.' 'Othe matters are much as they were: war kept up between the heads [the dons] and th members [the men].' Spenser was not elected to a fellowship; he quitted his colleg with all its miserable bickerings, after he had taken his master's degree. There can b little doubt that he was a most diligent and earnest student during his residence Cambridge; during it, for example, he must have gained that knowledge of Plato works which so distinctly marks his poems, and found in that immortal writer spirit most truly congenial. But it is conceivable that he pursued his studies aft his own manner, and probably enough excited by his independence the strong di approbation of the master and tutor of the college of his day.

Among his contemporaries in his own college were Lancelot Andrews, afterward Master, and eventually Bishop of Winchester, the famous preacher; Gabriel Harve mentioned above, with whom he formed a fast friendship, and Edward Kirke, the 'E.K who, as will be seen, introduced to the world Spenser's first work of any pretenc Amongst his contemporaries in the university were Preston, author of *Cambyses*, a Still, author of *Gammer Gurtons Needle*, with each of whom he was acquainted. T friend who would seem to have exercised the most influence over him was Gabri Harvey; but this influence, at least in literary matters, was by no means for the bes Harvey was some three or four years the senior, and of some academic distinctio Probably he may be taken as something more than a fair specimen of the avera scholarship and culture given by the universities at that time. He was an extren classicist; all his admiration was for classical models and works that savoured them; he it was who headed the attempt made in England to force upon a mode language the metrical system of the Greeks and Latins. What baneful influence exercised over *Spenser in this last* respect will be shown presently. Kirke

Spenser's other close friend; he was one year junior academically to the poet. H too, as we shall see, was a profound admirer of Harvey.

After leaving the university in 1576, Spenser, then, about twenty-four years of ag returned to his own people in the North. This fact is learnt from his frie 'E. K.'s' glosses to certain lines in the sixth book of the *Shepheardes Calend* E. K. speaks 'of the North countrye where he dwelt,' and 'of his removing out the North parts and coming into the South.' As E. K. writes in the spring of 157 and as his writing is evidently some little time subsequent to the migration he spea of, it may be believed that Spenser quitted his Northern home in 1578. About a ye then was passed in the North after he left the University.

This year was not spent idly. The poetical fruits of it shall be mentioned pr sently. What made it otherwise a memorable year to the poet was his falling deeply love with some fair Northern neighbour. Who she was is not known. He who ador her names her Rosalind, 'a feigned name,' notes E. K., 'which being well order will bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name coloureth.' Many solutions of this anagram have been essayed, mostly on the su position that the lady lived in Kent; but Professor Craik is certainly right in i sisting that she was of the North. In the same Eclogue of the *Shepheardes Calend* Colin Clout—so the poet designates himself—complains to Hobbinol—that Harvey—of the ill success of his passion. Harvey, we may suppose, is paying him visit in the North; or perhaps the pastoral is merely a versifying of what pass between them in letters. However this may be, Colin is bewailing his hapless fa His friend rejoins:—

> Then, if by me thou list advised be,
> Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch:
> Leave me those hilles where harbrough nis to see,
> Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
> And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch
> And fruictfull flocks bene everywhere to see.

Surely E. K.'s gloss is scarcely necessary to tell us what these words mea 'Come down,' they say, 'from your bleak North country hills where she dwells w binds you with her spell, and be at peace far away from her in the genial Sou land.' In another Eclogue (April) the subduing beauty is described as 'the Widdow daughter of the Glen,' surely a Northern address. On these words the well-inform E. K. remarks: 'He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that of a country hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and conc the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spighte of Colin a Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endowed with an vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as nee neither Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol greved that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singul virtues.' Whoever this charming lady was, and whatever glen she made bright wi her presence, it appears that she did not reciprocate the devoted affection of t studious young Cambridge graduate who, with probably no apparent occupation, w *loitering for a while in her vicinity.* It was some other—he is called Menalcas

is rival's pastorals—who found favour in her eyes. The poet could only wail t his breast. Eclogues I. and VI. are all sighs and tears. Perhaps in the of time a copy of the *Faerie Queene* might reach the region where Menalcas alind were growing old together; and she, with a certain ruth perhaps mixed anger, might recognise in Mirabella an image of her fair young disdainful The poet's attachment was no transient flame that flashed and was gone. When stance of his friend he travelled southward away from the scene of his dis- e, he went weeping and inconsolable. In the Fourth Eclogue Hobbinol is ed by Thenot deeply mourning, and, asked the reason, replies that his grief is

> The ladde whome long I loved so deare
> Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne
> He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.
>
> Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare;
> Hys pleasant pipe, whych made us meriment,
> He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
> His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye;
> Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte. &c.

ory of Rosalind, in spite of her unkindness, seems to have been fondly cherished oet, and yielded to no rival vision—though there may have been fleeting fits of —till some fourteen years after he and she had parted—till in the year 1592, all see, Spenser, then living in the south of Ireland, met that Elizabeth who ioned in the sonnet quoted above, and who some year and a half after that became his wife. On the strength of an entry found in the register of St. : Danes Church in the Strand—'26 Aug. [1587] Florence Spenser, the r of Edmond Spenser'—it has been conjectured that the poet was married 1587. This conjecture seems entirely unacceptable. There is nothing to he theory that the Edmund Spenser of the register was the poet. It is simply le that Spenser, one who, as has been said, poured out all his soul in his should have wooed and won some fair lady to his wife, without ever a poetical to his courtship and his triumph. It is not at all likely, as far as one can rom their titles, that any one of his lost works was devoted to the celebration such successful passion. Lastly, besides this important negative evidence, distinct positive testimony that long after 1587 the image of Rosalind had displaced in his fancy by any other loveliness. In *Colin Clouts Come Home* written, as will be seen, in 1591, though not published till 1595, after the poet has eply divined of love and beauty,' one Melissa in admiration avers that all true re greatly bound to him—most especially women. The faithful Hobbinol says men have but ill requited their poet:—

description of his first love was written probably during the courtship, which ended, as we t, in his marriage. The First *Love is portrayed in* cant. vii., the Last in cant. x. of book vi. *ene Queene.*

'He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.'
'Indeed,' says Lucid, 'I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard.

Lucid however would defend her on the ground that love may not be compelled:—

'Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.'

This caution Colin eagerly and ardently reinforces, and with additions. His heart was still all tender towards her, and he would not have one harsh word thrown at her:—

Ah! Shepheards, then said Colin, ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see;
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to myselfe the blame that lookt so hie,
So hie her thoughts as she herselfe have place
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eie;
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravant
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe
And long affliction which I have endured;
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye my fellow shepheards, which do see
And heare the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee
That hers I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophe of her great conquest.'

This residence of Spenser in the North, which corresponds with that period of Milton's life spent at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, ended, as there has been occasion to state, in the year 1578. What was the precise cause of Spenser's coming South, is not known for certain. 'E.K.' says in one of his glosses already quoted in part, that the poet 'for speciall occasion of private affayres (as I have bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, removing out of the North parts, came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised him privately.' It is clear from his being admitted at his college as a sizar, that his private means were not good. Perhaps during his residence in the North he may have been dependent on the bounty of his friends. It was then in the hope of some advancement of his fortunes that, bearing with him no doubt in manuscript certain results of all his life's previous labour, he turned away from his cold love and her glen, and all his *country, and set his face* Town-ward.

id that his friend Harvey introduced him to that famous accomplished —that mirror of true knighthood—Sir Philip Sidney, and it would seem nurst became for some time his home. There has already been quoted a line Spenser as 'the southern shepheardes boye.' This southern shepherd is Sidney. Sidney introduced him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, with at his house in the Strand, where Essex Street now stands, he seems to ed for a while. He dates one of his letters to Harvey, 'Leycester House, tober, 1579.' Perhaps at this time he commenced, or renewed, or con- acquaintance with his distinguished relatives of Althorpe. During the pent now at Penshurst and in London, he mixed probably with the most ntellectual society of his time. Sidney was himself endowed with no mean He, Lord Leicester, Lord Strange, and others, with whom Spenser was or in all probability, acquainted, were all eminent patrons and protectors of

ssage of Spenser's life is of high interest, because in the course of it that ra of our literature commonly called the Elizabethan Period may be said gun—we may be said to hear the first notes of

> Those melodious bursts that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still.'

s the foremost chronologically of those great spirits who towards the close steenth century lifted up their immortal voices, and spoke words to be heard d for all time. In the course of this present passage of his life, he published important work—a work which secured him at once the hearty recognition of emporaries as a true poet risen up amongst them. This work was the *des Calendar*, to which so many references have already been made.

sists of twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year. Of these, three (i., xii.), as we have seen, treat specially of his own disappointment in love. i., viii., and x.) are of a more general character, having old age, a poetry com- perfect pattern of a poet' for their subjects. One other (iii.) deals with love-

One (iv.), celebrates the Queen, three (v., vii., and ix.) discuss 'Protestant holie,' Anglican and Puritan questions. One (xi.) is an elegy upon 'the death maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido.' These poems are ushered into id by Spenser's college friend Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true tation of the initials E.K. This gentleman performs his duty in a somewhat manner. He addresses 'to the most excellent and learned both orator and aystar Gabriell Harvey' a letter warmly commending 'the new poet' to his ge, and defending the antique verbiage of the eclogues; he prefixes to the work a general argument, a particular one to each part; he appends to every a 'glosse' explaining words and allusions. The work is dedicated to Sir Sidney. It was published in the winter of 1579–80.

e than once in the course of it, Spenser refers to Tityrus as his great master. nfifth eclogue opens thus:

The gentle shepheard sat beside a springe
All in the shadow of a bushye brere,
That Colin height, which well could pype and singe,
For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere.

Tityrus, on E.K.'s authority, was Chaucer. It is evident from the language—l the words and the verbal forms—used in this poem that Spenser had zealously stu Chaucer, whose greatest work had appeared just about two centuries before Spens first important publication. The work, however, in which he imitates Chauc manner is not the *Shepheardes Calendar*, but his *Prosopopoia or Mother Hubberds T* which he says, writing in a later year, he had 'long sithens composed in the conceipt of my youth.' The form and manner of the *Shepheardes Calendar* reflec not Chaucer's influence upon the writer, but the influence of a vast event which changed the face of literature since the out-coming of the *Canterbury Tales*—of revival of learning. That event had put fresh models before men, had gre modified old literary forms, had originated new. The classical influence impres upon Europe was by no means an unmixed good; in some respects it retarded natural development of the modern mind by overpowering it with its prestige stupefying it with a sense of inferiority; while it raised the ideal of perfectio tended to give rise to mere imitations and affectations. Amongst these new fo was the Pastoral. When Virgil, Theocritus, 'Daphnis and Chloe,' and other wri and works of the ancient pastoral literature once more gained the ascendency, the modern pastoral poetry began to be. This poetry flourished greatly in Italy in sixteenth century. It had been cultivated by Sannazaro, Guarini, Tasso. Arc had been adopted by the poets for their country. In England numerous *Eclo* made their appearance. Amongst the earliest and the best of these were Spens It would perhaps be unjust to treat this modern pastoral literature as altogether affectation. However unreal, the pastoral world had its charms—a pleasant fee imparted of emancipation, a deep quietude, a sweet tranquillity. If vulgar discovered their new worlds, and trafficked and bustled there, why should not poet discover his Arcadia, and repose at his ease in it, secure from the noises of going and coming over the roads of the earth?

That fine melodiousness, which is one of Spenser's signal characteristics, may perceived in his *Eclogues*, as also a certain gracefulness of style, which is anot distinguishing mark of him. Perceivable, too, are his great, perilous fluency language and his immense fecundity of mind. The work at once secured him a f place in the poetical ranks of the day. Sidney mentions it in his *Apologie for Poetr* Abraham Fraunce draws illustrations from it in his *Lawyers Logicke*, which appe in 1588; Meres praises it; 'Maister Edmund Spenser,' says Drayton, 'has d enough for the immortality, had he only given us his *Shepheardes Calendar*, a mas piece, if any.' It is easy to discern in *Lycidas* signs of Milton's study of it.

During Spenser's sojourn in the society of the Sidneys and the Dudleys, let passed between him and Harvey, some of which are extant. From these, and f the editorial notes of Kirke, we hear of other works written by Spenser, ready to

* *See this work* amongst Mr. Arber's excellent *English Reprints*.

n to the light. The works thus heard of are *Dreames, Legends, Court of Cupide, English Poet, The Dying Pelican, Stemmata Dudleiana, Slomber, Nine English medies, The Epithalamium Thamesis*, and the *Faerie Queene* commenced. Of these cks the *Dreames* and *Slumber* probably are one and the same, and perhaps identical h the *Visions* published in 1591, which were, in fact, as we have seen, but a revised n of the pieces published in the *Theatre of Voluptuous Worldlings*; perhaps the gends, *Court of Cupid*, and *Epithalamium Thamesis* were subsequently incorporated the *Faerie Queene*; the *Stemmata Dudleiana, Nine English Comedies, Dying ions*, are altogether lost, unless some parts of the first survive in the *Ruines of me*. The *Faerie Queene* had been begun. So far as written, it had been submitted the criticism of Harvey. On April 10, 1580, Spenser writes to Harvey, wishing him return it with his 'long expected judgment' upon it. Harvey had already pro-unced sentence in a letter dated April 7, and this is the sentence: 'In good faith had once again nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*; howbeit, by good chaunce I have we sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I founde hir. d must you of necessitie have my judgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am yde of al judgement, if your nine Comœdies, wherunto, in imitation of Herodotus, u give the names of the Nine Muses, and (in one man's fansie not unworthily), me not neerer Ariostoes Comœdies, eyther for the finenesse of plausible elocution, the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish queene doth to his Orlando urioso, which notwithstanding, you will needes seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that, you know hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, d especially in Italie, rather to shewe and advaunce themselves that way than any her; as namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads Bibiena, Machiavel, and ptius did (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe), with the great admiration and wonderment the whole countrey; being indeede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt witte, and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. t I will not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faery neen be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the rland from Apollo; marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought; but re is an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putte u in a better minde.'

Clearly the *Faerie Queene* was but little to Harvey's taste. It was too alien from e cherished exemplars of his heart. Happily Spenser was true to himself, and nt on with his darling work in spite of the strictures of pedantry. This is not the ly instance in which the dubious character of Harvey's influence is noticeable. The tters, from one of which the above doom is quoted, enlighten us also as to a grand heme entertained at this time for forcing the English tongue to conform to the trical rules of the classical languages. A similar attempt was made in the course the sixteenth century in other parts of Europe, and with the same final issue. abrial Harvey was an active leader in this deluded movement. When Sidney too, d Dyer, another poet of the time, proclaimed a 'general surceasing and silence of

bald rhymes, and also of the very best too, instead whereof they have by autho their whole senate, prescribed certain laws and rules of quantity of English sy for English verse, having had already thereof great practice,' Spenser was dra their faction.'

'I am of late,' he writes to Harvey, 'more in love wyth my Englishe versifyin with ryming; whyche I should have done long since if I would then have fo your councell.' In allying himself with these Latin prosody bigots Spenser grievously against his better taste. 'I like your late Englishe hexameters so e ingly well,' he writes to Harvey, 'that I also enure my pen sometime in that whyche I fynd in deed, as I have heard you often defende in word, neither so nor so harsh [but] that it will easily and fairly yield itself to our moother t For the onely or chiefest hardnesse whyche seemeth is in the accente; whyche times gapeth and as it were yawneth il-favouredly, comming shorte of that it s and sometimes exceeding the measure of the number; as in carpenter the r sillable being used short in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemet a lame gosling that draweth one legge after hir. And heaven being used sh one syllable, when it is in verse stretched with a Diastole is like a lame dogg holdes up one legge.'* His ear was far too fine and sensitive to endure the f sounds uttered by the poets of this Procrustæan creed. The language seemed to and shriek at the agonies and contortions to which it was subjected; and S could not but hear its outcries. But he made himself as deaf as might be. 'I be wonne with custom,' he proceeds, in the letter just quoted from, 'and rough must be studied with use. For why, a God's name, may not we, as the Greekes the kingdom of oure owne language, and measure our accentes by the sounde, res the quantitie to the verse? . . . I would hartily wish you would either send r rules or precepts of arte which you observe in quantities; or else follow min Mr. Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which Mr. Drant devised enlarged with Mr. Sidney's own judgement, and augmented with my observation we might both accorde and agree in one, leaste we overthrowe one another a overthrown of the rest.' He himself produced the following lines in accordance, fondly hoped, with the instructions of the new school:—

IAMBICUM TRIMETRUM.

Unhappie verse! the witnesse of my unhappie state,
[as indeed it was in a sense not meant]
Make thy selfe fluttring winge of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my love whersoever she be.

Whether lying restlesse in heavy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerefull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir heavenlie virginals.

If in bed, tell hir that my eyes can take no reste;
If at boorde, tell hir that my mouth can eat no meete;
If at hir virginals, tell her I can beare no mirth.

* *Ancient Critical Essays*, ed. Hazlewood, 1815, pp. 259, 260.

Asked why? Waking love suffereth no sleepe;
Say that raging love doth appall the weake stomacke,
Say that lamenting love marreth the musicall.

Tell hir that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe,
Tell hir that hir beauty was wonte to feede mine eyes,
Tell hir that hir sweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

Now doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindlie reste,
Now doe I dayly starve, wanting my dailie food,
Now doe I always dye wanting my timely mirth.

And if I waste who will bewaile my heavy chance?
And if I starve, who will record my cursed end?
And if I dye, who will saye, This was Immerito?

ser of the sensitive ear wrote these lines. When the pedantic phantasy which for a while seduced and corrupted him had gone from him, with what remorse he have remembered these strange monsters of his creation! Let us conclude our e at this sad fall from harmony by quoting the excellent words of one who was a r opponent of Harvey in this as in other matters. 'The hexameter verse,' says h in his *Fowre Letters Confuted*, 1592, 'I graunt to be a gentleman of an auncient e (so is many an English beggar), yet this clyme of ours hee cannot thrive in; our ch is too craggy for him to set his plough in; hee goes twitching and hopping in language like a man running upon quagmiers up the hill in one syllable and n the dale in another; retaining no part of that stately smooth gate, which he nts himselfe with amongst the Greeks and Latins.'

me two years were spent by Spenser in the enjoyment of Sidney's friendship and patronage of Sidney's uncle. During this time he would seem to have been con- tly hoping for some preferment. According to a tradition, first recorded by Fuller, obstructor of the success of his suit was the Treasurer, Lord Burghley. It is clear he had enemies at Court—at least at a later time. In 1591, in his dedication of *Clouts Come Home Again*, he entreats Raleigh, to 'with your good countenance est against the malice of evill mouthes, which are always wide open to carpe at misconstrue my simple meaning.' A passage in the *Ruines of Time* (see the lines ning 'O grief of griefs! O full of all good hearts!') points to the same conclusion; so the concluding lines of the Sixth Book of the *Faerie Queene*, when, having told the Blatant Beast (not killed as Lord Macaulay says in his essay on Bunyan, but) prest and tamed' for a while by Sir Calidore, at last broke his iron chain and ed again through the world, and raged sore in each degree and state, he adds:—

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they dearest,
From blamefull blot and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens threasure.

he *Teares of the Muses* Calliope says of certain persons of eminent rank:—

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont divide
Now Parasites and Sycophants do share.

Several causes have been suggested to account for this disfavour. The
tradition was pleased to explain it by making Burghley the ideal dullard who
soul for poetry—to whom one copy of verses is very much as good as another,
copy good for anything. It delighted to bring this commonplace gross-minded
into opposition with one of the most spiritual of geniuses. In this myth
represents mind, Burghley matter. But there is no justification in facts
tradition. It may be that the Lord Treasurer was not endowed with a hig
lectual nature; but he was far too wise in his generation not to pretend a v
he had it not, when circumstances called for anything of the sort. When the
patronized literature, we may be sure Lord Burghley was too discreet to di
and oppress it. Another solution refers to Burghley's Puritanism as the cause
misunderstanding; but, as Spenser too inclined that way, this is inadequate.
bably, as Todd and others have thought, what alienated his Lordship at fi
Spenser's connection with Leicester; what subsequently aggravated the estran
was his friendship with Essex.

CHAPTER II.

1580—1589.

In the year 1580 Spenser was removed from the society and circumstances ir
he had lived and moved, as we have seen, for some two years. From that
near the close of his life his home was to be in Ireland. He paid sundry v
London and its environs in the course of these eighteen years; but it seems cle
his home was in Ireland. Perhaps his biographers have hitherto not truly appr
this residence in Ireland. We shall see that a liberal grant of land was pr
bestowed upon him in the county of Cork; and they have reckoned him a suc
man, and wondered at the querulousness that occasionally makes itself heard
works. Towards the very end of this life, Spenser speaks of himself as one

Whom sullein care
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne.

Those who marvel at such language perhaps forget what a dreary exile the po
in Ireland must in fact have been. It is true that it was relieved by several jo
to England, by his receiving at least one visit from an English friend, by his
during at any rate the earlier part of his absence, some congenial English
residing in the country, by his meeting at length with that Elizabeth whose e

as sung so sweetly, whom he married; it is also true that there was in Milton and in Wordsworth—a certain great self-containedness,* that he would with him wherever he went, that he had great allies and high the very air that flowed around him, whatever land he inhabited; all this yet to be cut off from the fellowship which, however self-sufficing, he so —to look no longer on the face of Sidney his hero, his ideal embodied, his r, to hear but as it were an echo of the splendid triumphs won by his and in those glorious days, to know of his own high fame but by report, to om the friendship of Shakspere—surely this was exile. To live in the age, and to be severed from those brilliant spirits to which the fame of ue! Further, the grievously unsettled, insurgent state of Ireland at this many a time before and since—must be borne in mind. Living there n the side of a volcanic mountain. That the perils of so living were not inary, we shall presently see.† He did not shed tears and strike his bosom, erable Ovid at Tomi; he 'wore rather in his bonds a cheerful brow, lived, mfort,' finding his pleasure in that high spiritual communion I have spoken pleasantly, like some happy father, with the children of his brain, joying prices, their noblenesses, their sweet adolescence; but still it was exile, ct may explain that tone of discontent which here and there is perceptible ngs.‡

1580 Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of —perhaps through Lord Leicester's influence—made Spenser his Private There can be no doubt that Spenser proceeded with him to Dublin. It and, probably about this time, that he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter In 1581 he was appointed Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances in the Irish hancery, a post which he held for seven years, at the end of which time he e appointment of Clerk to the Council of Munster. In the same year in as assigned the former clerkship, he received also a lease of the lands and nniscorthy in Wexford county. It is to be hoped that his Chancery Court nitted him to reside for a while on that estate. 'Enniscorthy,' says the *reland* published by Mr. Murray, 'is one of the prettiest little towns in m, the largest portion of it being on a steep hill on the right bank of , which here becomes a deep and navigable stream, and is crossed by a

rt quote of these poets, and those of a like spirit, Wordsworth's lines on 'the Character- ld three years old,' for in the respect therein mentioned, as in others, these poets are 'as :'

> As a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
> Not less if unattended and alone,
> Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
> And take delight in its activity;
> *Even so this happy creature of herself*
> *Is all-sufficient; Solitude to her*
> *Is blithe society, who fills the air*
> *With gladness and involuntary songs.*

* *Cloud's Come Home Again, vv. 312–319.*
† *Cloud's Come Home Again, vv. 190–184,* quoted below.

bridge of six arches.' There still stands there 'a single tower of the old Francisca monastery.' But Spenser soon parted with this charming spot, perhaps because of it inconvenient distance from the scene of his official work. In December of the year i which the lease was given, he transferred it to one Richard Synot. In the followin year Lord Grey was recalled. 'The Lord Deputy,' says Holinshed, 'after long su for his revocation, received Her Majesty's letters for the same.' His rule had be marked by some extreme, perhaps necessary, severities, and was probably som what curtly concluded on account of loud complaints made against him on th score. Spenser would seem to have admired and applauded him, both as a rul and as a patron and friend. He mentions him with much respect in his *View the Present State of Ireland*. One of the sonnets prefixed to the *Faerie Queene* addressed 'to the most renowmned and valiant lord the lord Grey of Wilton,' a speaks of him with profound gratitude:—

> Most noble lord, the pillor of my life,
> And patrone of my Muses pupillage;
> Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
> In the first season of my feeble age,
> I now doe live bound yours by vassalage;
> Sith nothing ever may redeeme nor reave
> Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
> Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receave,
> Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
> Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account.

Lord Grey died in 1593. Spenser may have renewed his friendship with him i 1589, when, as we shall see, he visited England. For the present their connecti was broken. It may be considered as fairly certain that when his lordship returne to England in 1582, Spenser did not return with him, but abode still in Ireland.

There is, indeed, a 'Maister Spenser' mentioned in a letter written by James VI. Scotland from St. Andrews in 1583 to Queen Elizabeth: 'I have staied Maist Spenser upon the letter quhilk is written with my auin hand quhilk sall be readi within tua daies.' It may be presumed that this gentleman is the same with him whose postal services mention is found, as we have seen, in 1569. At any rate ther is nothing whatever to justify his identification with the poet. On the other hand there are several circumstances which seem to indicate that Spenser was in Irelan continuously from the year of his going there with Lord Grey to the year of hi visiting England with Raleigh in 1589, when he presented to her Majesty an published the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*. Whatever certain glimpses w can catch of Spenser during these ten years he is in Ireland.

We have seen that he was holding one clerkship or another in Ireland during all thi time. At what exact time he resigned the second—the clerkship of the Council Munster—is not known. It was certainly before 1593; it was probably after his vis to England in the years 1589–91. In the next place, we find him mentioned as formin one of a company described as gathered together at a cottage near Dublin in a work b his friend Lodovick* Bryskett, written, as may be inferred with considerable certaint

* *This is the* '*Lodovick*' mentioned in Sonnet 33, quoted below.

ay; and Th. Smith, apothecary.' What is said of the late secretary in the
self is so particularly interesting that it must be quoted. In the course of
ation Bryskett envies 'the happinesse of the Italians who have in their mother-
late writers that have with a singular easie method taught all that which Plato
stotle have confusedly or obscurely left written.' The 'late writers' who have
ned this highly remarkable service of clarifying and making intelligible Plato
ristotle—perhaps the 'confusion' and 'obscurity' Bryskett speaks of mean
the difficulties of a foreign language for one imperfectly acquainted with it
Alexander Piccolomini, Gio. Baptista Giraldi, and Guazzo, 'all three having
upon the Ethick part of Morall Philosopie [sic] both exactly and perspicuously.'
tt then earnestly wishes—and here perhaps, in spite of those queer words about
nd Aristotle, we may sympathise with him—that some of our countrymen would
e by English treatises the study of Moral Philosophy in English.

e meane while I must struggle with those bookes which I vnderstand and content myselfe
upon them, in hope that God (who knoweth the sincerenesse of my desire) will be pleased
my vnderstanding, so as I may reape that profit of my reading, which I trauell for.
ere a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his
ight serue him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to instruct me in some hard
hich I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek
but also very well read in Philosophie, both morall and naturall. Neuertheless such is my
se, as I neuer yet durst open my mouth to disclose this my desire unto him, though I have
ted some hartning thereunto from himselfe. For of loue and kindnes to me, he encouraged
sithens to follow the reading of the Greeke tongue, and offered me his helpe to make me
nd it. But now that so good an oportunitie is offered vnto me, to satisfie in some sort my
I thinke I should commit a great fault, not to myselfe alone, but to all this company, if I
not enter my request thus farre, as to moue him to spend this time which we have now
to familiar discourse and conuersation, in declaring unto us the great benefits which men
by the knowledge of Morall Philosophie, and in making us to know what the same is, what be
is thereof, whereby vertues are to be distinguished from vices; and finally that he will be

that I haue already vndertaken a work tending to the same effect, which is in *heroical verse* under the title of a *Faerie Queene* to represent all the moral vertues, assigning to euery vertue a Knight to be the patron and defender of the same, in whose actions and feates of arms and chiualry the operation of that vertue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and vnruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten down and ouercome. Which work, as I haue already well entred into, if God shall please to spare me life that I may finish it according to my mind, your wish (*M. Bryskett*) will be in some sort accomplished, though perhaps not so effectually as you could desire. And the same may very well serue for my excuse, if at this time I craue to be forborne in this your request, since any discourse, that I might make thus on the sudden in such a subject would be but simple, and little to your satisfactions. For it would require good aduisement and premeditation for any man to vndertake the declaration of these points that you haue proposed, containing in effect the Ethicke part of Morall Philosophie. Whereof since I haue taken in hand to discourse at large in my poeme before spoken, I hope the expectation of that work may serue to free me at this time from speaking in that matter, notwithstanding your motion and all your intreaties. But I will tell you how I thinke by himselfe he may very well excuse my speech, and yet satisfie all you in this matter. I haue seene (as he knoweth) a translation made by himselfe out of the Italian tongue of a dialogue comprehending all the Ethick part of Moral Philosophy, written by one of those three he formerly mentioned, and that is by *Giraldi* vnder the title of a dialogue of ciuil life. If it please him to bring us forth that translation to be here read among vs, or otherwise to deliuer to us, as his memory may serue him, the contents of the same; he shal (I warrant you) satisfie you all at the ful, and himselfe wil haue no cause but to thinke the time well spent in reuiewing his labors, especially in the company of so many his friends, who may thereby reape much profit and the translation happily fare the better by some mending it may receiue in the perusing, as all writings else may do by the often examination of the same. Neither let it trouble him that I so turne ouer to him againe the taske he wold haue put me to; for it falleth out fit for him to verifie the principall of all this Apologie, euen now made for himselfe; because thereby it will appeare that he hath not withdrawne himselfe from seruice of the state to liue idle or wholly priuate to himselfe, but hath spent some time in doing that which may greatly benefit others and hath serued not a little to the bettering of his owne mind, and increasing of his knowledge, though he for modesty pretend much ignorance and pleade want in wealth, much like some rich beggars, who either of custom, or for couetousnes, go to begge of others those things whereof they haue no want at home. With this answer of *M. Spensers* it seemed that all the company were wel satisfied, for after some few speeches whereby they had shewed an extreme longing after his worke of the *Fairie Queene*, whereof some parcels had been by some of them seene, they all began to presse me to produce my translation mentioned by *M. Spenser* that it might be perused among them; or else that I should (as near as I could) deliuer unto them the contents of the same, supposing that my memory would not much faile me in a thing so studied and aduisedly set downe in writing as a translation must be.'

Bryskett at length assents to Spenser's proposal, and proceeds to read his translation of Giraldi, which is in some sort criticised as he reads, Spenser proposing one or two questions 'arising principally,' as Todd says, 'from the discussion of the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle.' This invaluable picture of a scene in Spenser's Irish life shows manifestly in what high estimation his learning and genius were already held, and how, in spite of Harvey's sinister criticisms, he had resumed his great work. It tells us too that he found in Ireland a warmly appreciative friend, if indeed he had not known Bryskett before their going to Ireland. Bryskett too, perhaps, was acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney; for one of the elegies written on that famous knight's death and printed along with *Astrophel* in the elegiac collection made by Spenser—that called *A Pastorall Æglogue*—was probably Bryskett's composition. He accompanied or followed his friend to the south of Ireland, and perhaps through his interest succeeded him after an interval as clerk of the Council of Munster.

What is said of the *Faerie Queene* in the above quotation may be illustrated from *the sonnet already quoted* from, addressed to Lord Grey—one of the sonnets that in

dern editions are prefixed to the great poem. It speaks of the great

> Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
> In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount.

o the sonnet addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormond and

nnet addressed to Harvey, is dated 'Dublin this xviij of July, 1586.' Again, ourse of the decad now under consideration, Spenser received a grant of land t—of 3,028 acres, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond.
hese circumstances put together make it probable, and more than probable, that r remained in Ireland after Lord Grey's recall. How thorough his familiarity he country grew to be, appears from the work concerning it which he at last d.
years 1586–7–8 were eventful both for England and for Spenser. In the first expired of wounds received at Zutphen; in the second, Mary Queen of Scots cuted; in the third, God blew and scattered the Armada, and also Leicester Spenser weeps over Sidney—there was never, perhaps, more weeping, poetical ber, over any death than over that of Sidney—in his *Astrophel*, the poem above ned. This poem is scarcely worthy of the sad occasion—the flower of knight- t down ere its prime, not yet

> In flushing
> When blighting was nearest.

ly it in no way expresses what Spenser undoubtedly felt when the woeful news cross the Channel to him in his Irish home. Probably his grief was 'too deep ra.' It was probably one of those 'huge cares' which, in Seneca's phrase, not stur,' but 'stupent.' He would fain have been dumb and opened not his mouth; e fashion of the time called upon him to speak. He was expected to bring mortelle, so to say, and lay it on his hero's tomb, though his limbs would ly support him, and his hand, quivering with the agony of his heart, could with ly either weave it or carry it. All the six years they had been parted, the of that chivalrous form had never been forgotten. It had served for the one of all that was highest and noblest in his eyes. It had represented for him all nighthood. Nor all the years that he lived after Sidney's death was it for- . It is often before him, as he writes his later poetry, and is greeted always adying love and sorrow. Thus in the *Ruines of Time*, he breaks out in a sweet e of unextinguished affection:

> Most gentle spirite breathed from above,
> Out of the bosom of the Makers blis,
> In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
> Appeared in their native propertis
> And did enrich that noble breast of his
> With treasure passing all this worldes worth
> Worthie of heaven itselfe, which brought it forth.
>
> His *blessed spirite, full of power* divine
> *And influence of all celestiall* grace,

Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
Fled backe too soone unto his native place;
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happie soule to heaven went
Out of this fleshie gaole, he did devise
Unto his heavenlie Maker to present
His bodie as a spotles sacrifise,
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offring of his guiltles blood,
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new ioy.
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy;
But where thou dost that happiness enioy,
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.

Yet whilest the Fates affoord me vitell breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee untill that time lie death
By Heaven's doome doe ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

It is not quite certain in what part of Ireland the poet was living when the news that Sidney was not reached him. Was he still residing at Dublin, or had he transferred his home to that southern region which is so intimately associated with his name? The sonnet to Harvey above mentioned shows that he was at Dublin in July of the year of his friend's death. It has been said already that he did not resign his Chancery clerkship till 1588. We know that he was settled in Cork county, at Kilcolman castle, in 1589, because Raleigh visited him there that year. He may then have left Dublin in 1588 or 1589. According to Dr. Birch's Life of Spenser, prefixed to the edition of the *Faerie Queene* in 1751,* and the *Biographia Britannica*, the grant of land made him in Cork is dated June 27, 1586. But the grant, which is extant, is dated October 26, 1591. Perhaps no great importance ought to be attached to the statement of Dr. Birch or of the *Biographia Britannica*; but that he was at Kilcolman before 1591 seems certain. As he resigned his clerkship in the Court of Chancery in 1588, and was then appointed, as we have seen, clerk of the Council of Munster, he probably went to live somewhere in the province of Munster that same year. He may have lived at Kilcolman before it and the surrounding grounds were promised to him; he may have entered upon possession on the strength of a promise of them, before the formal grant was issued. He has mentioned the scenery which environed his castle twice in his great poem; but it is worth noticing that both

* *Dr. Birch refers* in his note to *The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork*, by *Charles Smith, vol. i. book i. c. i. p. 58–63.* Edit. Dublin 1750, 8vo. And Fiennes Moryson's *Itinerary, part ii. p. 4.*

s occur, not in the books published, as we shall now very soon see, in 1590, the books published six years afterwards. In the famous passage already to in the eleventh canto of the fourth book, describing the nuptials of the and the Medway, he recounts in stanzas xl.–xliv. the Irish rivers who were at that great river-gathering, and amongst them

> Swift Awniduff which of the English man
> Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
> Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
> Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
> And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

ier mention occurs in the former of the two cantos *Of Mutability*. There sings that the place appointed for the trial of the titles and best rights of both ly powers' and 'earthly wights' was

> Upon the highest hights
> Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
> That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
> Of my old father Mole, whom shepheards quill
> Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

oem called *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, written in 1591, and dedicated to Sir igh 'from my house at Kilcolman the 27 of December, 1591'*—written therefore lengthy absence in England—exhibits a full familiarity with the country bout Kilcolman. On the whole then we may suppose that his residence at an began not later than 1588. It was to be roughly and terribly ended ten fter.

nay suppose he was living there in peace and quiet, not perhaps undisturbed by g murmurs of discontent, by signs of unrepressed and irrepressible hostility s his nation, by ill-concealed sympathies with the Spanish invaders amongst ive population, when the Armada came and went. The old castle in which d had been one of the residences of the Earls of Desmond. It stood some es from Doneraile, on the north side of a lake which was fed by the river Awbey la, as the poet christened it.

> miles north-west of Doneraile,' writes Charles Smith in his *Natural and Civil of the County and City of Cork*, 1774, (i. 340, 341)—'is Kilcoleman, a ruined f the Earls of Desmond, but more celebrated for being the residence of the al Spenser, when he composed his divine poem *The Faerie Queene*. The castle almost level with the ground, and was situated on the north side of a fine a the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford ains; Bally-howra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains a, Nagle mountains to the south, and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It nded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when jacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from h, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenary of his poem.'

* Todd proposes to regard this date as a printer's error for 1595, quite unnecessarily.

Here, then, as in some cool sequestered vale of life, for some ten years, his visit to England excepted, lived Spenser still singing sweetly, still, as he might say, piping with the woods anwsering him and his echo ringing. Sitting in the shade he woul play many 'a pleasant fit;' he would sing

Some hymne or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise his loved lasse;

he would see in the rivers that flowed around his tower beings who lived and love and would sing of their mutual passions. It must have sounded strangely to hear th notes of his sweet voice welling forth from his old ruin—to hear music so subt and refined issuing from that scarred and broken relic of past turbulencies—

The shepheard swaines that did about him play
. . . with greedie listfull eares
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill
Like hartlesse deare, dismayed with thunders sound.

He presents a picture such as would have delighted his own fancy, though perha the actual experience may not have been unalloyed with pain. It is a picture whic in many ways resembles that presented by one of a kindred type of genius, who h already been mentioned as of affinity with him—by Wordsworth. Wordsworth t sang in a certain sense from the shade, far away from the vanity of courts, and th uproar of cities; sang 'from a still place, remote from men;' sang, like his ow Highland girl, all alone with the 'vale profound' 'overflowing with the sound finding, too, objects of friendship and love in the forms of nature which surrounded h tranquil home.

Of these two poets in their various lonelinesses one may perhaps quote those exquisit lines written by one of them of a somewhat differently caused isolation: each one them too lacked

Not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty.
. . . . .
He knew the rocks which angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing;
And into caves where Faeries sing
He hath entered; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.

Here now and then he was visited, it may be supposed, by old friends. Perha that distinguished son of the University of Cambridge, Gabriel Harvey, may for while have been his guest; he is introduced under his pastoral name of Hobbinol, present at the poet's house on his return to Ireland. The most memorable of thes visits was that already alluded to—that paid him in 1589 by Sir Walter Raleigh, wit whom it will be remembered he had become acquainted some nine years befo

oo, had received a grant from the same huge forfeited estate, a fragment of
l been given to Spenser. The granting of these, and other shares of the
estates, formed part of a policy then vigorously entertained by the English
nt—the colonising of the so lately disordered and still restless districts of
Ireland. The recipients were termed 'undertakers;' it was one of their
repair the ravages inflicted during the recent tumults and bring the lands
d to them into some state of cultivation and order.
ars had been followed by a famine. 'Even in the history of Ireland,' writes
. biographer of Sir Walter Raleigh, 'there are not many scenes more full of
an those which the historians of that period rapidly sketch when showing us
tion of almost the whole province of Munster in the year 1584, and the years
ely succeeding.' *
aims of his duties as an 'undertaker,' in addition perhaps to certain troubles
where his rival Essex was at this time somewhat superseding him in the
our,† and making a temporary absence not undesirable, brought Raleigh into
nty in 1589. A full account of this visit and its important results is given
in *Clouts Come Home Again*, which gives us at the same time a charming
f the poet's life at Kilcolman. Colin himself, lately returned home from
, tells his brother shepherds, at their urgent request, of his 'passed fortunes.'
as with Raleigh's visit. One day, he tells them, as he sat

> Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
> Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
> Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore,

a shepherd, who styled himself the Shepherd of the Ocean—

> Whether allured with my pipes delight,
> Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
> Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right—

m out, and

> Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit.

, he tells us, a song of Mulla old father Mole's daughter, and of another
led Bregog who loved her. Then his guest sang in turn:—

> His song was all a lamentable lay
> Of great unkindneese and of usage hard,
> Of Cynthia the ladie of the sea,
> Which from her presence faultlesse him debard,
> And ever and anon, with singults rife,
> He cryed out, to make his undersong:
> Ah! my loves queene and goddesse of my life,
> Who shall me pittie when thou doest me wrong?

Edward Edwards, 1868, I. c. vi.; see also *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, vv. 312–319.
lord of Essex hath chased Mr. Raleigh from the court and confined him in Ireland.'—Letter,
gust 17, 1589, from Captain Francis Allen to Antony Bacon, Esq.—Quoted by Todd from
's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*.—See Mr. Edwards's *Life of Raleigh*, I. c. viii.

After they had made an end of singing, the shepherd of the ocean

> Gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
> And great dislyking to my luckless lot
> That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
> Into that waste where I was quite forgot,

and presently persuaded him to accompany him 'his Cinthia to see.'

It has been seen from one of Harvey's letters that the *Faerie Queene* was alr begun in 1580; and from what Bryskett says, and what Spenser says himself in sonnets to Lord Grey, and to Lord Ormond, that it was proceeded with after the had passed over to Ireland. By the close of the year 1589 at least three books completely finished. Probably enough parts of other books had been written; only three were entirely ready for publication. No doubt part of the conversa that passed between Spenser and Raleigh related to Spenser's work. It may believed that what was finished was submitted to Raleigh's judgment, and certa concluded that it elicited his warmest approval.* One great object that Spenser posed to himself when he assented to Raleigh's persuasion to visit England, was publication of the first three books of his *Faerie Queene*.

CHAPTER III.

1590.

THUS after an absence of about nine years, Spenser returned for a time to Engl he returned 'bringing his sheaves with him.' Whatever shadow of misunderstan had previously come between his introducer and her Majesty seems to have speedily dissipated. Raleigh presented him to the Queen, who, it would app quickly recognised his merits. 'That goddess'

> To mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare
> That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
> And it desir'd at timely houres to heare
> Al were my notes but rude and roughly dight.

In the register of the Stationers Company for 1589 occurs the following en quoted here from Mr. Collier's *Life of Spenser*:—

> Primo Die Decembris.—Mr. Ponsonbye. Entred for his Copy a booke intytuled the fayrye Qu dysposed into xii bookes &c. Aucthorised under thandes of the Archb. of Cante & both Wardens, vjd.

'The letter of the authors prefixed to his poem expounding his whole intentio the course of this worke, which for that it giveth great light to the reader, for better understanding is hereunto annexed,' addressed to 'Sir Walter Raleigh, Kni Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes and her Maiesties lifetenaunt of the county

* See Raleigh's lines entitled 'A Vision upon this Conceipt of the *Faery Queene*,' prefixed to *Fairie Queene*.

wayll,' is dated January 23, 1589—that is, 1590, according to the new style. ly afterwards, in 1590, according to both old and new styles, was published by m Ponsonby THE FAERIE QUEENE, Disposed into twelve books, Fashioning Morall vertues.' That day, which we spoke of as beginning to arise in 1579, ully dawned. The silence of well nigh two centuries was now broken, not again rail, by mighty voices. During Spenser's absence in Ireland, William Shak- had come up from the country to London. When Spenser arrived in London in this Shakspere was already occupying a notable position in his profession as tor; his name is found in that year—he was then some twenty-five years of amongst the leaders of the company to whom the Blackfriars Theatre belonged; what is more important, there can be little doubt he was already not only known actor, but known and famous as a play-writer. What he had already written ot comparable with what he was to write subsequently; but those early dramas themselves vastly superior to any English dramatic work that had preceded , and they gave promise of splendid fruits to be thereafter yielded. In appeared *Venus* and *Adonis*; in the following year *Lucrece*; in 1595, Spenser's *lalamium*; in 1596, the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*; in 1597, 's *Essays* and the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. During all these various plays, of increasing power and beauty, were proceeding from Shak- 's hands; by 1598 about half of his extant plays had certainly been com- d. Early in 1599, he, who may be said to have ushered in this illustrious period, hose radiance first dispersed the darkness and made the day begin to be, our Spenser, died. But the day did not die with him; it was then but approaching oon, when he, one of its brightest suns, set. This day may be said to have fully en in the year 1590, when the first instalment of the great work of Spenser's life its appearance.

e three books were dedicated to the Queen. They were followed in the original on—are preceded in later editions—first, by the letter to Raleigh above mentioned; by six poetical pieces of a commendatory sort, written by friends of the poet— aleigh who writes two of the pieces, by Harvey who now praises and well-wishes oem he had discountenanced some years before, by 'R. S.,' by 'H. B.,' by 'W. L.;' y, by seventeen sonnets addressed by the poet to various illustrious personages; ir Christopher Hatton, to Lord Burghley, to the Earl of Essex, Lord Charles ard, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Francis Wallingham, Sir John is, Knight, lord president of Munster, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Countess of broke, and others. The excellence of the poem was at once generally perceived acknowledged. Spenser had already, as we have seen, gained great applause by *Shepheardes Calendar*, published some ten years before the coming out of his er work. During these ten years he had resided out of England, as has been ; but it is not likely his reputation had been languishing during his absence. be in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, had contended 'that Spenser may wear the garlande, and step before the best of all English poets.' The *Shepheardes dar* had been reprinted in 1581 *and in 1586*; probably enough, other works of *had been circulating in manuscript; the hopes* of the country had been directed

towards him; he was known to be engaged in the composition of a great poem doubt he found himself famous when he reached England on the visit sugges Raleigh; he found a most eager expectant audience; and when at last his *Queene* appeared, it was received with the utmost delight and admiration. H spoken of in the same year with its appearance as the new laureate.* In the spr the following year he received a pension from the crown of 50*l.* per annum. ably, however, then, as in later days, the most ardent appreciators of Spenser we men of the same craft with himself—the men who too, though in a different deg in a different kind, possessed the 'vision and the faculty divine.'

This great estimation of the *Faerie Queene* was due not only to the intrinsic c of the poem—to its exquisitely sweet melody, its intense pervading sense of b its never stained moral purity, its subtle spiritualness—but also to the time appearance. For then nearly two centuries no great poem had been written i English tongue. Chaucer had died heirless. Occleve's lament over that great s decease had not been made without occasion:—

> Alas my worthie maister honorable
> This londis verray tresour and richesse
> Deth by thy deth hathe harm irreparable
> Unto us done; hir vengeable duresse
> Dispoiled hathe this lond of sweetnesse
> Of rhetoryke, for unto Tullius
> Was never man so like amongest us.†

And the doleful confession this orphaned rhymer makes for himself, might been well made by all the men of his age in England:—

> My dere mayster, God his soule quite,
> And fader Chaucer fayne would have me taught,
> But I was dull, and learned lyte or naught.

No worthy scholar had succeeded the great master. The fifteenth centu England had abounded in movements of profound social and political intere movements which eventually fertilised and enriched and ripened the mind o nation; but, not unnaturally, the immediate literary results had been of no value. In the reign of Henry VIII. the condition of literature, for various re had greatly improved. Surrey and Wyatt had heralded the advent of a br era. From their time the poetical succession had never failed altogether. The memorable name in our literature between their time and the *Faerie Queene* is t Sackville, Lord Buckhurst—a name of note in the history of both our dramati non-dramatic poetry. Sackville was capable of something more than lyrical e He it was who designed the *Mirror for Magistrates*. To that poem, importa compared with the poetry of its day, for its more pretentious conception, he hi contributed the two best pieces that form part of it—the *Induction* and the *Com of Buckingham*. These pieces are marked by some beauties of the same sort as which especially characterise Spenser; but they are but fragments; and in

* *Nash's Supplication of Piers Pennilesse*, 1590.
† *Warton's History of English Poetry*, ii. 264, ed. 1840.

g to an age which happily passed away shortly after the accession of Queen —they are penetrated by that despondent tone which is so strikingly audible ature of the middle years of the sixteenth century, not surprisingly, if the tory of the time be considered. Meanwhile, our language had changed Chaucer had grown almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader. There- the year 1590, the nation was practically without a great poem. At the it then, if ever, truly needed one. Its power of appreciation had been and refined by the study of the poetries of other countries; it had trans- erused the classical writers with enthusiasm; it had ardently pored over l literature of Italy. Then its life had lately been ennobled by deeds of ırage crowned with as splendid success. In the year 1590, if ever, this respect of its literary condition and in respect of its general high and ement, was ready for the reception of a great poem.

poem undoubtedly was the *Faerie Queene*, although it may perhaps be hat it was a work likely to win favour with the refined and cultured sections munity rather than with the community at large. Strongly impressed on the instant influences of the day, yet in many ways it was marked by a haic character. It depicted a world—the world of chivalry and romance— departed; it drew its images, its forms of life, its scenery, its very language, ast. Then the genius of our literature in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's mphatically dramatic; in the intense life of these years men longed for ow the *Faerie Queene* is one long idealizing. These circumstances are to be for partly by the character of Spenser's genius, partly by the fact already chronologically Spenser is the earliest of the great spirits of his day. In ands between two worlds: he belongs partly to the new time, partly to the the last of one age, he is the first of another; he stretches out one hand at to Chaucer, the other rests upon the shoulder of Milton.

CHAPTER IV.

1591-1599.

to imagine how intensely Spenser enjoyed his visit to London. It is o what extent that visit was prolonged. He dates the dedication of his *Come Home Again* 'from my house at Kilcolman, the 27 of December, the other hand, the dedication of his *Daphnaida* is dated 'London this nario 1591,' that is 1592 according to our new style. Evidently there is ke here. Prof. Craik 'suspects' that in the latter instance 'the date 91' is used in the modern meaning; he quotes nothing to justify such a but it would seem to be correct. Todd and others have proposed to alter in the former instance to *1595, the year in* which *Colin Clouts* Come Home *published, and with which the allusions* made in the poem to contemporary

writers agree; but this proposal is, as we shall see, scarcely tenable. The mann in which the publisher of the *Complaints*, 1591, of which publication we shall spe presently, introduces that work to the 'gentle reader,' seems to show that the poet w not at the time of the publishing easily accessible. He speaks of having endeavou 'by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delight) get into my hands such small poems of the same authors, as I heard were dispe abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by by himselfe; some of th having been diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure ouer s He says he understands Spenser 'wrote sundrie others' besides those now collec 'besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad . . . which when I can ob by himselfe or otherwise attaine too I meane likewise for your fauour sake to foorth.' It may be supposed with much probability that Spenser returned to Irish castle some time in 1591, in all likelihood after February, in which month received the pension mentioned above, and on the other hand so as to have time write the original draught of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* before the close December.

The reception of the *Faerie Queene* had been so favourable that in 1591—it wou seem, as has been shown, after Spenser's departure—the publisher of that po determined to put forth what other poems by the same hand he could gath together. The result was a volume entitled '*Complaints*, containing sundrie sm Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie, whereof the next page maketh mention. By Ed. S 'The next page' contains 'a note of the Sundrie Poemes contained in this volume:

1. The Ruines of Time.
2. The Teares of the Muses.
3. Virgils Gnat.
4. Prosopopoia or Mother Hubbards Tale.
5. The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay.
6. Muiopotmos or The Tale of the Butterflie.
7. Visions of the Worlds Vanitie.
8. Bellayes Visions.
9. Petrarches Visions.

In a short notice addressed to the Gentle Reader which follows—the notice j referred to—the publisher of the volume mentions other works by Spenser, promises to publish them too 'when he can attain to' them. These works are *Ec siastes*, *The Seven Psalms*, and *Canticum Canticorum*—these three translations doubt of parts of the Old Testament—*A Sennight Slumber*, *The State of Lovers*, *Dying Pelican*—doubtless the work mentioned, as has been seen, in one of Spens letters to Harvey—*The Howers of the Lord*, and *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*. Many these works had probably been passing from hand to hand in manuscript for ma years. That old method of circulation survived the invention of the printing press many generations. The perils of it may be illustrated from the fate of the works j mentioned. It would seem that the publisher never did attain to them; and th have all perished. With regard to the works which were printed and preserved, *Ruines of Time*, as the Dedication shows, was written during Spenser's memora visit of 1589–91 to England. It is in fact an elegy dedicated to the Countess *Pembroke, on the death* of Sir Philip Sidney, 'that most brave Knight, your m

[redacted]

ther deceased.' 'Sithens my late cumming into England,' the poet writes istle Dedicatorie, 'some friends of mine (which might much prevaile with ndeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was m; as also bound unto that noble house (of which the chiefe hope then him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me; for that I have not nie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to at fowle blot of unthankefulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, by a generall name of the *Worlds Ruines*: yet speciallie intended to the g of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eter- some of the chiefe of them late deceased.' This poem is written in a tone been extremely frequent during Spenser's youth. Its text is that ancient ity of Vanities; all is Vanity'—a very obvious text in all ages, but perhaps r so, as has been hinted, in the sixteenth century, and one very frequently t that time. This text is treated in a manner characteristic of the age. It is ed by a series of visions. The poet represents himself as seeing at Verulum rition of a woman weeping over the decay of that ancient town. This tands for the town itself. Of its whilome glories, she says, after a vain g of them,

> They all are gone and all with them is gone,
> Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
> My long decay.

he continues, weeps with her, no one remembers her,

> Save one that maugre fortunes injurie
> And times decay, and enuies cruell tort
> Hath writ my record in true seeming sort.
>
> Cambden the nourice of antiquitie,
> And lanterne unto late succeeding age,
> To see the light of simple veritie
> Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
> Of her owne people, led with warlike rage,
> Cambden, though time all moniments obscure,
> Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

e rebukes herself for these selfish moanings by calling to mind how far litary she is in her desolation. She recalls to mind the great ones of the land re lately fallen—Leicester, and Dudley, and Sidney—and wonders no longer own ruin. Is not *Transit Gloria* the lesson taught everywhere? Then other and emblems of instability are seen, some of them not darkly suggesting that sses away from earth and apparently ends may perhaps be glorified elsewhere. ond of these collected poems—*The Tears of the Muses*—dedicated, as we have one of the poet's fair cousins, the Lady Strange, deplores the general intellec- ndition of the time. It is doubtful whether Spenser fully conceived what a t literary age was beginning about the year 1590. Perhaps his long absence nd, the death of Sidney who was the great hope of England Spenser knew, lesiastical controversies raging when he revisited England, may partly account

for his despondent tone with reference to literature. He introduces each Muse w for the neglect and contempt suffered by her respective province. He who d these tears was himself destined to dry them; and Shakspere, who, if anyone, make the faces of the Muses blithe and bright, was now rapidly approaching hi There can be little doubt that Spenser was acquainted with Shakspere. T both been intimately connected with the Earl of Leicester; and though, ina Spenser was probably out of England from 1580–90, and Shakspere did not c to London till 1585 or 1586, they could not have met together at their great house, yet this intimate connection with one and the same person must certain resulted in their forming many common associations and friendships. Spense intimate friend of the Earl of Essex; Shakspere was an intimate friend of t of Southampton, who was one of the most attached friends of that Earl of E personal acquaintance with Shakspere must undoubtedly have been one of t memorable events of Spenser's visit to London in 1589. Raleigh, who was the f of those famous meetings at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street, Cheapside, one of them have introduced to each other the two greatest poets of the day, one o the greatest of all days. There can be little doubt that Thalia in the *Teares of the* refers in the following passage to Shakspere: the comic stage, she says, is degra

> And those sweete wits which wont the like to frame
> Are now despizd and made a laughing game.
>
> And he the man whom Nature selfe had made
> To mock herselfe and Truth to imitate,
> With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
> Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
> With whom all joy and jolly meriment
> Is also deaded and in dolour drent.

The context shows that by 'dead' is not meant physical death, but that

> That same gentle spirit, from whose pen
> Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,

produces nothing, sits idle-handed and silent, rather than pander to the grosser t of the day.

Of the remaining works published in the *Complaints*, the only other one of n composition is *Muiopotmos*, which, as Prof. Craik suggests, would seem to h allegorical narrative of some matter recently transpired. It is dated 1590, but no is known of any earlier edition than that which appears in the *Complaints*. Of other pieces by far the most interesting is *Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbards Tale*, only because it is in it, as has been said, Spenser most carefully imitates his g master Chaucer, but for its intrinsic merit—for its easy style, its various incidents social pictures. In the dedication he speaks of it as 'These my idle labours; w having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst o papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set foorth.' However long before its publication the poem in the main was written, t can be no doubt that some additions were made to it in or about the year 1590; *for instance, the well-known* passage describing 'a suitor's state,' which reflects

ther personal experience to have been composed before Spenser had grown
h the Court.

ining pieces in the *Complaints* consist of translations or imitations, com-
bly some years before, though probably in some cases, as has been shown,
together recast.

in the same year with the *Complaints**—that is in 1591—was published
'an Elegie upon the death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard,
d heire of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthur
quire.' This elegy was no doubt written before Spenser returned to
; is marked by his characteristic diffuseness, abundance, melody.

before the close of the year 1591 Spenser found himself once more in his
' Kilcolman. A life at Court could never have suited him, however irksome
isolation in Ireland may have seemed. When his friends wondered at his
nto

> This barrein soyle,
> Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
> Here to keep sheepe with hunger and with toyle,

wer that he,

> Whose former dayes
> Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
> Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
> Nor trust the guile of fortune's blandishment;
> But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
> Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
> Then having learnd repentance late to mourne
> Amongst those wretches which I then descryde.

ith all its intrigues and self-seekings and scandals, had no charms for him.
settled in his home, he wrote an account of his recent absence from it,
ntitled *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*. This poem was not published
but, whatever additions were subsequently made to it, there can be no
s originally written immediately after his return to Ireland. Sitting in
› which he was but now restored, he reviewed the splendid scenes he had
eased; he recounted the famous wits he had met, and the fair ladies he
i the great London world; and dedicated this exquisite Diary to the friend
troduced him into that brilliant circle. It would seem that Raleigh had
n of indolence. That ever-restless schemer could not appreciate the poet's
. 'That you may see,' writes Spenser, 'that I am not alwaies ydle as yee
gh not greatly well occupied, nor altogither undutifull, though not precisely
make you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher
r the meanesse of the stile but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and
he which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite
ich I acknowledge myselfe bounden unto you for your singular favours and
d turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, &c.'

clusion of this poem commemorates, as we have seen, Spenser's enduring

* It is in this volume reprinted from the edition of 1591. Mr. Morris thinks that Todd
e of this edition. *Mr. Collier reprinted from the* 2nd edition—that of 1596.

affection for that Rosalind who so many years before had turned away her ears fro his suit. It must have been some twelve months after those faithful lines we penned, that the writer conceived an ardent attachment for one Elizabeth. Nothi is known of this lady's previous history. It would appear that she lived in the poe neighbourhood. The whole course of the wooing and the winning is pourtrayed i the *Amoretti or Sonnets* and the *Epithalamium*. It may be gathered from the biographically and otherwise interesting pieces, that it was at the close of the ye 1592 that the poet was made a captive of that beauty he so fondly describes. T first three sonnets would seem to have been written in that year. The fourth cel brates the beginning of the year 1593—the beginning according to our modern way reckoning. All through that year 1593 the lover sighed, beseeched, adored, despair prayed again. Fifty-eight sonnets chronicle the various hopes and fears of that ye The object of his passion remained as steel and flint, while he wept and wailed a pleaded. His life was a long torment.

> In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace
> And doe myne humbled hart before her poure;
> The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place
> And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.

In Lent she is his 'sweet saynt,' and he vows to find some fit service for her.

> Her temple fayre is built within my mind
> In which her glorious image placed is;
> On which my thoughts doo night and day attend,
> Like sacred priests that never think amiss.

But all his devotion profited nothing, and he thinks it were better 'at once to di He marvels at her cruelty. He cannot address himself to the further composition his great poem. The accomplishment of that great work were

> Sufficient werke for one man's simple head,
> All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ.
> How then should I, without another wit,
> Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle!
> Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
> Of a proud love that doth my spirit spoyle.

He falls ill in his body too. When the anniversary of his being carried into captivi comes round, he declares, as has been already quoted, that the year just elapsed h appeared longer than all the forty years of his life that had preceded it (sonnet 6 In the beginning of the year 1594,

> After long stormes and tempests sad assay
> Which hardly I endured hertofore
> In dread of death and daungerous dismay
> With which my silly bark was tossed sore,

he did 'at length descry the happy shore.' The heart of his mistress softened towar him. The last twenty-five sonnets are for the most part the songs of a lover accept and happy. It would seem that by this time he had completed three more books *the Faerie Queene*, and he asks leave in sonnet 70,

In pleasant mew
To sport my Muse and sing my loves sweet praise,
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew
My spirit to an higher pitch doth raise.

the Sixth Book was concluded in the first part of the year 1594, just after wooing had been crowned with success. In the tenth canto of that book he s the lady of his love, and himself 'piping' unto her. In a rarely pleasant a fair wooded hill-top Calidore sees the Graces dancing, and Colin Clout errily. With these goddesses is a fourth maid; it is to her alone that Colin

Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place;
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

ourth maid the poet, after sweetly praising the daughters of sky-ruling Jove, this wise:—

Who can aread what creature mote she bee;
Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed,
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Ne less in vertue that beseems her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race.

ase 'country lass' in this rapturous passage has been taken to signify that she i it is applied was of mean origin; but it scarcely bears this construction. y all that is meant is that her family was not connected with the Court or the rcle. She was not high-born; but she was not low-born. The final sonnets some malicious reports circulating about him, and to some local separation the sonneteer and his mistress. This separation was certainly ended in the llowing his acceptance—that is, the June of 1594; for in that month, on St. s' day, that is, on the 11th, Spenser was married. This event Spenser cele- in the finest, the most perfect of all his poems, in the most beautiful of all ongs—in his *Epithalamium*. He had many a time sung for others; he now e Muses crown their heads with garlands and help him his own love's praises nd:—

So I unto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

rith the sweetest melody and a refinement and grace incomparable, he sings most happy heart of various *matters of the* marriage day—of his love's waking, *merry music of the minstrels, of her coming* forth in all the pride of her visible

loveliness, of that 'inward beauty of her lively spright' which no eyes can see, her standing before the altar, her sad eyes still fastened on the ground, of bringing her home, of the rising of the evening star, and the fair face of the looking down on his bliss not unfavourably, as he would hope. The *Amoretti* *Epithalamium* were registered at the Stationers' Hall on the 19th of November lowing the marriage. They were published in 1595, Spenser—as appears from 'Dedication' of them to Sir Robert Needham, written by the printer Ponsonby being still absent from England.

Meanwhile the poet had been vexed by other troubles besides those of an requited passion. Mr. Hardiman,* in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, has published petitions presented in 1593 to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland by Maurice, Lord Roche Viscount Fermoy, two against 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman,' one against Joan Ny Callaghan—who is said to act 'by supportation and maintenance of Edmond Sponser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant.' 'Where,' runs the first petition, 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your suppliant for three ploughlands, parcels of Shanballymore (your suppliant's inheritance) before the Vice-president and Council of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed; and nevertheless for that the said Spenser, being Clerk of the Council in the said province, and did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curteys among other agreements with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your suppliant in the said province upon pretended title of others &c.' The third petition averred that 'Edmond Spenser of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered into the ploughlands, parcel of Ballingerath, and disseised your suppliant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling. Whereunto,' continues the document, which is preserved in the Original Rolls Office, 'the said Edmond Spenser appearing in person had several days prefixed unto him peremptorily to answer, which he neglected to do.' Therefore 'after a day of grace given,' on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed the possession. Perhaps the absence from his lady love referred to in the concluding sonnets was occasioned by this litigation. Perhaps also the 'false forged lyes'—the malicious reports circulated about him—referred to in Sonnet 85, may have been connected with these appeals against him. It is clear that all his dreams of Faerie did not make him neglectful of his earthly estate. Like Shakspere, like Scott, Spenser did not cease to be a man of the world—I use the phrase in no unkindly sense—because he was a poet. He was no mere visionary, helpless in the ordinary affairs of life. In the present case it would appear that he was even too keen in looking after his own interests. Professor Craik charitably suggests that his poverty 'rather than his rapacity may be supposed to have urged whatever of hardness there was in his proceedings.' *It is credible* enough that these proceedings made him highly unpopular

* *Irish Minstrelsy; or, Bardic Remains of Ireland*, by J. Hardiman. London, 1831.

tive inhabitants of the district, and that they were not forgotten when the ning came. 'His name,' says Mr. Hardiman, on the authority of *Trotter's land*,* 'is still remembered in the vicinity of Kilcolman; but the people sentiments of respect or affection for his memory.'

me year with the *Amoretti* was published *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, itions having been made to the original version.

at the close of this year 1595 Spenser a second time crossed to England, d, it may be supposed, by his wife, carrying with him in manuscript the e books of his *Faerie Queene*, which, as we have seen, were completed marriage, and also a prose work, *A View of the Present State of Ireland*. quotes the following entry from the Stationers' Register:—

arii [1595].—Mr. Ponsonby. Entred &c. The Second Part of the Faerie Queene, cont. the ohes, vjd.

l instalment—which was to be the last—of his great poem was duly pub- hat year. The *View of the Present State of Ireland* was not registered 598, and then only conditionally. It was not actually printed till 1633. stay in England he wrote the *Hymns to Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty*, *thalamium*, which were to be his last works.

n four years had elapsed since Spenser had last visited London. During certain memorable works had been produced; the intellectual power of ad expressed itself in no mean manner. When he arrived in London close of the year 1595, he would find Shakspere splendidly fulfilling the his earlier days; he would find Ben Jonson just becoming known to fame; nd Bacon already drawing to him the eyes of his time. Spenser probably hole of the year 1596, and part of 1597, in England. In 1597 appeared, dy been said, the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bacon's l also Jonson's *Every Man in His Own Humour*.

ning favourite at this time was the Earl of Essex. In 1596 his successful n Cadiz raised him to the zenith of his fame. With this nobleman Spenser ns of intimacy. At his London house in the Strand—a house which had been inhabited by Spenser's earlier patron, the Earl of Leicester—it stood x Street now is, and is still represented by the two pillars which stand at of that street—Spenser no doubt renewed his friendship with Shakspere. acy with Essex, with whatever intellectual advantages it may have been ith whatever bright spirits it may have brought Spenser acquainted, pro- ded his prospects of preferment. There can be no doubt that one of the t brought him to England was a desire to advance his fortunes. Camden im as always poor. His distaste for his residence in Ireland could not but ggravated by his recent legal defeat. But he looked in vain for further

He had fame, and to spare, and this was to suffice. It was during this England that he spoke of himself, as we have seen, as one

* and occupation of Spenser is handed down traditionally among them (the Irish); but entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory; the bard came in rather ness, and the keen recollections of this untutored people are wonderful.'—Trotter's Walks *of the Four 1812, 1814, and 1817.* London, 1819, p. 302.

Whom sullen care
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes which still doe fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne.

The publication of the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*, with a impression of the first three books, placed him on the highest pinnacle of fame. plentiful references to passing events—its adumbrations of the history of the tir however it may be damaging the permanent value of the work from an artistic p of view, increased its immediate popularity. How keenly these references were ap ciated appears from the anxiety of the Scotch King to have the poet prosecuted fo picture of Duessa, in whom Mary Queen of Scots was generally recognised. 'Ro Bowes, the English ambassador in Scotland, writing to Lord Burghley from E burgh 12th November, 1596, states that great offence was conceived by the K against Edmund Spenser for publishing in print, in the second part of the *F Queen*, ch. 9, some dishonourable effects, as the King deemed, against himself and mother deceased. Mr. Bowes states that he had satisfied the King as to the privi under which the book was published, yet he still desired that Edmund Spenser for fault might be tried and punished. It further appears, from a letter from Ge Nicolson to Sir Robert Cecil, dated Edinburgh, 25 February, 1597–8, that Wa Quin, an Irishman, was answering Spenser's book, whereat the King was offended

The *View of the Present State of Ireland*, written dialogue-wise between Eud and Irenæus, though not printed, as has been said, till 1633, seems to have enjoy considerable circulation in a manuscript form. There are manuscript copies of tractate at Cambridge, at Dublin, at Lambeth, and in the British Museum. partly antiquarian, partly descriptive, partly political. It exhibits a profound sens the unsatisfactory state of the country—a sense which was presently to be justifie a frightful manner. Spenser had not been deaf to the ever-growing murmurs of content by which he and his countrymen had been surrounded. He was not in adv of his time in the policy he advocates for the administration of Ireland. He wa from anticipating that policy of conciliation whose triumphant application it perhaps be the signal honour of our own day to achieve. The measures he prop are all of a vigorously repressive sort; they are such measures as belong to a mili occupancy, not to a statesmanly administration. He urges the stationing nume garrisons; he is for the abolishing native customs. Such proposals won a not favourable hearing at that time. They have been admired many a time since.

It is to this work of Spenser's that Protector Cromwell alludes in a letter to council in Ireland, in favour of William Spenser, grandson of Edmund Spenser, whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descende him. 'His grandfather,' he writes, 'was that Spenser who, by his writings touc the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation; for those works and his other good services Queen Elizabeth conferred on him estate which the said William Spenser now claims.'† This latter statemen

* *Cooper's Athen. Cantab.*
† *See Mr. Edwards's Life of Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 128.

inaccurate. Spenser, as we have seen, had already held his estate for some
en he brought his *View* to England.
r dates the dedication of his *Hymns* from Greenwich, September 1, 1596.
four hymns, two had been in circulation for some years, though now for the
printed; the other two now first appeared. 'Having in the greener times
uth,' he writes, 'composed these former two hymnes in the praise of love and
and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition,
ing too vehemently carried with that kind of affection do rather sucke out
their strong passion than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by
two most excellent ladies [the ladies Margaret, Countess of Cumberland,
ountess of Warwick] to call in the same; but unable so to do, by reason that
pies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend,
ay of retraction to reforme them, making (instead of those two hymnes of
r naturall love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestiall.' This
is interesting for the illustration it furnishes of Spenser's popularity. It is
ly interesting, if the poems themselves be read in the light of it, as showing
itive purity of the poet's nature. It is difficult to conceive how those 'former
should in any moral respect need amending. The moralising and corrective
with which the two latter were written perhaps diminished their poetical
but the themes they celebrate are such as Spenser could not but ever descant
h delight; they were such as were entirely congenial to his spirit. He here
certain special teachings of his great master Plato, and abandoned himself
gh spiritual contemplations he loved. But perhaps the finest of these four
the second—that in honour of Beauty. Beauty was indeed the one worship
er's life—not mere material beauty—not 'the goodly hew of white and red
ch the cheekes are sprinkled,' or 'the sweete rosy leaves so fairly spred upon
or 'that golden wyre,' or 'those sparckling stars so bright,' but that inner
beauty, of which fair hair and bright eyes are but external expressions.

So every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearfull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.

n is one high refined rapture.
the close of the year 1596 Spenser wrote and published the *Prothalamium*,
ousall verse made in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable
ous ladies, the lady Elizabeth, and the lady Katherine Somerset, daughters
ight honourable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthie
n, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter Esquyers.' It was composed
return of Essex from Spain, for he is introduced in the poem as then re-
t his house in the Strand. *It is a poem* full of grace and beauty, and of
s *melodiousness*.

This is the last complete poem Spenser wrote. No doubt he entertained the id of completing his *Faerie Queene*; and perhaps it was after 1590 that he compos the two additional cantos, which are all, so far as is known, that he actually wro But the last poem completed and published in his lifetime was the *Prothalamium*.

This second visit to England at last came to an end. It was probably in 1597 th he returned once more to Kilcolman. In the following year he was recommended her Majesty for Sheriff of Cork. But his residence in Ireland was now to be rude terminated.

The Irishry had ever since the suppression of Hugh O'Neal's rebellion in 1580, be but waiting for another opportunity to rise. That suppression had not brought pac cation in its train. In the autumn of 1598 broke out another of these fear insurrections, of which the history of English rule in Ireland is mainly composed.

In the September of that year Spenser was at the zenith of his prosperity. In th month arrived the letter recommending his appointment to be Sheriff of Cork. seems legitimate to connect this mark of royal favour with the fact that at the begi ning of the preceding month Lord Burghley had deceased. The great obstructor the Queen's bounty was removed, and Spenser might hope that now, at last, the ho of his prosperity was come. So far as is known, his domestic life was serene a happy. The joys of the husband had been crowned with those of the father. T sons, as may be gathered from the names given to them—they were christened Sylvan and Peregrine—had been by this time born to him; according to Sir William Beth who drew up a pedigree of Spenser's family, communicated to the *Gentlema Magazine* for August 1842, by Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax, another son and daughter had been born between the birth of Sylvanus and that of Peregrine. Th he was at this time the recognised prince of living poets. The early autumn of 15 saw him in the culminating enjoyment of all these happinesses.

In October the insurgents burst roughly in upon his peace. No doubt his occupati of the old castle of Tyrone had ever been regarded with fierce jealousy. While he h dreamed his dreams and sung his songs in the valley, there had been curses mutter against him from the hills around. At last the day of vengeance came. The outrag natives rushed down upon Kilcolman; the poet and his family barely made their escap his home was plundered and burned. According to Ben Jonson, in the conversati with Drummond, quoted above, not all his family escaped; one little child, new bor perished in the flames. This fact is, perhaps, scarcely consistent with the computati made from the *Records of Ireland* by Ulster King at Arms of all Ireland, which h just been referred to, and may perhaps be but a popular exaggeration of the calami that befell Spenser. But, indeed, the fearfulness of this event needs no exaggeratio In profound distress Spenser arrived once more in London. Probably, the hardshi and horrors he had undergone completely prostrated him. On January 16, 1599, died at a tavern in King Street, Westminster. Ben Jonson says, 'he died for lack bread;' but this must certainly be an exaggeration. No doubt he returned to Engla '*inops*'—in a state of poverty—as Camden says; but it is impossible to believe that *died of starration. His friend* Essex and many another were ready to minister to h *necessities if he needed their ministry.* Jonson's story is that he 'refused twenty pie

im by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them.' This if it is anything more than a mere vulgar rumour, so far as it shows anything, that he was in no such very extreme need of succour. Had his destitution been plete, he would have accepted the pieces for his family, even though 'he had no o spend them himself.' It must be remembered that he was still in receipt ension from the crown; a pension of no very considerable amount, perhaps, but rge enough to satisfy the pangs of hunger. King Street, Westminster, was street of some importance and dignity. But numerous passages might be to show that he died in somewhat straitened circumstances.

ras said, some thirty-four years after Spenser's death, that in his hurried flight Ireland the remaining six books of the *Faerie Queene* were lost. But it is very ly that those books were ever completed.* Perhaps some fragments of them ave perished in the flames at Kilcolman—certainly only two cantos have reached hese were first printed in 1611, when the first six books were republished. neral testimony of his contemporaries is that his song was broken off in the

Says Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (Book ii. s. 1):—

> So ere he ended his melodious song,
> An host of angels flew the clouds among
> And rapt his swan from his attentive mates
> To make him one of their associates.

. A. Cokain writes:—

> If, honour'd Colin, thou hadst lived so long
> As to have finished thy Fairy song,
> Not only mine but all tongues would confess,
> Thou hadst exceeded old Mæonides.

was buried near Chaucer—by his own wish, it is said—in Westminster Abbey, funus ducentibus,' with poets following him to the grave—bearing the pall, as ght say—the Earl of Essex furnishing the funeral expenses, according to n. It would seem from a passage in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* 'that the ordered a monument to be erected over him, but that the money was otherwise riated by one of her agents.' The present monument, restored in 1778, was l by Anne, Countess of Dorset, in 1620.

widow married again before 1603, as we learn from a petition presented to the Chancellor of Ireland in that year, in which Sylvanus sues to recover from her id Roger Seckerstone certain documents relating to the paternal estate. Till a cent time there were descendants of Spenser living in the south of Ireland.

doubt he intended to complete his work. See book vi. canto v. st. 2:
'When time shall be to tell the same;'
time never was.

J. W. HALES.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELUE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

TO

THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPRESSE,

RENOWMED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT,

ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,

Qveene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Virginia.

Defendour of the Faith, &c.

HER MOST HVMBLE SERVAVNT

EDMVND SPENSER,

DOTH, IN ALL HVMILITIE,

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS,

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.[1]

---

[1] In the first edition of 1590 the Dedication was as follows:—To the most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Qveene of England, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c.

Her most humble Seruant:
ED. SPENSER.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

TO

THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPRESSE,

RENOWMED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT,

ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,

Qveene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Virginia.

Defendour of the Faith, &c.

HER MOST HVMBLE SERVAVNT

EDMVND SPENSER,

DOTH, IN ALL HVMILITIE,

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS,

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.[1]

---

[1] In the first edition of 1590 the Dedication was as follows:—To the most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Qveene of England, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c.

Her most humble Seruant:
ED. SPENSER.

[redacted]

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

NDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORKE: WHICH, FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

D WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND HER MAIESTIES LIEFETENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

owing how doubtfully all Allegories may strued, and this booke of mine, which I ntituled the Faery Queene, being a con- Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought s well for avoyding of gealous opinions and structions, as also for your better light in g thereof, (being so by you commanded,) ower unto you the general intention and ng, which in the whole course thereof I have ned, without expressing of any particular es, or by accidents, therein occasioned. enerall end therefore of all the booke is to a gentleman or noble person in vertuous ntle discipline: Which for that I conceived be most plausible and pleasing, being ed with an historicall fiction, the which the part of men delight to read, rather for y of matter then for profite of the ensample, e the historye of King Arthure, as most for the excellency of his person, being made is by many mens former workes, and also st from the daunger of envy, and suspition ent time. In which I have followed all tique Poets historicall; first Homere, who Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath pled a good governour and a vertuous man, e in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in erson of Aeneas: after him Ariosto com- d them both in his Orlando, and lately discovered them againe, and formed both in two persons, namely that part which n Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a te man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other d Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample hich excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict rthure, before he was king, the image of a e knight, perfected in the twelve private d vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politicke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a governement, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter

part in some places I doe expresse in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contayn three.

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years mewed up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vz. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man of al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchauntresse called Acrasia; and therfore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as Accidents then intendments: As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. Ianuary 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spens

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

...inion upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene.

...ought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
...n that Temple where the vestall flame
...ent to burne; and passing by that way
... that buried dust of living fame,
... tumbe faire love, and fairer vertue kept,
...ddeinly I saw the Faery Queene:
...ose approch the soule of Petrarke wept,
...rom thenceforth those graces were not seene;
...ey this Queene attended, in whose steed
...on laid him downe on Lauras herse.
...t the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
...rones of burial ghostes the hevens did perse:
...ere Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
... curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife.

Another of the same.

...eayse of meaner wits this worke like profit
... brings, [sings.
...th the Cuckoos song delight when Philumena
...a hast formed right true vertues face herein,
...e her selfe can best discerne to whom they
... written bin. [divine
...n hast beauty praysd, let her sole lookes
... if ought therein be amis, and mend it by
... her eine.
...ntitle want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
...d her Princely mind aright, and write thy
... Queene anew.
... while she shall perceive, how far her vertues
... sore [of yore:
... the reach of all that live, or such as wrote
...thereby will excuse and favour thy good will;
...e vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels
... quill.
...me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
...all which speak our English tongue, but those
... of thy device.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

..., I see, by thy new taken taske,
...e sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes.
... deades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,
...d loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes;
...lifts thy *notes from Shepheardes unto kinges*:
... *the lively Larke that mounting singes.*

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight:
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well;
Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes
Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers;
So mought st thou now in these refyned layes
Delight the daintie eares of higher powers:
And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,
In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue sittes;
Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devyne,
Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroïque deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse knight* with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou dost vayle in Type of Faery land.
Elizas blessed field, that *Albion* hight: [foes,
That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (jolly shepheard) though with pleasing style
Thou feast the humour of the Courtly trayne,
Let not conceipt thy setled sence beguile,
Ne daunted be through envy or disdaine.
Subject thy dome to her Empyring spright, [light,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes

HOBYNOLL.

Fayre Thamis streame, that from Ludds stately towne
Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes.
Nere thy sweet bankes there lives that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes Palme and never-dying bayes:
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes;
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepeherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now singes in Faeries deedes.

R. S.

Grave Muses, march in triumph and with prayses;
Our Goddesse here hath given you leave to land;
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde:
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaves of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Even of the fairest that the world hath seene!

H. B.

When stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
And what revenge the States of Greece devisd,
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes him selfe he then disguisde;
But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd so large,
Through Faery land, of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice;
But Sydney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes,
So Spencer was by Sidney's speaches wonne
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,
Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,
So Spenser now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taske exceed a humaine wiit,
He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

To looke upon a worke of rare devise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserved prise
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either prove the judgement to be naught,
Or els doth shew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend;
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
'Tis needlesse for the hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my judgement to be such
As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,
That never gives to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanship is such
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore;
Not for to shew the goodness of the ware;
But such hath beene the custome heretofore,
And customes very hardly broken are;
And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you give your hoast his utmost dew.

IGNOTO.

VERSES

SSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, TO VARIOUS NOBLEMEN, &C.

Right honourable Sir Christopher
n, Lord high Chauncelor of England,

rudent heads, that with theire counsels
ise
om the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,
aught ambitious Rome to tyrannise
n the neck of all the world to rayne;
1 those grave affaires were wont ab-
aine,
the sweet Lady Muses for to play:
nius the elder Africane,
ıro oft did Cæsars cares allay. [sway
great Lord, that with your counsell
urdeine of this kingdom mightily,
like delightes sometimes may eke delay
ugged brow of carefull Policy;
hese ydle rymes lend litle space,
or their titles sake may find more grace.

ıost honourable and excellent Lord the
of Essex. Great Maister of the
to her Highnesse, and knight of
ôble order of the Garter, &c.

cke Lord, whose vertues excellent,
nerit a most famous Poets witt
thy living praises instrument,
oe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
ıase Poeme, for thee far unfitt:
ht is thy worth disparaged thereby;
hen my Muse, whose fethers, nothing
litt,
et but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
ılder wing shall dare alofte to sty
e last praises of this Faery Queene;
shall it make more famous memory
ine Heroicke parts, such as they beene:
n, *vouchsafe thy noble countenaunce*
first labours needed furtheraunce.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford, Lord high Chamberlayne of England, &c.

Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,
The unripe fruit of an unready wit;
Which by thy countenaunce doth crave to bee
Defended from foule Envies poisnous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well befit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry
Under a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long living memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the love which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare:
Deare as thou art unto thy selfe, so love
That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame
To be the Nourses of nobility,
And Registres of everlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and chevalry.
Then, by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,
By whose endevours they are glorifide;
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which gives them life, that els would soone have dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
To thee, therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

To the right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and Ossory.

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath bred;
Which, being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd:
And, in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus nor one Helicone,
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione:
There, in deede, dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits;
And in thy person, without paragone,
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard, Lord high Admiral of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of her Majesties privie Counsel, &c.

And ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Take you ensample to the present age
Of th' old Heroes, whose famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing;
In this same Pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

To the most renowmed and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton, knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live, bound yours by vassalage;
Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned Loome:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favorable doome.

To the right noble and valorous knight Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and lieftenaunt of Cornewall.

To thee, that art the sommers Nightingale,
Thy soveraine Goddesses most deare delight
Why doe I send this rusticke Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,
And dainty love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
To tast the streames that, like a golden showre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy love praise;
Fitter, perhaps, to thonder Martiall stowre
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rudely showne.

To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh Lord high Threasurer of England.

To you, right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent;
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdomes governement
As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas mighty shoulders is upstayd,
Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from common vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receave,
And wipe their faults out of your censure grave.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

Redoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of chevalry, now bloosming fair
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind
Which of their praises have left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of vertue and of Martiall praise;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies

[redacted]

sample of long passed daies,
rew honor yee may fashioned see,
sire of honor may ye raise,
our mind with magnanimitee.
ord, therefore, as it was ment,
your name and high descent.
E. S.

*t honourable the Lord of Huns-
Chamberlaine to her Majesty.*

Lord, that, for your worthinesse
e deeds, have your deserved place
he favour of that Emperesse,
s sole glory and her sexes grace:
right have you a worthie place,
our nearnes to that Faerie Queene
our owne high merit in like cace:
apparaunt proofe was to be seene,
tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
erne rebels ye did pacify.
disloiall powre defaced clene,
d of enduring memory.
for ever in this lasting verse,
steritie thy honor may reherse.
E. S.

*t honourable the Lord of Buck-
of her Majesties privie Counsell.*

hinke, right honourable Lord,
ude rime to memorize thy name,
arned Muse hath writ her owne re-
n verse, worthy immortal fame:
more fit (were leasure to the same)
ious Soverains praises to compile,
imperiall Majestie to frame
numbers and heroicke stile.
hou maist not so, give leave a while
wit his power therein to spend,
rosse defaults thy daintie pen may
advised oversights amend. [file.
rmore vouchsafe it to maintaine
vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

*t honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham.
principall Secretary to her Ma-
and one of her honourable privy
l.*

uane Poetes incompared spirit.
girland now is set in highest place.
Mecænas, for his worthy merit,
advaunst to great Augustus grace.
g perhaps have lien in silence bace,
so much admir'd of later age. [trace.
ly Muse, that learns like steps to
like aide unto your Patronage,

That are the great Mecænas of this age,
As wel to al that civil artes professe,
As those that are inspir'd with Martial rage,
And craves protection of her feeblenesse:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.
E. S.

To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Captaine, Sir John Norris, knight, Lord president of Mounster.

Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shril tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to favour her then you,
Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and advizement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile. [fame,
Sith, then, each where thou hast dispredd thy
Love him that hath eternized your name.
E. S.

To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady the Countesse of Penbroke.

Remembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,
The hevens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth, through immortall merit
Of his brave vertues, crownd with lasting
Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies; [baies
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, living evermore
In the divine resemblaunce of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And native beauty deck with hevenlie grace:
For his, and for your owne especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.
E. S.

To the most vertuous and beautifull Lady, the Lady Carew.

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place:
But with remembraunce of your gracious name, [grace
Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye

And deck the world, adorne these verses base.
Not that these few lines can in them comprise
Those glorious ornaments of hevenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
And in subdued harts do tyranyse;
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And silver leaves, them rightly to devise;
But to make humble present of good will:
Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display

E. S.

To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

The Chian Peincter, when he was requirde
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
To make his worke more absolute, desird
Of all the fairest Maides to have the vew
Much more me needs, to draw the semblaunt trew
Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew
And steale from each some part of ornament
If all the world to seeke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see
Then that brave court doth to mine eie present, [to be
That the worlds pride seemes gathered there
Of each a part I stole by cunning theft:
Forgive it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye have not lefte.

E. S.

THE FIRST BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

ING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I

ie man whose Muse whylome did
ke,
t taught, in lowly Shepharde weeds,
nforst, a farre untitter taske,
ets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten
ls,
f Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;
ises having slept in silence long,
meane, the sacred Muse areeds
bravle emongst her learned throng:
rs and faithful loves shall moralize
sung.

II

en, O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne,
er Novice to performe thy will;
ut of thine everlasting scryne
e rolles, which there lye hidden still,
knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
at most noble Briton Prince so long
rough the world, and suffered so
h ill,
st rue his undeserved wrong:
low my weake wit, and sharpen my
l tong!

III

And th on, most dreaded impe of highest
Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That gl rious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine
ayde; [Mart,
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant
In loves and gentle jollities arraid, [allayd.
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage

IV

And with them eke. O Goddesse heavenly
Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine, [bright!
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth
shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too
vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread,
a-whil !

CANTO I.

The Patrone of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I

THE Knight was pricking on the
plaine,
mightie armes and silver shielde,
ld dints of deepe woundes did re-
taine,
markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters
fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mourn'd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves *were fain.*

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred ar.

VIII

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was shown,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout

[redacted]

mounted from his courser brave,
Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere
re.

XII

are,' quoth then that Ladie milde,
ine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
nd, the place unknowne and wilde,
ifull doubts. Oft fire is without
.
thout show: therefore your stroke
with hold, till further tryall made.'
sayd he; 'shame were to revoke
footing for an hidden shade:
her selfe light through darknesse
wade.'

XIII

quoth she; 'the perill of this place
t then you, though nowe too late
backe returne with foule disgrace,
me warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
ere forced to retrate.
wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
whom God and man does hate:
be ware.' 'Fly, fly!' (quoth then
Dwarfe,) 'this is no place for living
.'

XIV

of fire and greedy hardiment,
full Knight could not for ought be
into the darksom hole he went,
staide;
his glistring armor made
ming light, much like a shade;
saw the ugly monster plaine,
a serpent horribly displaide,
r half did womans shape retaine,
m, filthie, foule, and full of vile
laine.

XV

she lay upon the durtie ground,
g taile her den all overspred,
and many boughtes upwound,
mortall sting. Of her there bred
ong ones, which she dayly fed,
her poisnous dugs; each one
shapes, yet all ill-favored:
that uncouth light upon them shone,
th they crept, and suddain all were
.

XVI

start out of her den effraide,
forth, hurling her hideous taile
rsed head; whose folds displaid
t now forth at length without en-
.
about, and seeing one in mayle,
sought backe to turne againe;
he hated as the deadly bale,

Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see
any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand en-
haunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoul-
der glaunst.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint her sence was
dazd;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours end-
lesse traine!

XIX

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, 'Now, now, Sir knight, shew what
ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.'
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine:
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her
constraine.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him
slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him
backe.
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did
lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:

But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight:
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth off, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

XXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurs
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gaz
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burs
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life the which them nurs
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom h
should contend.

XXVII

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie; [starr
And saide, 'Faire knight, borne under happ
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this da
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed
may!'

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend
That path he kept which beaten was mo
Ne ever would to any byway bend, [plain
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brough
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought
Long way he traveiled before he heard
ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had:
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that
repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous wa
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did p
'Ah! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) 'how shou
alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges
mell.

XXXI

if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
mebredd evil ye desire to heare,
raunge man I can you tidings tell,
usteth all this countrie, farre and neare.'
h,' (saide he,) 'I chiefly doe inquere,
all thee well rewarde to shew the place,
ich that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;
all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
such a cursed creature lives so long a space.'

XXXII

hence' (quoth he) 'in wastfull wildernesse
relling is, by which no living wight
er passe, but thorough great distresse.'
(saide the Ladie,) 'draweth toward night,
ell I wote, that of your later fight
forwearied be; for what so strong,
ranting rest, will also want of might?
unne, that measures heaven all day long,
ght doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

XXXIII

1 with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
ith new day new worke at once begin:
ibled night, they say, gives counsell best.'
well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,'
then that aged man: 'the way to win
ly to advise; now day is spent:
ore with me ye may take up your In
is same night.' The knight was well content; [went.
h that godly father to his home they

XXXIV

e lowly Hermitage it was,
in a dale, hard by a forests side,
m resort of people that did pas
reill to and froe: a litle wyde
was an holy chappell edifyde,
in the Hermite dewly wont to say
ly thinges each morne and eventyde:
y a christall streame did gently play,
from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV

ed there, the litle house they fill,
ke for entertainement where none was;
their feast, and all thinges at their will:
blest mind the best contentment has.

With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas:
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

XXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eyelidds,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame;
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes grisely Dame;
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light:
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night; [flight.
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flyes
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies.
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes:
The one of them he gave a message too, [doo.
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft, [sowne
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

XLII

The Messenger approching to him spake;
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake. [paine,
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
'Hether' (quoth he,) 'me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent [sent.'
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers

XLIV

The God obayde; and, calling forth straight way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afor

XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and hidd
Had made a Lady of that other Spright, [art
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quigh
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Li
fit.

XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly, [brough
Where he slept soundly void of evil though
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her de
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigne
hew.

XLVII

Thus, well instructed, to their worke the haste;
And, comming where the knight in slomber la
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull pla
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged b
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dan
Pleasures toy.

XLVIII

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraig Queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did ween
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spri
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a kin
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen Iõ Hymen! dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flora her with Yvie girlo crownd.

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his.

)! there before his face his Ladie is,
nder blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
d as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
ith gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
st like that virgin true which for her
knight him took.

L.

ll cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
d half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
t hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise
prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
inging her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
o wan she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
th for her noble blood, and for her tender
youth.

LI

nd sayd, 'Ah Sir, my liege Lord, and my
all I accuse the hidden cruell fate, [love,
d mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
the blind God that doth me thus amate,
hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
t thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
e is my dew: yet rew my wretched state,
whom my hard avenging destinie
th made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII

'our owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
fathers kingdom'—There she stopt with
teares;
swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,
d then againe begonne; 'My weaker yeares,
tiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
me not die in languor and long teares.'
hy, Dame,' (quoth he,) 'what hath ye thus
dismayd?
hat fraves ye, that were wont to comfort me
affrayd?'

LIII

'Love of your selfe,' she saide, 'and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.'
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend; but said, 'Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew.

LIV

'Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none; but to your rest depart.'
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chose but please:
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

I

r this the Northerne wagoner had set
sevenfold *teme behind the stedfast starre*
t was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill, [fill:
Full envious that night so long his roome did

II

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright:
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

III

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid to joy in vaine delight.

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals; 'Rise, rise! unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked chaine:
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful wights
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honor staine.'

V

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and lewd embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restreined of that aged sire.

VI

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily:
The dwarfe him brought his steed; so both away do fly.

VII

Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire
And the high hils Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drousy-hed;
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre: [woeful stowre
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that

VIII

And after him she rode, with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

IX

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts
That had such might over true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make
How he may worke unto her further smarts;
For her he hated as the hissing snake, [take
And in her many troubles did most pleasure

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spel?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel addre

hen he sate upon his courser free,
George himselfe ye would have deemed
him to be.

XII

he, the knight whose semblaunt he did
are,
ue Saint George, was wandred far away,
ing from his thoughts and gealous feare:
as his guide, and griefe led him astray.
him chaunst to meete upon the way
lesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
great shield was writ with letters gay
y; full large of limbe and every joint
, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

ad a faire companion of his way,
ly Lady clad in scarlot red,
with gold and pearle of rich assay;
e a Persian mitre on her hed
ore, with crowns and owches garnished,
hich her lavish lovers to her gave.
anton palfrey all was overspred
insell trappings, woven like a wave,
bridle rung with golden bels and bosses
brave.

XIV

faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
ertainde her lover all the way;
hen she saw the knight his speare ad-
vaunce,
one left off her mirth and wanton play,
d her knight addresse him to the fray,
was nigh at hand. He, prickte with
pride
ope to winne his Ladies hearte that day,
spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
d bloud trickling staind the way, as he
did ride.

XV

knight of the Redcrosse, when him he
ng so hote with rage dispiteous, [spide
irely couch his speare, and towards ride.
meete they both, both fell and furious,
daunted with theyr forces hideous,
steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
ke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
ed with the stroke of their owne hand,
acke rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth
land.

XVI

hen two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
orned fronts so fierce on either side
ete, that, with the terror of the shocke,
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple bloud new die the ver-
dant fields.

XVIII

'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the Sarazin,)
'That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt!
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head.' Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame
him fairly blest.

XIX

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive; [spark
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did
strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules doe fly of men that live
amis.

XX

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay; [may.
For present cause was none of dread her to dis-

XXI

Shee turning backe, with ruefull counte-
naunce,
Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty wil!' Her humblesse low,

In so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroïcke heart;
And said, 'Deare dame, your suddein over-throw
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.'

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament.
'The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,
Was (O! what now availeth that I was?)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII

'He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage:
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

'His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid,
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the striken hind.

XXV

'At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sans foy,
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy;
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sans loy.

XXVI

'In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I, Fidessa, dwell,
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.'

He in great passion al this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies her face to view,
Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell;
And said, 'faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

XXVII

'Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest;
Better new friend then an old foe is said.'
With chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traveiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire dispred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them espie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got;
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit;
And, thinking of those braunches greene
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit, [frame
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same

XXXI

th a piteous yelling voice was heard,
O! spare with guilty hands to teare
r sides in this rough rynd embard;
ah! fly far hence away, for feare
you hap that happened to me heare,
his wretched Lady, my deare love;
are love, love bought with death too
are!'
e stood, and up his heare did hove:
that suddein horror could no member
ove.

XXXII

whenas the dreadfull passion
rpast, and manhood well awake,
ing at the straunge occasion,
oting much his sence, he thus bespake:
oice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
full spright wandring in empty aire,
ich fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
full plaints, me bidding guiltlesse
ood to spare?'

XXXIII

groning deep; 'Nor damned Ghost,'
quoth he,) [speake;
ideful sprite to thee these words doth
a man, Fradubio, now a tree: [weake
d man, wretched tree! whose nature
witch, her cursed will to wreake,
as transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
ching Sunne does dry my secret vaines;
gh a tree I seme, yet cold and heat
e paines.'

XXXIV

n, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,'
en the Knight; 'by whose mischievous
misshaped thus, as now I see? [arts
ods med'cine who his griefe imparts,
ble griefs afflict concealing harts,
g flames who striveth to suppresse.'
thor then,' (said he) 'of all my smarts,
Duessa, a false sorceresse,
any errant knights hath broght to
retchednesse.

XXXV

ime of youthly yeares, when corage
of love, and joy of chevalree, [hott
dled in my brest, it was my lott
this gentle Lady, whome ye see
a Lady, but a seeming tree;
home, as once I rode accompanyde,
nced of a knight encountred bee,
d a like faire *Lady by his syde;*
faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XXXVI

'Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other Dames to have exceeded farre:
I in defence of mine did likewise stand, [starre.
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII

'So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede:
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to
So hard the discord was to be agreede. [bee,
Frælissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

'The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right she cast to win by guile;
And by her hellish science raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she fayre alone, when none was
faire in place.

XXXIX

'Then cride she out, "Fye, fye! deformed
wight,
'Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
'To have before bewitched all mens sight:
'O! leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine."
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned
paine [hold:
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen
mould.

XL

'Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same;
Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew, [crime,)
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew, [rew.
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly

XLI

'Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay, [stray.
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to

XLII

'The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepie night, [smeare
With wicked herbes and oyntments did be-
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now, enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste.'

XLIII

'But how long time,' said then the Elfin knight,
'Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?'
'We may not chaunge,' (quoth he,) 'this evill plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well: [That is the terme prescribed by the spell.'
'O! how,' sayd he, 'mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?'
'Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us unbynd.'

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment, [knight
When all this speech the living tree had spent
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wounde wound: [her fowle
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with fear

XLV

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the Lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

I

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse [unkind
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th'Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought; [brought
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her

[redacted]

IV

ı wearie of the yrkesome way,
ıstie beast she did alight;
ısse her dainty limbs did lay
ow, far from all mens sight:
: head her fillet she undight,
tole aside. Her angels face,
ıe of heaven, shyned bright,
ınshine in the shady place:
tall eye behold such heavenly

V

ıt of the thickest wood
ın rushed suddeinly,
reedy after salvage blood.
yall virgin he did spy,
ıeath at her ran greedily,
e devourd her tender corse;
y when as he drew more ny,
e aswaged with remorse, | forse.
sight amazd, forgat his furious

VI

f he kist her wearie feet,
illy hands with fawning tong,
ged innocence did weet.
ıt e maister the most strong,
ıth subdue avenging wrong!
pryde and proud submission,
death, when she had marked
ıelt in great compassion; | long,
ares did shed for pure affection.

VII

ord of everie beast in field,'
s princely puissance doth abate,
proud to humble weake does

he hungry rage, which late
ittie of my sad estate:
n, and my noble Lord,
ıd in cruell hart to hate
ıd, and ever most adord
my life? why hath he me ab-

VIII

teares did choke th' end of her

hoed from the neighbour wood;
e her sorrowfull constraint,
ast upon her gazing stood:
ıd downe fell his angry mood,
e hart shutting up her payne,
gin, borne of heavenly brood,
owy Palfrey got agayne,
strayed Champion *if she might*

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand:
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all:
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand:
Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she
And fled away: for never in that land | threw,
Face of fayre Lady she before did vew. | hew.
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly

XII

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did requere:

XIII

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in: where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

XIV

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackecloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bitt;
But now, for feare her beads she did forgett:
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray, [her may.
That in their cotage small that night she rest

XV

The day is spent: and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night:
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

XVI

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call:
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

XVII

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments:
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know,
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow:
Ne spares he to give her gold and rings; [things.
And now he to her brought part of his stolen

XIX

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to lett.
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring in, when that disdainfull beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath opprest.

XX

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand:
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Dronke up his life: his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night.
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap which on them is alight;
Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovered
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke; [had
And on their former journey forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke.
With paines far passing that long wandring
That for his love refused deitye. [Greeke
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nye.

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter deare
Came forth: and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill.
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will
To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling, and lamenting cry:
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,

s the flowre of faith and chastity:
, amidst her rayling, she did pray
gues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
ll on her, and follow all the way,
in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV

ien she saw her prayers nought pre-
aile,
ke retourned with some labour lost;
the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
t her mett in mighty armes embost,
ght was not for all his bragging bost;
till Archimag, that Una sought
nes into new troubles to have toste:
old woman tidings he besought,
of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

XXV

with she gan her passion to renew,
y, and curse, and raile, and rend her
heare,
, that harlott she too lately knew,
used her shed so many a bitter teare;
forth told the story of her feare.
eemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
ter for that Lady did inquere;
being taught, he forward gan advaunce
enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed
launce.

XXVI

ng he came where Una traveild slow,
it wilde champion wayting her besyde;
seeing such, for dread hee durst not
show
life too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
hil: from whence when she him spyde,
like seeming shield her knight by name
end it was, and towards him gan ride:
ching nigh she wist it was the same:
ith faire fearefull humblesse towards
him shee came:

XXVII

eeping said, 'Ah, my long lacked Lord,
have ye bene thus long out of my
sight?
eared I to have bene quite abhord,
ht have done, that ye displeasen might,
hould as death unto my deare heart
light:
ce mine eie your joyous sight did mis,
arefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
e my night of death the shadow is;
elcome now, my light, and shining
ampe of blis!'

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, 'My dearest Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should
shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on
earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly
berth.

XXIX

'And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your
plaint appease.'

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be tixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she
toyld so sore

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of Heaven, that none
can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him
pledg around.

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she
found;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from
ground
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse;

He huries out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they past; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell, in journey as she went.

XXXIII

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chaufled side:
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharphead speare, [perce:
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare, [beare:
Through shield and body eke he should him
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare.
He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

XXXVI

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; 'Lo! there the worthie meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake; [life,
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies
The blacke infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.'

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, 'O! hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stan
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly lan
And, whilest him fortune favourd, fayre di
thrive [priv
In bloudy field; therefore, of life him not d

XXXVIII

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rag
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight; but when he se
his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though untold
In charmes and magick to have wondrou
might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to figh

XXXIX

And said, 'Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?'
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay

XL

But to the virgin comes; who all this whil
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage t
behold.

XLI

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine Dam
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the sam
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawe
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth hi
swerd he drawes.

XLII

weake and feeble was the forse
ast his puissance to withstand;
rong, and of so mightie corse,
ed speare in warlike hand,
armes did wisely understand.
erced through his chaufed chest
point of deadly yron brand,
is Lordly hart: with death opprest
l, whiles life forsooke his stub-
rest.

XLIII

left to keepe the forlorne maid
uile of lawlesse victors will?
ard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
ided pray to save or spill:

He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more
of might.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe; [foe.
More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly

CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
Guydes the faithfull knight:
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

I

ght whatever, that dost armes pro-

long labours huntest after fame.
ud, beware of ficklenesse, [Dame:
nd chaunge of thy deare-loved
f her believe too lightly blame,
sweening doe thy hart remove:
ight there is no greater shame
ese and inconstancie in love:
this Redcrosse knights ensample
ly prove.

II

that he had faire Una lorne,
h: misdeeming of her loialtie;
uessa in her sted had borne,
s', and so supposed to be,
er traveild; till at last they see
ilding bravely garnished:
f mightie Prince it seemd to be,
s it a broad high way that led,
nough peoples feet which thether
iled.

III

ples of people traveild thetherward
nd night, of each degree and place;
turned, having scaped hard,
ull beggery, or foule disgrace;

Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong
nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres:
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrivd there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight.
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumpteous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place much beautifide.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted wilde, [rayne:
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen [shyne.
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to

X

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
Lo! underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI

Of grisely Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to p
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven do dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her sy
Or if that any else did Jove excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desyr

XII

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to b
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That, with their counsels bad, her kingdom did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came
And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name, [paire
Made rowme, and passage for them did pr
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayr
Of her high throne; where they, on humble kn
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majest

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of Princesse worthy; scarse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sigh
Some frounce their curled heare in courtl guise; [digl
Some prancke their ruffes; and others trim
Their gay attyre; each others greater pric does spight.

XV

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayn
Right glad with him to have increast their crew
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crow
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vey
And that great Princesse too exceeding prow
That to strange knight no better countenanc allowd.

XVI

...rt-eth from her stately place
...Dame, and for her coche doth call:
...orth: and she, with princely pace,
...ra in her purple pall
... East the dawning day doth call.
...e comes; her brightnes brode doth
...
...of people, thronging in the hall,
...ch other upon her to gaze: [amaze.
... glitterand light doth all mens eies

XVII

...e comes, and to her coche does
...with gold and girlonds gay, [clyme,
...d as fresh as Flora in her prime:
...e to match, in roiall rich array, [say,
...es golden chayre: the which, they
...stand gazing on, when she does ride
... high hous through heavens bra-
...way.
...ayre Peacocks, that excell in pride,
... Argus eyes their tayles dispredden
...

XVIII

...was drawne of six unequall beasts,
...her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
...ch by their bestiall beheasts
...ditions to their kindes applyde:
...e first, that all the rest did guyde,
...ch lothsome sinne, the nourse of sin;
...ftsome Asse he chose to ryde,
...the filthie swine, and annis thin,
...ouly Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

...hand his Portesse still he bare,
...was worne, but therein little red:
...reon he had little care,
...t in sleepe, and most of his daies
...he once uphold his heavie heed,
...whether it were night or day,
... the wayne was very evill feed,
... in one had guiding of the way,
...not whether right he went, or elsestray.

XX

...by cares himselfe he did cloyne,
...y shunned manly exercise;
...e worke he chalenged essoyne,
...estation sake: yet otherwise
...ded in lawlesse riotise,
...he grew to grievous malady;
...bustlesse limbs, *through evill guise,*
...ver raigne continually.
...as Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not weare for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had, [sweat.
From under which fast trickled downe the
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
Upon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies (the signe of gelosy,)
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare,
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new fanglenesse:
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes:
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse;
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshly hookes.

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law, [prove,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade, [waide.
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand. [band.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire

XXX

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harme he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deed,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And who with gratious bread the hungry feed
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row sitt.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler i him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
How many mischieves should ensue his heed lesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath:
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Feannces fire.
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodl tire.

XXXVI

ter all, upon the wagon beame,
than with a smarting whip in hand,
nich he forward lasht the laesy teme,
Slowth still in the mire did stand.
uts of people did about them band,
g for joy; and still before their way
mist had covered all the land;
derneath their feet, all scattered lay
alls and bones of men whose life had
me astray.

XXXVII

h they marchen in this goodly sort,
the solace of the open aire, [sport:
fresh flowring fields themselves to
t the rest rode that false Lady faire,
le Duessa, next unto the chaire
l Lucifer', as one of the traine:
t good knight would not so nigh
epaire,
life estraunging from their joyaunce
raine,
fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike
waine.

XXXVIII

ing solaced themselves a space
easaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
ache retourned to the princely Place;
s an errant knight in armes ycled,
thnish shield, wherein with letters red,
itt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find:
d with fury and fiers hardy hed,
ed in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
erish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter
aind.

XXXIX

when the shamed shield of slaine
ansfoy
with that same Faery champions page,
ing him that did of late destroy
st brother; burning all with rage,
im lept, and that same envious gage
s glory from him snatcht away:
Elfin knight, which ought that war-
ike wage,
d to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
n rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble
ray.

XL

ith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
ted battaile ready to darrayne,
sh their shields, and shake their swerds
n hy, [traine;
ith their *sturre they troubled all the*
great Queene, upon eternall paine
displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it
fight.

XLI

'Ah dearest Dame,' quoth then the Paynim
'Pardon the error of enraged wight, [bold,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to
hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason, who through guile hath
slayn
The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to
heap disdayn.

XLII

'And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe!
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe.'
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to
plead his right:

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to
rest them call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish
eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place, [pace.
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent

XLV

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt:
'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,

Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy;
Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye.'

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; 'I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is,' (quoth she,) 'with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

XLVII

'At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware [snare
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:
Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave,
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII

'But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belonges by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move.'

XLIX

Thereto said he, 'Faire Dame, be nought dismaid [goe
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them
Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep grone:
He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in haste.

L

'O! but I feare the fickle freakes,' (quoth she
'Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in fiel
'Why, dame,' (quoth he) 'what oddes can ev
bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield
'Yea, but,' (quoth she) 'he beares a charm
shield, [perc
And eke enchaunted armes, that none c
Ne none can wound the man that does th
wield.' [fer
'Charmd or enchaunted,' answerd he the
'I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to
herce.

LI

'But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a whi
Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew
'Ah me! that is a double death,' (she said)
'With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide [oba
Shall follow you.' So, passing forth, she h

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I

The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven migh
Still did he wake, and still did watch [dawning bi

II

At last, the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight way,
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array;
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

III

And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many Chronicles, that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T'observe the sacred lawes of armes that are assynd.

V

At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene:
With royall pomp and princely majestie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew;
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

VI

A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse.
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron *walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.*

VII

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous stron
And heaped blowes like yron hammers gre
For after blood and vengeance he did long
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly l
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thund
threat;
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe b
That from their shields forth flyeth firie li
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eit
might.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives
right.
As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way
That would his rightfull ravine rend away
With hideous horror both together smight
And souce so sore that they the heavens affr
The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mor
fight.

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives
right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of blood d
flow;
With which the armes, that earst so bright
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did gro
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyd
That victory they dare not wish to either

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his e
His suddein eye flaming with wrathfull f
Upon his brothers shield, which hong ther
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said; 'Ah! wretched sonne of wofull
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for vi
hyre?
And, sluggish german, doest thy forces
To after-send his foe, that him may overt

XI

'Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtak
And soone redeeme from his long-wan
woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message m
That I his shield have quit from dying f
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fa

End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, 'Thine the shield, and I, and all!'

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast avengd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII

And to him said; 'Goe now, proud Miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.'
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darknes him does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said; 'O! prowest knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield, and glory yours.'

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thristy blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enimy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.
He standes amazed how he thence should fade:
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie;
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree: [grace
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great gle
Shouting, and clapping all their hands a
hight, [bright
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heave

XVII

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptou
Where many skilfull leaches him abide [be
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wid
And softly gan embalme on everie side:
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony;
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII

'As when a wearie traveiler, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nil
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile, [guile
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefu
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth teade
The foolish man, that pities all this while [tears
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up wi
wares, [care
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an othe

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Joves high hous
were light;
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' Hethe
knight, [spright
In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vital
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left i
plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the Easterne coast of heaven make
speedy way:

XX

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad, [mew
She findes forth comming from her darksom
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood
That on their rusty bits did champ as the
were wood.

XXI

...en she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
...rith gold and jewels shining cleare,
...dly grew amazed at the sight,
...nacquainted light began to feare,
...r did such brightnes there appeare;
...ld have backe retyred to her cave,
...e witches speach she gan to heare.
'Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
...ll I have told the message which I
...ave.'

XXII

...yd; and foorth Duessa gan proceede
...s most auncient Grandmother of all.
...l then Jove, whom thou at first didst
...reede,
...great house of Gods cælestiall,
...rst begot in Demogorgons hall,
...st the secrets of the world unmade.
...fr...dst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
...lfin sword most shamefully betrade?
...ere the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in
...eadly shade.

XXIII

...im before, I saw with bitter eyes
...Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare
...r the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
...yld of friends, nor layd on groning
...eare,
...hylome was to me too dearely deare.
...t of gods then boots it to be borne,
...vengles sonnes so evill heare?
...shall not great Nightes children scorne.
...wo of three her Nephewes are so fowle
...rlorne?

XXIV

...hen! up, dreary Dame, of darknes
...ueene!
...er up the reliques of thy race:
...goe them avenge, and let be scene
...vaded Night in brightest day hath
...face,
...the children of fayre light deface.'
...ing speaches some compassion mov'd
...and chaunge in that great mothers face:
...y in her hart was never prov'd
..., for evermore she hated, never lov'd;

XXV

...id, 'Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
... of famous children borne of mee,
...d successes which their foes ensew:
...t can turne the stream of destinee,
...e the chayne of strong necessitee,
...at is fyde to Joves eternall seat?
...es of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

XXVI

'Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?'
'I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,'
Quoth she, 'how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came,
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.'

XXVII

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, 'In that fayre face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darksome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo! now I goe with thee.'

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch. [makes:
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes:
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch; [champ,
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

XXIX

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds, with cruddy blood congeald,
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

XXX

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,

And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI

Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill [men aghast.

XXXII

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

XXXIII

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shrickes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the thresh-hold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly;
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to si
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reel
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by la
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw

XXXVI

They all, beholding worldly wights in pla
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their sins
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pa
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous a
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redres

XXXVII

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming bor
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open ear abusd:

XXXVIII

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre besoug
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to ca
From surging gulf two Monsters streight we brought,
With dread whereof his chacing steedes agha
Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members cha
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no monimen.

XXXIX

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was don
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did en
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonn
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend:
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frem
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joyned eve part.

XL

Soch wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

XLI

There auncient Night arriving did alight
From her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whome having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

XLII

'Ah Dame,' (quoth he) 'thou temptest me in vaine,
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new
Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray
The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and day?'

XLIII

'Not so,' (quoth she) 'but, sith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowmed sonne
Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
Great paine, and greater praise, both never to be donne.'

XLIV

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things els the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles *sonne there in the leaches cure;*
And, backe retourning, took her wonted way
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebe pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recu

XLV

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde
Where when she came, she found the Fa knight
Departed thence; albee his woundes wyde
Not throughly heald unready were to ryde
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde
Where in a dungeon deepe huge nomb lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled nig and day:

XLVI

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise
They were by law of that proud Tyranness
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surm
Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in wo, and dye wretchednesse.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babyl
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon;
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out
Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore. [d
There also was king Crœsus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great riche store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his alta daunst.

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod w
That first the world with sword and fire w
And after him old Ninus far did pas [ray
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbray
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide
Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull de he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throw
Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall:

Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball;
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius; [nius.
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fiers Anto-

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke:
Fayre Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chord for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill;
And thousands moe the like that did that dongeon fill.

LI

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriftles howres, [stowre
And lastly thrown themselves into these heav

LII

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe h tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him de cryde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle wa
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall;
Which al through that great Princesse pri did fall,
And came to shamefull end. And them besyd
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A Donghill of dead carcases he spyde;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house Pryde.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wise beheast.

I

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind:
Yet cryme in her could never creature find;
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sanaloy did overtak

III

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it co straines.

IV

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did
As rock of Diamond stedfast evermore. [abhore;
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before:
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

V

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

VI

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phœbus, flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortal wight [plight?
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a

VII

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way.
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd:
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

VIII

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
But got his *ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.*

IX

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the plac
There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred
As her outrageous foe had left her lare;
And trembling yet through feare of fo
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state:
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull p

X

She, more amazd, in double dread dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shak
As when a greedy Wolfe, through hongei
A seely Lamb far from the flock does tak
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to r
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in
lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon loo

XI

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance
Their frowning forheades, with rough h
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay; [y
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance
To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her hu
to obay.

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet con
Her single person to their barbarous trut
But still twixt feare and hope amazd doe
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust en
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her
count'nance fayne

XIII

Their harts she gheseth by their hu
And yieldes her to extremitie of time: [
So from the ground she fearelesse doth a
And walketh forth without suspect of cri
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pry
Thence lead her forth, about her dau
round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards

And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond crownd.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout;
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

XV

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles frantick rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

XVII

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

XVIII

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face;
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes
To teach them truth, which worshipt her as vaine,
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her Asse would worship fayn.

XX

It fortuned, a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
From whence he tooke his weldeserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might:
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in 'easures vayne.

XXII

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lovers company;
But to the woods she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:

he suffred her for to retyre,
leaving him the late-borne childe;
o ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
p in life and manners wilde,
d beastes and woods, from lawes
n exilde.

XXIV

aught the tender ymp was but
wardize and bastard feare:
g hand he would him force to put
n and the rugged Beare; [teare;
e she Beares teats her whelps to
d ronng Buls he would him make
l ryde their backes, not made to

;
ckes in flight to overtake, [quake.
east for feare of him did fly, and

XXV

fearlesse and so fell he grew,
syre, and maister of his guise,
mble at his horrid vew;
lread of hurt, would him advise
astes not rashly to despise,
to provoke; for he would learne
up to him in lowly wise,
d) and make the Libbard sterne
; when in rage he for revenge did

XXVI

nake his powre approved more,
in yron yokes he would compell;
Panther, and the tusked Bore,
wift, and the Tigre cruell,
, and Wolfe both fiers and fell
astraine in equall teme to draw.
ad their stubborne harts to quell,
ourage tame with dreadfull aw,
ast they feared as a tyrans law.

XXVII

nother came upon a day
des, to see her little sonne;
unwares to meet him in the way,
tes and cruell pastime donne;
im a Lyonesse did runne,
all with rage did lowd requere
deare, whom he away had wonne:
elpes she saw how he did beare,
gged armes withouten childish

XXVIII

Dame all quaked at the sight,
backe gan fast to fly away;
ove revokt *from vaine affright,*
t perswaded was to stay,

And then to him these womanish words gan
'Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy, [say:
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go, find some other play-fellowes mine own
sweet boy.'

XXIX

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage
haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth
was blown.

XXX

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did
redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisedome hevenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive Maid he best might
thence arise.

XXXIII

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.

Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now
to the plaine.

XXXIV

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes fast towards him
do crosse.

XXXV

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he
did bind.

XXXVI

The knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red?
'Ay me! Deare dame,' (quoth he) 'well may
I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
These eies did see that knight both living and
eke ded.'

XXXVII

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen
plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe:
The lesser pangs can beare who hath endur'd
the chief.

XXXVIII

Then gan the Pilgrim thus: 'I chaunst this day,
This fatall day that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull
hew.
My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That, dronke with blood, yet thristed after life:
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slain
with Paynim knife.'

XXXIX

'Ah! dearest Lord,' (quoth she) 'how might
that bee,
And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?
'Ah! dearest dame,' (quoth hee) 'how might
see
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne!
'Where is,' (said Satyrane) 'that Paynim
sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy, hath refte?'
'Not faraway,' (quoth he) 'hard hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him lefte
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the
steele were cleft.'

XL

Therewith the knight thence marched forth
in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Even he it was, that earst would have suppresse
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him
defide.

XLI

And said; 'Arise, thou cursed Miscreaunt,
That hast with knightlesse guile, and treacherous train, [vaunt
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain.
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.'
The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the
field.

XLII

And, drawing nigh him, said; 'Ah! misborn
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent [Elfe
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene where earst his armes were
lent,

nster vaine his errour should not rew:
his errour shalt, I hope, now proven
e.'

XLIII

h they gan, both furious and fell,
r blowes, and fiersly to assaile
r, bent his enimy to quell,
their force they perst both plate
maile,
wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
uld pitty any living eie.' [raile;
ds of blood adowne their sides did
of blood could not them satisfie:
red after death; both chose to win,
lie.

XLIV

hey fight, and full revenge pursue,
ing, each themselves to breathen lett,
refreshed, battell oft renue.
wo Bores, with rancling malice mett,
r sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;
lease both themselves aside retire,
ning wrath their cruell tuskes they
[respire,
ple th' earth, the whiles they may
te to fight againe, new breathed and
re.

XLV

', when these knights had breathed
e.
to fight retourne, increasing more
ant force, and cruell rage attonce,
ed strokes more hugely then before;
their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
deformed, scarsely could bee known.
nd Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire
was thrown, [had sown.
Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Saraxin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches
said.

XLVII

'O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To love another: Lo! then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.'
So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore
afrayd.

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay [told,
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace, [place.
And eke this battels end, will need another

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By Gyaunt proud oppresst:
Prince Arthure meets with Una greatly with those newes distrest.

I

an so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
y the crafty cunning traine,
decripst doth maske in visour faire,
er coulours, died deepe in graine,
like truth, whose shape she well can
e,
; gestures to her purpose frame,
ease man with guile to entertaine?
treasse of her art was that false Dame,
Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To reste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage
ate.

III

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V

The cause was this: one day, when Phœbe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt;
Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
And chearefull blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame;
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith *astownd,*
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye, [skye:
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the
The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed [seed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortal

IX

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustring Æolus his boasted syre;
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time
In which the wombes of wemen doe expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme, [full crym
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sin

X

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchles might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorn
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayn
Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen dismayde.

XI

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vain
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde
And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain which him feeble made, [single blad
That scarsely could he weeld his bootles

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre

was wary of that deadly stowre,
ily lept from underneath the blow:
ceeding was the villeins powre,
h the winde it did him overthrow,
his sences stound that still he lay full
w.

XIII

n that divelish yron Engin, wrought
st Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
ndy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
d with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
th fyre, the heavens it doth fill
ndring noyse, and all the ayre doth
oke,
e can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
smouldry cloud of duskish stincking
noke; [escapt the stroke.
eadly breath him daunts, who hath

XIV

nted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
ie hand he heaved up on hye,
n to dust thought to have battred
night,
uessa loud to him gan crye,
Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
thy mortall hand for Ladies sake;
my sake, and doe him not to dye,
quisht thine eternall bondslave make,
thy worthy meed unto thy Leman

XV

arkned, and did stay from further
armes,
so goodly guerdon as she spake:
gly she came into his armes,
as willingly to grace did take,
possessed of his newfound make.
s he tooke the slombred sencelesse
rse,
he could out of his swowne awake,
his castle brought with hastie forse,
a Dongeon deepe him threw without
morse.

XVI

hat day forth Duessa was his deare,
hly honourd in his haughtie eye:
her gold and purple pall to weare,
le crowne set on her head full hye,
endowd with royall majestye.
e to make her dreaded more of men,
ples hartes with awfull terror tye,
rous beast vbredd in filthy fen
which he had kept long time in dark-
den.

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same Monster much more ugly was,
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught:
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments of heavinesse;
And with them all departes to tell his great distresse.

XX

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be scene to pant and quake.

XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
At last, recovering hart, he does begin

To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament
and mourne:

XXII

'Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

XXIII

'O lightsome day! the lampe of highest Jove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to
guyde,
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde;
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance which shall long abyde:
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled up with death shall have their
deadly meed.'

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enimy,
With soltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
'Tell on,' (quoth she) 'the wofull Tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto
mine eye.

XXV

'Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech
part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound [smart.
That launched hath my brest with bleeding
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have
found.'

XXVI

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse de-
The subtile traines of Archimago old; [clare:
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre, [bold;
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim
The wretched payre transformd to treen mould;
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat which he with Sansjoy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in
doubt.

XXVII

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never Lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the knight of the Redcross
For whose deare sake so many troubles he
did tosse.

XXVIII

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter
wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many
a vale.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest
ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he wore,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones
most pretious rare.

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious ston
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous
mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle
strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden
tong.

XXXI

ughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
rious brightnesse and great terrour
the crest a Dragon did enfold [bredd:
wedlie pawes, and over all did spredd
len winges: his dreadfull hideous hedd,
ached on the bever, seemd to throw
ming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
ddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
ly tayle was stretcht adowne his back
all low.

XXXII

the top of all his loftie crest,
ch of beares discolourd diversly,
princed pearle and gold full richly
trest,
he, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
an almond tree ymounted hye
f greene Selinis all alone,
lossoms brave bedecked daintily;
tender locks do tremble every one
e little breath that under heaven is
blowne.

XXXIII

arlike shield all closely cover'd was,
ht of mortall eye be ever seene;
de of steele, nor of enduring bras,
arthly mettals soon consumed beene,
of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
ed was, one massy entire mould,
out of Adamant rocke with engines
keene,
oint of speare it never percen could,
t of direfull sword divide the substance
would.

XXXIV

me to wight he never wont disclose,
enas monsters huge he would dismay,
ot unequall armies of his foes,
n the flying heavens he would affray;
exceeding shone his glistring ray,
hœbus golden face it did attaint,
n a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
ver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt,
n her face is staynd with magicke arts
constraint.

XXXV

agicke arts hereof had any might,
odly wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
that was not such as seemd in sight
that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
hen him list the raskall routes appall,
he stones therewith he could transmew,
ones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
hen him list the prouder lookes subdew,
old them gazing blind, or turne to other
kew.

XXXVI

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes;
For he that made the same was knowne right
well
To have done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield and sword, and armour all he
wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he
fell;
But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if
sought:

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft that any on his backe should sitt:
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

XXXVIII

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she
gan to say.

XXXIX

'What worlds delight, or joy of living speach,
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe where it may not availe:
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and
waile.'

XL

'Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle knight,
'Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous
great; [spright,
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But, woefull Lady, let me you intreate,
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discreete,

And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
Found never helpe who never would his hurts impart.'

XLI

'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then said.'
'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never would
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.'
'But griefe,' (quoth she) 'does greater grow dis-plaid,'
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.'
'Despaire breeds not,' (quoth he) 'where faith is staid.' [paire.'
'No faith so fast,' (quoth she) 'but flesh does
'Flesh may empaire,' (quoth he) 'but reason can repaire.'

XLII

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought; [brought
And said; 'Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath
You to inquere the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

XLIII

'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies
Did ronne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by, [ally:
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continu-

XLIV

'Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now fowr years besiegd to make them thrall.

XLV

'Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew.
From every coast that heaven walks about
Have thither come the noble Martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements still pursew:
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI

'At last, yled with far reported praise, [spred
Which flying fame throughout the world has
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight
That Parents deare from tyrants powre delive might.

XLVII

'Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was fair and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath mad
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blad

XLVIII

'And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowr
Can speake his prowesse that did earst you bear
And well could rule; now he hath left yo
To be the record of his ruefull losse, [hea
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare.
O! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have yee left your lord that could well you tosse?

XLIX

'Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme
Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things righ esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might
So thought I eke of him, and think I though aright.

L

'Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did tread,

ught not backe the balefull body dead:
him chaunced false Duessa meete,
ly foe, mine onely deadly dread;
th her witchcraft, and misseeming
eefe,
him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI

, by subtile sleights she him betraid
foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall;
disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
surprised, and with mighty mall
ster mercilesse him made to fall,
all did never foe before behold:
in darkesome dungeon, wretched
rall,
Remedilesse for aie he doth him hold.
This is my cause of griefe, more great then
may be told.'

LII

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake:
'Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint;
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to
quake:
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For till I have acquitt your captive knight,
Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.'
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse
spright, [ever right.
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight:
Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And stripe Duessa quight.

I

! how many perils doe enfold
teous man, to make him daily fall,
that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
fast truth acquite him out of all,
s firme, her care continuall,
he, through his own foolish pride
nes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
d this Redcrosse knight in bands have
[thither guyd.
yde,
se deliverance she this Prince doth

II

dly travelld thus, untill they came
a castle builded strong and hye:
yde the Dwarfe, 'Lo! yonder is the
me,
my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
e, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.'
le knight alighted by and by
his steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
what end of fight should him befall that
ay.

III

his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
ched forth towardes that castle wall,
gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living
ight
le the same, nor answere commers call,
oke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
hung adowne his side in twisted gold
elles gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great virtues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling
sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And Ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite,
or brast.

V

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one
astownd, [stowre
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd
his dreaded powre.

VI

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many headed beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.

That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine.
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw.
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an erthquake show.

IX

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to raught
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plain
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring.

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw [of late
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fiers disdaine to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathemore would that corageous swayne
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes.
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
And all his sences were with suddein dreade dismayd.

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize.
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;

For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squyre into such thraldom brought:

XVI

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed beades so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made:
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more.
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

XVII

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre.

XVIII

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow.
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

XIX

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
The light whereof, that hevens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Beaune stark blind, and all his sences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse ree
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call;
'O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or els we per

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout; and for to ayde his fre
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces sp
Them selves in vaine: for, since that glaunc
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend
As where th' Almighties lightning brond d light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the s ces quig

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new drest
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke,
His sparkling blade about his head he bles
And smote off quite his right leg by the kn
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele n hewen be;
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fea full drift.

XXIII

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quigl
At last downe falles; and with her hea hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours migh
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to sh
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare quake.

XXIV

The knight, then lightly leaping to the p
With mortall steele him smot againe so so
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gor
Which flowed from his wounds in wond store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did p
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt b
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous
Was nothing left, but like an emptie b was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound
But leaving all behind her fled away:
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray.

XXVI

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie, [warre,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake:
'Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII

'And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore:
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite reaunte with usuree.

XXVIII

'But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!'

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye.
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answere to his crye:
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

XXX

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo;
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moovd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

XXXII

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beseemed well;
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who answerd him full soft, *he could not tell*,
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell.
Had made his caytive thrall: againe he sayd,
He could not tell; ne ever other answere made.

XXXIII

Then asked he, which way he in might pas
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was
And said; 'Old syre, it seemes thou hast n
How ill it sits with that same silver hed, [r
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee.

XXXIV

His answere likewise was, *he could not tell*:
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance
Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance
Each dore he opened without any breach,
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him empeach.

XXXV

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew, [fold,
Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy Martyres often doen to dye
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great griefe were often heard to grone, [piteous mone.
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did re-sound: [choyce
'O! who is that, which bringes me happy
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew, [ground,
And have been thrice hid underneath the
Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew!'

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore:
And trembling horrour ran through every joynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dor
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no fl
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull s

XL

But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy b
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could with
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage b
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to r
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold [b
His pined corse, him scarse to light
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly d

XLI

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to v
His bare thin cheekes for want of better
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty bra bowrs [
Were wont to rive steele plates, and hel
Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall p
Decayd, and al his flesh shronk up like with flowres.

XLII

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she
With hasty joy: to see him made her gla
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted
She said; 'Ah dearest Lord! what evill s
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influ
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly doth marre?

XLIII

'But welcome now, my Lord in wele or
Whose presence I have lackt too long a d
And tie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe
And for these wronges shall treble penaunc
Of treble good: good growes of evils prie
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dis
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reli

XLIV

'Faire Lady,' then said that victor knight,
'The things, that grievous were to doe, or b
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing

But th' only good that growes of passed feare
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV

'Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might.
Loe! where your foe lies strecht in monstrous length;
And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.'
'To doe her die,' (quoth Una) 'were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.'

XLVI

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoyld her tire and call,
Such as she was their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall:
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald:
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was that would have loathd womankind.

XLVIII

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kin
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush write;
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sig
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight
The other like a beares uneven paw,
More ugly shape yet never living creature sa

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld amazd the were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
'Such then,' (said Una,) 'as she seemeth he
Such is the face of falshood: such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.'
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quig
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wa unknowne.

L

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wi
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide
But that faire crew of knights, and Una fai
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repai
Where store they fownd of al that dainty w and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells;
The knights knitt friendly bands;
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcros knight withstands.

I

O goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from bands.

II

Who when their powres, empayrd throu labor long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wex strong.
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nati tell;

so great good, as he for her had wrought,
ld die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

III

re virgin,' (said the Prince,) 'yee me
require
ng without the compas of my witt;
oth the lignage, and the certein Sire,
which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt;
ll as soone as life did me admitt
this world, and shewed hevens light,
mothers pap I taken was unfitt,
streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall
might.

IV

to Old Timon he me brought bylive;
Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
arlike feates th' expertest man alive,
is the wisest now on earth I weene:
welling is low in a valley greene,
r the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
embling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
all my daies he traind mee up in vertuous lore.

V

ither the great magicien Merlin came,
as his use, ofttimes to visitt mee;
e had charge my discipline to frame,
Tutors nouriture to oversee.
oft and oft I askt in privity,
hat loines and what lignage I did spring;
e aunswere bad me still assured bee,
I was sonne and heire unto a king,
me in her just term the truth to light
should bring.'

VI

ll worthy impe,' said then the Lady gent,
Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand!
what adventure, or what high intent,
brought you hither into Faery land,
d, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall
band?'
hard it is,' (quoth he) 'to read aright
ourse of heavenly cause, or understand
ecret meaning of th' eternall might,
rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts
of living wight.

VII

whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
ither sent for cause to me unghest;
hat fresh bleeding wound, which day
and night
me doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.'
'Ah! courteous Knight,' (quoth she) 'what
secret wound [ground?'
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

VIII

'Dear Dame,' (quoth he) 'you sleeping sparkes
awake, [grow;
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low:
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow,
I will revele what ye so much desire.
Ah. Love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I
may respyre.

IX

'It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the cole of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest:
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew, [wexeth new.
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil

X

'That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull Tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government.

XI

'But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disavantage fownd.
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd:
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most
despight.

XII

'Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.

For on a day, prickt forth with jollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII

'Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd;
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV

'Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As, when just time expired, should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

XV

'When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbynd.'

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:
'O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd.'

XVII

'Thine, O! then,' said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
'Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthi grace,
For onely worthie you through prowes prie
Yf living man mote worthie be to be her lie

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan she
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amov
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew. [byr
Then those two knights, fast friendship for
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull myr
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands toget joynd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond su
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pur
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent. [ga
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight hi
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brav
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soul to save.

XX

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his w
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pra
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight
Would not a while her forward course purse
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight
Till he recovered had his former hew; [kne
For him to be yet weake and wearie well s

XXI

So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grielsy thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed as he his bandes had bras
And with his winged heeles did tread the wyn
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his hea
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,

's in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
le reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
his neck an hempen rope he weares,
ith his glistring armes does ill agree;
of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

dcrease knight toward him crossed fast,
t what mister wight was so dismayd.
him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
f him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;
hardly he from flying forward stayd,
these wordes to him deliver might:
ight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
e from whom make ye this hasty flight?
er knight I saw in such misseeming
plight.'

XXIV

urverd nought at all; but adding new
to his first amazment, staring wyde
teny eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
ght stood, as one that had aspyde
ill furies with their chaines untyde.
ett againe, and yett againe, bespake
ttle knight; who nought to him replyde;
embling every joynt, did inly quake,
ltring tongue, at last, these words seemd
forth to shake;

XXV

Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not
stay;
! he comes, he comes fast after mee.'
king back would faine have runne away;
him forst to stay, and tellen free
erste cause of his perplexitie:
themore by his bold hartie speach
his blood frosen hart emboldened bee,
rough his boldnes rather feare did reach;
irst, at last he made through silence
suddein breach.

XXVI

am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth he)
him that would have forced me to dye?
the point of death now turnd fro mee,
may tell this haplesse history?' [nye.'
nought,' (quoth he) 'no daunger now is
shall I you recount a ruefull cace,'
he) 'the which with this unlucky eye
beheld; and, had not greater grace
t from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII

ately chaunst (Would I had never
chaunst!)
a fayre knight to keepen companee,
rwin *blight, that well himselfe advaunst*
affayres, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament:

XXVIII

'From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre:
Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX

'Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

XXX

'With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath:
But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare!'

XXXI

'How may a man,' (said he) 'with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?'
'I wote,' (quoth he) 'whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
His subtile tong like dropping honny mealt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine.'

XXXII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde;
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I re-
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.' [quest,
'I, that hight Trevisan,' (quoth he) 'will ryde
Against my liking backe to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face.'

XXXIII

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
For underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle.

XXXIV

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

XXXV

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesie locks, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine, [dyne.
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never

XXXVI

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flo

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vi
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villein sayd; 'Thou damned wig
The authour of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee rig
With thine owne blood to price his blood, i shed in sight?'

XXXVIII

'What franticke fit,' (quoth he) 'hath t distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to live
None els to death this man despayring dri
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving deat
Is then unjust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breat
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unea

XXXIX

'Who travailes by the wearie wandring w
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage s
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fas
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbo good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast
Why wilt not let him passe, that long h stood [flo
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas

XL

'He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage hav
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bi wave, [long e
Is not short payne well borne, that brin
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grav
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does gre please.'

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddeine
And sayd; 'The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull

v his stand untill his Captaine bed.'
e did limit by almightie doome,'
he) 'knowes best the termes esta-
ished;
that points the Centonell his roome,
me him depart at sound of morning
oome.'

XLII

his deed, what ever thing is donne
s and earth? Did not he all create
ome? All ends that was begonne:
es in his eternall booke of fate
ten sure, and have their certein date.
n can strive with strong necessitie,
lds the world in his still chaunging
ate,
e the death ordaynd by destinie?
sure of death is come, let none aske
hence, nor why.

XLIII

ager life, I wote, the greater sin;
ter sin, the greater punishment:
e great battels, which thou boasts to
in [ment.
strife, and blood-shed, and avenge-
rnd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
nst life, and blood must blood, repay.
xach thy evill life forespent?
hat once hath missed the right way,
ther he doth goe, the further he doth
ray.

XLIV

he no further goe, no further stray,
ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
prevent, that life ensewen may:
t hath life that may it loved make,
s not rather cause it to forsake?
kesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
anger, cold that makes the hart to
ake,
r fickle fortune rageth rife;
, and thousands mo, do make a loath-
me life.

XLV

wretched man, of death hast greatest
ed.
r ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
e knight, that dared warlike deed,
kes dis-aventures did amate:
the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
shutt up for death so oft did call;
ch good lucke prolonged hath thy
ate.
n then would the like mishaps forestall,
which hereafter thou maist happen
all.

XLVI

'Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild, [defild?
With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe

XLVII

'Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die; [donne,
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne!'

XLVIII

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX

In which amazement when the Miscreaunt
Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile, [daunt,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine [remaine.
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw, [fire,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison,
And all that might him to perdition draw:
And bad him choose what death he would desire: [Gods ire.
For death was dew to him that had provokt

LI

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said: 'Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight!
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

LIII

'Come; come away, fraile, feeble fleshly
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy
spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a p
Why shouldst thou then despeire, tha
art?
Where justice growes, there grows eke
The which doth quench the brond o
smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth d
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave thi
place.'

LIV

So up he rose, and thence amounted
Which when the carle beheld, and saw
Would safe depart, for all his subtile
He chose an halter from among the re
And with it hong him selfe, unbid, un
But death he could not worke himselfe
For thousand times he so him selfe h
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him di
Till he should die his last, that is, ete

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To house of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to hevenly blesse.

I

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly
And vaine assuraunce of mortality, [might
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill, [will.
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke

II

By that which lately hapned Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.
Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an auncient house nor far
Renowmd throughout the world for sa
And pure unspotted life: so well, the
It governd was, and guided evermore
Through wisedome of a matrone grave a
Whose onely joy was to relieve the ne
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpele
All night she spent in bidding of her
And all the day in doing good an
deedes.

IV

Dame Cælia men did her call, as tho
From heaven to come, or thither to ar
The mother of three daughters, well u
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise
The eldest two, most sober, chast, an
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlock
nize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many

V

the dore they find fast lockt,
ly watched night and day,
y foes; but, when they knockt,
ed unto them streight way.
syre. all hory gray,
lowly cast, and gate full slow,
: his feeble steps to stay,
They passe in, stouping low:
l narrow was the way which
ow.

VI

ing is hardest to begin;
spatious court they see,
pleasaunt to be walked in;
s meete a francklin faire and

with comely courteous glee;
le, that him right well became:
hes and behaveour bee
y to expresse the same,
them guide, till to the Hall
e.

VII

hem receives a gentle Squyre,
ure and rare courtesee,
ad in comely sad attyre:
le that shewd great modestee,
ood to all of each degree,
ce. He them with speaches

at: no courting nicetee,
w, and eke unfained sweet,
ne a Squyre so great persons to

VIII

les them to his Dame he leades,
e, the Lady of the place,
hile was busy at her beades;
e up arose with seemely grace,
m full matronely did pace.
hat fairest Una she beheld,
: knew to spring from hevenly

joy unwonted inly sweld,
rous comfort in her weaker eld:

IX

racing, said: 'O happy earth,
nnocent feet doe ever tread!
virgin, borne of hevenly berth,
ne thy woefull parents head
age and ever-dying dread,
through the world now long a

ot thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

X

'Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
O foolish men! why hast ye to your own decay?'

XI

'Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage,' (quoth she) 'I hither came;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
That up to heven is blowne.' The auncient Dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise:
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like hevens light.

XIII

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

XIV

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister: whether dread did dwell

Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to heven, as she did pray, [way.
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other

XV

They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly joy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI

Then Una thus: 'But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elswhere?'
'Ah! no,' said they, 'but forth she may not come;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.'
'Indeed,' (quoth she) 'that should her trouble sore;
But thankt be God, and her encrease so ever-more!'

XVII

Then said the aged Cælia, 'Deare dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore, a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.'
Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd:
His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully aredd.

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedom of her wordes divine.
She graunted; and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in *them shine.*

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with blood yw
That none could reade except she did th
She unto him disclosed every whitt; [te
And heavenly documents thereout did pre
That weaker witt of man could never reach
Of God; of grace; of justice; of free-will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly spee
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she
thrill.

XX

And, when she list poure out her lar
spright,
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to st
Or backward turne his course from here
hight: [m
Sometimes great hostes of men she could
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tw
And eke huge mountaines from their nat
seat [aw
She would commaund themselves to be
And throw in raging sea with roaring thre
Almightie God her gave such powre and pa
saunce great.

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in little spa
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked way
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so s
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule d
mayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort swee
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great p
plexity;

XXIII

And came to Cælia to declare her smart:
Who, well acquainted with that commu
plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded h
Her wisely comforted all that she might.
With goodly counsell and advisement right
And streightway sent with carefull diligen
To fetch a Leach, the which had great ins

disease of grieved conscience, [Patience.
ll could cure the same: His name was

XXIV

ommming to that sowle-diseased knight,
arilly him intreat to tell his grief:
knowne, and all that noyd his heavie
pright
archt, eftsoones he gan apply relief
es and med'cines, which had passing
rief:
reto added wordes of wondrous might.
ch to ease he him recured brief,
ch aswag'd the passion of his plight,
his paine endur'd, as seeming now
ore light.

XXV

t the cause and root of all his ill,
corruption and infected sin,
g'd nor heald, behind remained still,
tring sore did ranckle yett within,
reeping twixt the marow and the skin:
to extirpe, he laid him privily
in a darksome lowly place far in,
s he meant his corrosives to apply,
ih streight diet tame his stubborne
malady.

XXVI

es and sackcloth he did array
ntie corse, proud humors to abate;
ted with fasting every day,
elling of his woundes to mitigate;
de him pray both earely and eke late:
er, as superfluous flesh did rott,
ment readie still at hand did wayt,
k it out with pincers fyrie whott,
oone in him was lefte no one corrupted
tt.

XXVII

itter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
nt him once to disple every day:
arp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
ps of blood thence like a well did play:
l Repentance used to embay
mefull body in salt water sore,
hy blottes of sin to wash away.
hort space they did to health restore
an that would not live, but erst lay at
deathes dore.

XXVIII

ich his torment often was so great,
ke a Lyon he would cry and rore,
nd his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
ne deare Una, hearing evermore
efull shriekes and groninges, often tore
illesse garments and her golden heare,
ly of his payne and anguish sore:
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never
cleare.

XXIX

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted
guest.

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will:
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their
fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that joyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed whiles they were weake and
young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous
fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre,
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

XXXII

The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming
meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his
spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring
night.

XXXIII

She was right joyous of her just request;
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love, and righteousnes, and well to donne;

And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descryde:
Her name was Mercy; well knowne over-all
To be both gratious and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever, when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing.
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling;
And one sate wayting ever them before, [pore.
To call in commers-by that needy were and

XXXVII

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest.
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

The second was as Almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke; a worke of grace.
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he di
The grace of God he layd up still in s
Which as a stocke he left unto his see
He had enough; what need him care f
And had he lesse, yet some he would g
pore.

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe cust
In which were not rich tyres, nor garm
The plumes of pride, and winges of v
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he da
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give l
His owne cote he would cut, and it d
glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office w
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratio
And captives to redeeme with price o
From Turkes and Sarazins, which t
stayd:
And though they faulty were, yet well
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in ba
And he, that harrowd hell with heavi
The faulty soules from thence brough
heavenly bowre.

XLI

The fift had charge sick persons to a
And comfort those in point of death wh
For them most needeth comfort in the
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most
The feeble soule departing hence away
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it eve

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now bei
In seemely sort their corses to engrav
And deck with dainty flowres their bry
That to their heavenly spouse both s
brave
They might appeare, when he their soul
The wondrous workmanship of God
mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, a
All in his hand, even dead we honour
Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead
defould!

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buri
Had charge the tender Orphans of the
And wydowes ayd, least they should be
In face of judgement he their right wou

rre of mighty men did dread
nor would for gold or fee
ghtfull causes downe to tread;
itood in most necessitee,
eir want, and gave them ever

XLIV

Elfin knight arrived was,
feast of the seven, whose care
lcome, towardes him did pas;
rcie, that his steps upbare
to her with reverence rare
l in meeke lowlinesse,
come for her did prepare:
she was Patronesse,
re their chiefest founderesse.

XLV

e him staves, himselfe to rest,
nore hable he might bee;
ne, in every good behest,
of Almes and charitee,
ted with great industree.
o perfect he became,
st unto the last degree,
e learned had to frame
usnesse, without rebuke or

XLVI

by that painfull way they pas
hat was both steepe and hy,
sacred chappell was,
lermitage thereby,
holy man did lie,
ght said his devotion,
busines did apply:
evenly Contemplation;
lnes was his meditation.

XLVII

t old man to him given had;
saw from heavens hight:
thly eien both blunt and bad.
eat age had lost their kindly
[spright,
quick and persaunt was his
at can behold the Sunne.
cale with all their powre and

ighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
by her helpe the top at last he

XLVIII

finde that godly aged Sire,
kes adowne his shoulders shed;
with spangles doth attire
uches of an Oke halfe ded.

Each bone might through his body well be red
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast, [chast.
And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and

XLIX

Who, when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore,
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that
tedious hight?

L

'What end,' (quoth she) 'should cause us
take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke high heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth
bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? Shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.'

LI

'Thrise happy man,' said then the father
grave,
'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth
lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and
bred
In hevenly throne, where thousand Angels
shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII

'Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe
donne.
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne;
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.'

LIII

'That done, he leads him to the highest Mount,
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citty led his vew,
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song.
The Citty of the greate king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were?

LVII

'Faire Knight,' (quoth he) 'Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,
More dear unto their God then youngling their dam.'

LVIII

'Till now,' said then the knight, 'I wee
well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dw
The fairest citty was that might be seene;
And that bright towre, all built of chris
clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that w
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene,
For this great Citty that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims
towre of glas.'

LIX

'Most trew,' then said the holy aged man
'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can;
And well beseemes all knights of noble n
That covett in th' immortall booke of fam
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne D
That glory does to them for guerdon grau
For she is hevenly borne, and heaven justly vaunt.

LX

'And thou, faire ymp, sprong out f
English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her gra
To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne;
But when thou famous victory hast wonn
And high emongst all knights hast hong
shield,
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conqu
shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody fi
For blood can nought but sin, and wars sorrows yield.

LXI

'Then seek this path that I to thee presa
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou, emongst those Saints whom t
doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations fr
And Patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt ca
bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe
victoree.'

LXII

rorthy wretch,' (quoth he) 'of so great grace,
are I thinke such glory to attaine?'
, that have it attaynd, were in like case,
tched men, and lived in like paine.'
eeds of armes must I at last be faine
adies love to leave, so dearely bought?'
need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,'
e) 'and bitter battailes all are fought?
loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish into nought.'

LXIII

t me not,' (quoth he) 'then turne a-gaine
to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;
t me beare for aie in peace remaine,
ightway on that last long voiage fare,
othing may my present hope empare.'
may not be,' (said he) 'ne maist thou yitt
that royal maides bequeathed care,
id her cause into thy hand committ,
om her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt.'

LXIV

shall I soone,' (quoth he) 'so God me
that virgins cause disconsolate, [grace,
ortly back returne unto this place,
ke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
w aread, old father, why of late
thou behight me borne of English blood,
all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?'
word shall I,' (said he) 'avouchen good,
o thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

LXV

well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
xon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
nany bloody battailes fought in face,
reard their royall throne in Britans land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slept in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft.

LXVI

'Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to lyde,
Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became.'

LXVII

'O holy Sire!' (quoth he) 'how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bownd!'
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd; but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly thinges compard to things divine.

LXVIII

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre,
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thankes, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre
So came to Una, who him joyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

I

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to
cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake: [deare,
'Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me
take!

II

'Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly
spoyle;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowmed make [take.'
Above all knights on earth, that batteill under-

III

And pointing forth, 'Lo! yonder is,' (said she)
'The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly
cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!'

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that heven with light
did fill, [untill.
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them

V

Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that battaille
proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dam
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immorta
name;

VI

O! gently come into my feeble brest;
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doe
infest,
And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sown
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
And scared nations doest with horror sterr
astownd.

VII

Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyd
Twixt that great faery Queene and Payni
king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
But now a while lett downe that haught
string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes ma
blaze.

VIII

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh
hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much lan
And made wide shadow under his huge wast
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;

to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
oln with wrath and poyson, and with
loody gore;

IX

er all with brasen scales was armd,
ted cote of steele, so couched neare
ught mote perce; ne might his corse
es harmd
nt of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
s an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
d he, that horror was to heare:
he clashing of an Armor bright,
yse his rouzed scales did send unto the
night.

X

ggy winges, when forth he did display,
ke two sayles, in which the hollow
ynd
red full, and worketh speedy way:
the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
ke mayne-yardes with flying canvas
nd;
ich whenas him list the ayre to beat,
re by force unwonted passage fynd,
des before him fledd for terror great,
the hevens stood still amazed with his
reat.

XI

ge long tayle, wownd up in hundred
ldes,
erspred his long bras-scaly back,
wreathed boughtes when ever he un-
ldes,
k entangled knots adown does slack,
d as with shieldes of red and blacke,
eth all the land behind him farre,
three furlongs does but litle lacke;
the point two stinges in fixed arre,
adly sharp, that sharpest steele ex-
eeden farre.

XII

nges and sharpest steele did far exceed
rpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
as it sure, as sure as death in deed,
er thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
t within his reach he ever drawes.
most hideous head my tongue to tell
mble; for his deepe devouring jawes
aped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
which into his darke abysse all ravin
ll.

XIII

hat more wondrous was, in either jaw
nckes of *yron teeth enraunged were,*
yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
evoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke, and sulphure
seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench
did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining
shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living
fyre:
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a
dreadfull shade.

XV

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake
for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman
neare.

XVI

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor
bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right.
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to
ground did rush.

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puis-
sant knight.

XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

XX

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse, [layd;
And three mens strength unto the stroake he
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde, [lowdly cryde.
That with the uncouth smart the Monster

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

XXIII

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thye
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him ty
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash imply
That to the ground he is perforce constrayn
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distay
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disday

XXIV

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in ha
With which he stroke so furious and so fell
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could wi
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell, [sta
But his more hardned crest was armd so we
That deeper dint therein it would not make
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to ta
But when he saw them come he did them s
forsake.

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguy
And smot againe with more outrageous mig
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoy
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting woun
And of so fierce and forcible despight, [grou
Thought with his winges to stye above
But his late wounded wing unserviceable fou

XXVI

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heare
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his fa
And through his armour all his body seard
That he could not endure so cruell race,
But thought his armes to leave, and hel
to unlace.

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique wo
Whom famous Poetes verse so much c
vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high ext
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did encha
When Centaures blood and bloody ve
charmd; [da
As did this knight twelve thousand dol
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst
armd;
That erst him goodly armd, now most v
him harmd.

XXVIII

. wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
eat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and
nward fire,
ever man such mischiefes did torment:
letter were; death did he oft desire,
ath will never come when needes require.
so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
t to suffer him no more respire,
n his sturdy sterne about to weld,
m so strongly stroke, that to the ground
him feld.

XXIX

tunad, (as fayre it then befell)
d his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
cient time there was a springing well,
which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
great vertues, and for med'cine good:
me, before that cursed Dragon got
appy land, and all with innocent blood
those sacred waves, it rightly hot
ell of life, ne yet his vertues had
forgot:

XXX

nto life the dead it could restore,
uilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
that with sicknesse were infected sore
d recure; and aged long decay
as one were borne that very day.
lio this, and Jordan, did excell,
h' English Bath, and eke the German
Spaw;
Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
he same the knight back overthrowen
fell.

XXXI

gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
ris face in billowes of the west,
s faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
from their journall labours they did
rest;
that infernall Monster, having kest
arie foe into that living well,
gh advaunce his broad discoloured brest
his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
lapt his yron wings as victor he did
dwell.

XXXII

n when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
ming that the sad end of the warre;
an to highest God entirely pray
ared chaunce from her to turne away:
folded hands, *and knees full lowly bent,*
ht shee watcht, ne once adowne would
ay

Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did
lament.

XXXIII

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

XXXIV

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies:
So new .this new-borne knight to battell new
did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning
blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

XXXVI

I wote not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;
For till that stownd could never wight him
harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty
charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;

Ne aught his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleft;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

XL

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swai
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defe
thereby.

XLIII

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him c
straine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and mai
That nought so wondrous puissaunce mig
sustaine:
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quite
twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might
But hong still on the shield, as it at first w
pight.

XLIV

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames that dimmed all the hevens ligh
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blu
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in pece
broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smo
That al the land with stench and heven wi
horror choke.

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilenc
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backeward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce d
guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame so
terrifide.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathe
fall.

XLVII

the world like was not to be fownd,
n that soile, where all good things did grow.
ely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
rrupted Nature did them sow,
st dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
r like faire tree eke grew thereby,
f whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
od and ill. O mournfull memory!
ee through one mans fault hath doen
us all to dy.

XLVIII

that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
ling streame of Balme, most soveraine
ainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
erflowed all the fertile plaine,
ed deawed bene with timely raine:
d long health that gracious ointment gave, [againe
easily wounds could heale, and reare
eedlesse corse appointed for the grave:
at same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX

igh thereto the ever damned Beast
not approch, for he was deadly made,
that life preserved did detest;
it off adventur'd to invade.
the drouping day-light gan to fade,
eld his rowme to sad succeeding night,
rith her sable mantle gan to shade
e of earth and wayes of living wight,
gh her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L

gentle Una saw the second fall
deare knight, who, weary of long fight
int through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
ard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
ale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
she stricken was with sore affright,
r his safetie gan devoutly pray,
atch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI

yous day gan early to appeare;
re Aurora from the deawy bed
Tithone gan herselfe to reare
ey cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke; [larke.
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw, [might,
Ran through his mouth with so importune
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift, [away,
Whose false foundacion waves have washt
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeemd;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she prayse, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight
Betrouthed is with joy:
Though false Duessa, it to barre,
Her false sleightes doe employ.

I

Behold! I see the haven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

II

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

III

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did understand:
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

IV

Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V

Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd
And sad habiliments right well beseene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand
Glad signe of victory and peace in all the land.

VI

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light;
And in their handes sweet Timbrels all uphel[on high

VII

And them before the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth di play,
And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels soo
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe christall flood.

VIII

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse
And her ador'd by honorable name, [bent

; in heven her everlasting fame:
n her head they sett a girlond greene,
rowned her twixt earnest and twixt
game:
n her self-resemblance well beseene,
me, such as she was, a goodly maiden
Queene.

IX

fter all the raskall many ran,
l together in rude rablement,
the face of that victorious man,
all admired as from heaven sent,
nd upon with gaping wonderment;
en they came where that dead Dragon
lay, [tent,
t on the ground in monstrous large ex-
ght with ydle feare did them dismay,
et approch him nigh to touch, or once
assay.

X

feard, and fledd; some feard, and well
t faynd;
ut would wiser seeme then all the rest,
him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
ingring life within his hollow brest,
is woombe might lurke some hidden nest
y Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede:
r saide, that in his eyes did rest
arckling fyre, and badd thereof take
heed;
r said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI

nother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
ne too neare, and with his talants play,
lead through feare, her litle babe re-
vyld,
her gossibe gan in counsell say;
can I tell, but that his talants may
atch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?'
erely them selves in vaine they fray;
some more bold to measure him nigh
stand,
ve how many acres he did spred of land.

XII

flocked all the folke him rownd about;
iles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
arrived where that champion stout
is foes defeasaunce did remaine,
odily greetes, and fayre does entertayne
rimely gifts of yvory and gold, [paine.
ousand thankes him yeeldes for all his
hen his daughter deare he does behold,
dly doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions
sweet;
And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved
street; [meet
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce
Of all, that royall Princes court became:
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose
frame.

XIV

What needes me tell their feast and goodly
guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did
hate: [late,
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but

XV

Then, when with meates and drinkes of every
kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest: [sad,
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his re-
quest.

XVI

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes:
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the
hearers cheaks.

XVII

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise;
'Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye
bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether praise or pitty more;

For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest:
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.'

XVIII

'Ah dearest Lord!' said then that doughty knight,
'Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;
For by the faith which I to armes have plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene: [beene.'
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have

XIX

'Unhappy falls that hard necessity,'
(Quoth he) 'the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe retourne agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn.

XX

'Which, for my part, I covet to performe
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That who-so kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore, since now to thee perteynes the same
By dew desert of noble chevalree, [to thee.'
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his only hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare

XXIII

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell were as to strive against the streame
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight: [dight
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so fair

XXIV

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her Syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood:
But he for nought would stay his passage right
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper spake:

XXVI

'To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII

'To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswor
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swor
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury;
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,

[redacted]

them for judgement just doe fly,
em conjure t' avenge this shamefull
njury.

XXVIII

fore, since mine he is, cr free or bond,
or trew, or living or else dead,
d, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond
uitting league with him, I you aread;
e my right with strength adowne to
ead,
weaknesse of my widowhed or woe;
h is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
ll finde friends, if need requireth soe.
thee well to fare, Thy neither friend
or foe. *Fidessa.*'

XXIX

e these bitter byting wordes had red,
ngs straunge did him abashed make,
l he sate long time astonished,
eat muse, ne word to creature spake.
is solemn silence thus he brake,
utfull eyes fast fixed on his guest:
ed knight, that for myne only sake
and honor late adventurest, [prest.
ght be hid from me that ought to be ex-

XXX

meane these bloody vowes and idle
reats,
out from womanish impatient mynd?
evens? what altars? what enraged
eates,
aped up with termes of love unkynd,
science cleare with guilty bands would
ynd?
ld be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame;
ourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
ped be in loves of former Dame,
yme doe not it cover, but disclose the
ame.'

XXXI

m the Redcrosse knight this answere
ent:
d, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
l ye wote by grave intendiment,
oman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
each of love and loialty betrayd.
n my mishaps, as hitherward
traveild, that unwares I strayd
my way, through perils straunge and
ard, [declard.
ay should faile me ere I had them all

XXXII

e did I find, or rather I was fownd
false woman that Fidessa hight,
hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
lse Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill.'

XXXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd:
'O! pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretc'
nesse.

XXXIV

'And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improvided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse, [lesse.'
The falsest man alive: who tries, shall find no

XXXV

The king was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait;
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of
their hand.

XXXVI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke that by his subtile
trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

XXXVII

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,

And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day:
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Their curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
There whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

XXXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
Singing before th' eternall majesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye:
Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy:
Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworn
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode:
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide; And then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent!

THE SECOND BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

I

r well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,
ll this famous antique history
e th' aboundance of an ydle braine
dged be, and painted forgery,
then matter of just memory;
me that breatheth living aire does know
is that happy land of Faery,
I so much doe vaunt, yet no where
show,
ouch antiquities, which no body can
know.

II

t that man with better sence advize,
f the world least part to us is red;
ily how through hardy enterprize
great Regions are discovered,
to late age were never mentioned.
ver heard of th' Indian Peru?
) in venturous vessell measured
nazon huge river now found trew?
ffullest Virginia who did ever vew?

III

l these were, when no man did them
know,
re from wisest ages hidden beene;
ter times thinges more unknowne shall
show.
hen should witlesse man so much mis-
weene,
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if within the Moones fayre shining
spheare,
What if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare,
He wonder would much more; yet such to
some appeare.

IV

Of faery lond yet if he more inquyre,
By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V

The which O! pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beames
bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this faery knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratiously to heare;
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly
doth appeare.

CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

THAT conning Architect of cancred guyle,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters, and suborned wyle,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serve againe his soveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene.

II

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischiefe, and avenging woe,
Where ever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-sore, and his onely foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

III

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend,
By forged treason or by open fight,
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleightes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong:
For hardly could bee hurt who was already stong.

IV

Still as he went he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spyals plast in all his way, [fares,
To weete what course he takes, and how he
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde and shonned still his slight:
The fish that once was caught new bait wil hardly byte.

V

Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not
In hope to win occasion to his will; [his
Which when he long awaited had in va
He chaungd his mynd from one to othe
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortuned to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hi
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse r
That from his head no place appeared feete.

VI

His carriage was full comely and upri
His countenance demure and temperate
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes a
He was an Elfin borne of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debe
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons
When with king Oberon he came to Faer

VII

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie g
That with a staffe his feeble steps did st
Least his long way his aged limbes shoul
And, if by lookes one may the mind are
He seemd to be a sage and sober syre;
And ever with slow pace the knight did
Who taught his trampling steed with v steps to tread.

VIII

Such whenas Archimago them did viev
He weened well to worke some uncouth
Eftsoones untwisting his deceiptfull clev
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And, with faire countenance and flattring
To them approching, thus the knight bes
'Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with w spoyle, [
And great atchiev'ments, great your se
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble r sake.'

IX

yd his steed for humble misers sake,
ld tell on the tenor of his playnt:
gning then in every limb to quake
h inward feare, and seeming pale and
xyut, [paynt:
iteous mone his percing speach gan
Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,
late I left in languorous constraynt?
God! thy selfe now present were in
lace [thee grace.
his ruefull tale: thy sight could win

X

her would, O! would it so had chaunst,
e, most noble Sir, had present beene
hat lewd rybauld, with vyle lust
dvaunst,
t his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
le her dainty corps, so faire and sheene
e earth, great mother of us all,
ring eye more fayre was never seene
tiny and honour virginall: [did call.
ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help

XI

may it be,' sayd then the knight halfe
wroth, [shent?'
might should knighthood ever so have
ut that saw,' (quoth he) 'would weene
r troth,
amefully that Mayd he did torment:
er golden lockes he rudely rent, [sword
w her on the ground; and his sharpe
t her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
reatned death with many a bloodie
ord: [abhord.'
hates to tell the rest that eye to see

XII

with amoved from his sober mood,
ives he yet,' (said he) 'that wrought
his act?
en the heavens afford him vitall food?'
s,' (quoth he) 'and boasteth of the fact,
hath any knight his courage crackt.'
may that treachour then,' (sayd he)
be found,
what meanes may I his footing tract?'
shall I shew,' (sayd he) 'as sure as
hound [ing wound.'
ticken Deare doth chalenge by the bleed-

XIII

yd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
alous haste away is quickly gone
to that knight, where him *that crafty*
Squyre
to be. They do arrive anone

Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

XIV

The knight, approching nigh, thus to her said:
'Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
For-thy appease your griefe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
For, if he live that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.'

XV

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment;
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene:

XVI

Till her that Squyre bespake: 'Madame, my liefe,
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake minde with double woe torment?' [appease
When she her Squyre heard speake, she gan
Her voluntarie paine, and fecle some secret ease.

XVII

Eftsoone she said; 'Ah! gentle trustie Squyre,
What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceave?
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave?'
'False traytour certes,' (saide the Faerie knight)
'I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through night:
Death were too litle paine for such a fowle despight.

XVIII

'But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight,
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Where-so he be, and soone upon him light.'
'Certes,' (saide she) 'I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield [field.'
He bore a bloodie Crosse that quartred all the

XIX

'Now by my head,' (saide Guyon) 'much I muse, [amis,
How that same knight should doe so fowle
Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:
For, may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well, [pris
When armes he swore, and streight did enter-
Th' adventure of the Errant damozell;
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

XX

'Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name.'
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine,
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

XXI

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste Virgin that had wronged beene:
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her Squire, and do her service well aguisd.

XXII

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found
Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld. Her nathelesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

XXIII

For all he did was to deceive good knight
And draw them from pursuit of praise
fame
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed sham
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To see the Redcrosse thus advaunced hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him ally

XXIV

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way
Through woods and mountaines, till they ca
at last
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overpl
The valley did with coole shade overcast:
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with hel
unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold

XXV

'Lo! yonder he,' cryde Archimage alowd,
'That wrought the shamefull fact which I
shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew:
But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him rew
So God ye speed and send you good success
Which we far off will here abide to vew.'
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnes
That streight against that knight his spe
he did addresse.

XXVI

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pric
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke
Tho, when as still he saw him towards pac
He gan rencounter him in equall race.
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
When suddeinly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new misha
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entra

XXVII

And cryde, 'Mercie, Sir knight! and merc
Lord,
For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine hono
shent,
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bo

Aristotelian ~ Christian

red badge of my Redeemers death,
on your shield is set for ornament!'
fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,
prickt with courage kene, did cruell
attell breath.

XXVIII

hen he heard him speake, streight way
e knew
our; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd;
eare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
behoveth rather to upbrayd,
hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
most it did haynous violence
t fayre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,
ecks and armes your shield with faire
defence: [offence.'
ourt'sie takes on you anothers dew

XXIX

ne they both at one, and doen upreare
evers bright each other for to greet;
comportaunce each to other beare,
tertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
aid the Redcrosse knight; 'Now mote
I weet,
you, why with so fierce saliaunce,
ll intent, ye did at earst me meet;
h I know your goodly governaunce,
cause, I weene, you guided, or some un-
couth chaunce.'

XXX

s,' (said he) 'well mote I shame to tell
nd encheason that me hither led.
infamous faitour late befell
to meet, that seemed ill bested,
laynd of grievous outrage, which he red
ht had wrought against a Ladie gent;
to avenge he to this place me led,
you he made the marke of his intent,
ow is fled: foule shame him follow wher
he went!'

XXXI

n he turne his earnest unto game,
gh goodly handling and wise tem-
peraunce.
s his aged Guide in presence came;
soone as on that knight his eye did
glaunce,
nes of him had perfect cognizaunce,
im in Faery court he late avizd;
ayd; 'Fayre sonne, God give you happy
chaunce,
hat deare *Crosse uppon your shield devizd,*
with above all knights ye goodly seeme
aguizd!

XXXII

'Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Regesters above the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have
wonne:
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Must now anew begin like race to ronne.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary
barke!'

XXXIII

'Palmer,' him answered the Redcrosse knight,
'His be the praise that this atchiev'ment
wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might:
More then goodwill to me attribute nought;
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your
thought,
That home ye may report thrise happy newes;
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle
thewes.'

XXXIV

So courteous conge both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good
will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still:
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steedy staffe did point his way;
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to
stray.

XXXV

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
Through many hard assayes which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countryes wide.
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend awhile their forward steps
they stay.

XXXVI

'But if that carelesse hevens,' (quoth she)
'despise
The doome of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
As bownd by them to live in lives despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched
wight.

Come, then; come soone; come sweetest death, to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be, [dome free.
That long captived soules from weary thral-

XXXVII

'But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall
Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall.
Live thou; and to thy mother dead attest
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall:
Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
Loe! I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.'

XXXVIII

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw
That through the wood re-echoed againe;
And after gave a grone so deepe and low
That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:
As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine, [feele,
Whiles the sad pang approching shee does
Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.

XXXIX

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife that made a grisely wownd,
From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

XL

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender joints embrew:
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!

XLI

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spre
Whose armour all with blood besprincled wa
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being de
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lusty-hed,
Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of h
age.

XLII

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behol
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone
And his fresh blood did frieze with feareful cold,
That all his sences seemd bereft attone:
At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe mone;
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his in ward paine.

XLIII

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the bloodgate sto
With his faire garment; then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop.
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shee gan to breath out livin aire.

XLIV

Which he perceiving greatly gan rejoice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voic
'Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
Of ruefull pitty and impatient smart,
What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fat
Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?
Speake, O dear Lady, speake! help never com too late.'

XLV

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare
On which the drery death did sitt as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appear
But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
Streight downe againe herselfe, in great de pight, [and hig
She groveling threw to ground, as hating

XLVI

ntle knight her soone with carefull paine
l light, and softly did uphold:
e her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
his armes about her sides gan fold,
her said; 'Yet, if the stony cold
t all seized on your frozen hart,
word fall that may your grief unfold,
the secrete of your mortall smart:
nds present helpe who does his griefe
mpart.'

XLVII

casting up a deadly looke, full low
lhf from bottome of her wounded brest;
r, many bitter throbs did throw,
s full pale and foltring tong opprest,
nds she breathed forth from riven chest:
ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
a weary wretch from her dew rest,
nhile dying soules tranquilitee;
t away, now got, which none would
ve to me.'

XLVIII

far be it,' (said he) 'Deare dame, fro mee,
er soule from her desired rest,
sad life in long captivitee;
I seeke is but to have redrest
ter pangs that doth your heart infest.
n, O Lady! tell what fatall priefe
ith so huge misfortune you opprest;
may cast to compas your reliefe.' [griefe.'
with you in sorrow and partake your

XLIX

feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
en accusing guilty of her death,
th dry drops congealed in her eye,
sad wordes she spent her utmost breath:
then, O man! the sorrowes that uneath
g can tell, so far all sence they pas.
his dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
ntlest knight, that ever on greene gras
ed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir
Mortdant was:

L

(ay the while, that he is not so now!)
el, my love, my deare Lord, my deare
love!
as hevens just with equall brow
afed to behold us from above.
r, when him high corage did emmove,
t ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,
ked forth his puissant force to prove,
o he left enwombed of this childe,
ckles childe, whom thus ye see with
dood distilld.

LI

'Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne;
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne:
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is.
Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name: it hight the *Bowre of blis.*

LII

'Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad;
And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad:
My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
Weake wretch, I wrapt myselfe in Palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger and great dreed.

LIII

'Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my woombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
Lucina came; a manchild forth I brought
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives, weare:
Hard help at need! So deare thee, babe, I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought.

LIV

'Him so I sought; and so at last I fownd,
Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
Till, through wise handling and faire govern-
I him recured to a better will, [aunce,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce:
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliveraunce.

LV

'Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
How that my Lord from her I would reprive,
With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd;
"Sad verse, give death to him that death does
"And losse of love to her that loves to live, [give,
"So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does
So parted we, and on our journey drive; [linke!'

Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to drincke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe
did sincke.

LVI

'Which when I, wretch'—Not one word more she sayd,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could uneath
From teares abstayne; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plonged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

LVII

Then turning to his Palmer said; 'Old syre,
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre.
When raging passion with fierce tyranny
Robs reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it servaunt to her basest part,
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake through smart.'

LVIII

'But temperaunce' (said he) 'with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane;
Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull tene:
Thrise happy man, who fares them both atweene!
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe.'

LIX

'Palmer,' quoth he, 'death is an equall doom
To good and bad, the common In of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best
But both alike, when death hath both suppressed
Religious reverence doth buriall teene;
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.

LX

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embrave;
Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein their corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon, more affection to increace, releas
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should a

LXI

The dead knights sword out of his sheath I drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare
Which medling with their blood and earth I threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
'Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse, young Orphane, be th payne,
If I, or thou, dew vengeaunce doe forbeare,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne!
So shedding many teares they closd the ear agayne.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd:
The face of golden Meane:
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

I

THUS when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent:
Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blandishment,
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares did steepe:

II

'Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cru starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed;
Poore Orphane! in the wild world scattered
As budding braunch rent from the nati tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered.
Such is the state of men: Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with misere

[redacted]

III

ft himselfe inclyning on his knee
that well, did in the water weene
foes loath disdainefull nicitee)
i- handes from bloody gore to cleene.
: them oft and oft, yet nought they
ne
- washing cleaner. Still he strove;
the litle hands were bloody seene:
h him into great amaz'ment drove,
diverse doubt his wavering wonder
ve.

IV

not whether blott of fowle offence
: be purgd with water nor with bath;
high God, in lieu of innocence,
st had that token of his wrath,
how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th;
the charme and veneme which they
nck.
-d with secret filth infected hath,
ffused through the senceless tronck,
rough the great contagion direful
adly stonck.

V

thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bord
ally reason, and thus fayre bespake;
- right hard amated, gratious Lord,
our ignorance great merveill make,
cause not well conceived ye mistake:
w, that secret vertues are infusd
fountaine, and in everie lake, [chusd,
who hath skill them rightly to have
f of passing wonders hath full often
sd:

VI

e, some were so from their sourse in-
[pap
Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull
heads spring, and are with moisture
:
each living plant with liquid sap,
with flowres fayre Floraes painted
, by guifte of later grace, [lap:
prayers, or by other hap,
pourd into their waters bace,
eforth were renowmd, and sought
place to place.

VII

this well, wrought by occasion
ange.
her Nymph befell. Upon a day,
the woodes with bow and shaftes did
ange.
tlesse Hynd and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties pray;
And chaced her that fast from him did fly;
As hynd from her, so she fled from her enimy.

VIII

'At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint;
And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard; and suddeine, where she
sate [mayd
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dis-
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast vir-
gins state.

IX

'Lo! now she is that stone; from whose two
heads, [flow,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do
Yet colde through feare and old conceived
dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know:
And yet her vertues in her water byde,
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde: [tryde.
But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene

X

'From thence it comes, that this babes bloody
hand
May not be clensd with water of this well:
Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That, as a sacred Symbole, it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement, [ment.'
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moni-

XI

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
An heavie load, himselfe did lightly reare:
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell [theare:
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not
By other accident, that earst befell, [not tell.
He is convaide; but how, or where, here fits

XII

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth:
His double burden did him sore disease.

So long they traveiled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas:
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

XIII

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe, [woe.
And both against the middest meant to worken

XIV

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two: Medina was her name,
A sober sad and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett, and well did enterprize.

XV

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeares.
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

XVI

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her frend with lavish fest:
They were two knights of perelesse puissaunce,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies love did countenaunce,
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

XVII

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant armes to sew he first
More huge in strength then wise in
And reason with foole-hardize over
Sterne melancholy did his courage
And was, for terrour more, all armd
bras.

XVIII

But he that lov'd the youngest wi
He, that faire Una late fowle outra
The most unruly and the boldest b
That ever warlike weapons menage
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged
Through strong opinion of his
Ne ought he car'd whom he endam
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav
He, now this Ladies Champion, ch
to fight.

XIX

These two gay knights, vowd to
loves,
Each other does envy with deadly
And daily warre against his foema
In hope to win more favour with h
And th' others pleasing service to
To magnifie his owne. But when
How in that place straunge knight
Both knightes and ladies forth right
And fercely unto battell sterne
prepar'd.

XX

But ere they could proceede unto
Where he abode, themselves at dis
And cruell combat joynd in middle
With horrible assault, and fury fell
They heapt huge strokes the sco
quell,
That all on uprore from her settled
The house was raysd, and all that i
Seemd that lowde thunder with
great [foul
Did rend the ratling skyes with

XXI

The noyse thereof cald forth that
knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was the
Where whenas two brave knightes
fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged
His sunbroad shield about his wres
And shyning blade unsheathd, wit
ran
Unto that stead, their strife to u
And at his first arrivall them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, we

XXII

, him spying, both with greedy forse
pon him ran, and him beset
es of mortall steele without remorse,
shield like yron sledges bet:
Beare and Tygre, being met
ght on Lybicke Ocean wide,
aveiler with feet surbet,
y in equall pray hope to divide,
t their strife and him assayle on
rie side.

XXIII

ot like a weary traveilere,
p assault right boldly did rebut,
d not their blowes to byte him nere,
redoubled buffes them backe did put:
eved mindes, which choler did englut,
hemselves turning their wrathfull
ght, [cut;
new rage their shieldes to hew and
when Guyon came to part their fight,
vie load on him they freshly gan to
ight.

XXIV

ship tossed in troublous seas,
ging windes, threatning to make the
y
gh rockes, doe diversly disease,
o contrarie billowes by the way,
on either side doe sore assay,
to swallow her in greedy grave;
ning both their spights, does make
le way,
her brest breaking the fomy wave,
on both their backs, and faire her
f doth save.

XXV

y he him beares, and rusheth forth
them both by conduct of his blade.
great prowesse and heroick worth
that day, and rare ensample made,
o so mighty warriours he dismade.
e wards and strikes; he takes and
es;
t to yield, now forcing to invade;
hind, and round about him laies;
was his paines, so double be his
aise.

XXVI

e sort of fight, three valiaunt knights
see
nbates joine in one, and to darraine
warre with triple enmitee,
eir Ladies froward love to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous
warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continual jarre:
O miserable men that to him subject arre!

XXVII

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious
armes,
The faire Medina, with her tresses torne
And naked brest, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongst them ran; and, falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb which them had
born, [deare,
And by the loves which were to them most
And by the knighthood which they sure had
sworn,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbeare,
And to her just conditions of faire peace to
heare.

XXVIII

But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions
Pursew the end of their strong enmity, [bad
As ever of their loves they would be glad:
Yet she with pitthy words, and counsell sad,
Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke;
That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speaches which she
spoke.

XXIX

'Ah, puissaunt Lords! what cursed evil
Or fell Erinnys, in your noble harts [Spright,
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
And not regard dew right and just desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause
doth trust.

XXX

'And were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better fayre it to accord
Then with bloodguiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortal vengeaunce joyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath; fly, O my liefest Lord!
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth
marre
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious
jarre.

XXXI

'But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds,
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does increace,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds.
Be, therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.'

XXXII

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for ever should endure;
Which to observe in word of knights they did assure.

XXXIII

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare;
Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty fare.

XXXIV

And those two froward sisters, their faire loves,
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both;
For both did at their second sister grutch
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch:
One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought too mutch.

XXXV

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat:
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce;
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce;
Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight:
In wine and meats she flowd above the banke,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to prank,
But of her love too lavish (litle have thanck!)

XXXVII

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion:
But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yett still he satt, and inly did him selfe bridle ment.

XXXVIII

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
With sober grace and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage,
That forward paire she ever would asswage
When they would strive dew reason to exceed,
But that same froward twaine would accorage
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

XXXIX

Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete satiety.
At last, when lust of meat and drinke ceast,
She Guyon deare besought of curtesie [c
To tell from whence he came through jeop
And whither now on new adventure bownd
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity
Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
From lofty siege began these words alou
sownd.

XL

'This thy demaund, O Lady! doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great Queen
Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive,
That with her soveraine power, and sc
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene, [s
In widest Ocean she her throne does rear
That over all the earth it may be seene;

g Sunne her beames dispredden [appeare.
re,
r face faire peace and mercy doth

XLI

e richesse of all heavenly grace
egree are heaped up on hye:
at els this worlds enclosure bace
t or glorious in mortall eye,
he person of her Majestye;
beholding so great excellence
erfection in mortalitye,
lore with sacred reverence,
le of her makers great maguificence.

XLII

l homage and my service owe,
r of the noblest knightes on ground;
whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Maydenhead, the most renownd
y this day in all the world be found.
ly solemne feast she wontes to hold
that first doth lead the yeare around.
h all knights of worth and courage bold
n heare of straunge adventures to be
told.

XLIII

this old Palmer shewd himselfe that
lay,
that mighty Princesse did complaine
ous mischiefes which a wicked Fay
rought, and many whelmd in deadly
paine:
f he crav'd redresse. My Soveraine,
glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
bout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes:
Me, all unfitt for so great purpose, she employes.

XLIV

'Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather [world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her roiall presence is enrold;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.'

XLV

'Tell on, fayre Sir,' said she, 'that dolefull tale, [restraine,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to
That we may pitty such unhappie bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.'
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

XLVI

Night was far spent; and now in Ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make:
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guestes, beguyled, did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe that did them overtake,
At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes, [to rest him hyes.
They wist their houre was spent; then each

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons horse, is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew; and is of fayre
Belphœbe fowle forlorne.

I

as the morrow fayre with purple beames
t the shadowes of the misty night,
itan, playing on the eastern streames,
are the deawy ayre with springing light,
yon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
from drowsie couch, and him addrest
he journey which he had behight:
issant armes about his noble brest,
nary-folded *shield he bound about his wrest.*

II

Then, taking Congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her conjure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane; and thereby taught
T' avenge his Parents death on them that had it wrought.

III

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So fortune wrought, as under greene woodes syde
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung and troublous spright [clynd:
Gave him great ayd, and made him more in-
He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

V

Now gan his hart all swell in jollity,
And of him selfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd [bee:
For such as he him thought, or faine would
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t' advaunce his first degree.

VI

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
To him avaunting in great bravery, [pranck,
As Peacocke that his painted plumes doth
He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
And crying, 'Mercy!' loud, his pitious handes gan reare.

VII

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd:
'Vile Caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,
Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay.
Great favour I thee graunt for annswere thus *to stay.*'

VIII

'Hold, O deare Lord! hold your dead-d hand,' [thr
Then loud he cryde; 'I am your hum
'Ay wretch,' (quoth he) 'thy destinies withst
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call,
I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage b
The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of in fee.

IX

So happy peace they made and faire acco
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe n bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold;
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleightes and practick knavery
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling va

X

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio,
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
The scorne of knighthood and trew cheval
To thinke, without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth, to be advaunced hye:
Such prayse is shame; but honour, ver meed, [s
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honour

XI

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they m
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fay
On goodly courser thondring with his feet
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument;
For since the Redcrosse knight he erst did
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Gu ment.

XII

And coming close to Trompart gan inque
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee?
'He is a great adventurer,' (said he) [g
'That hath his sword through hard assay
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee

pight, never to wearen none:
e is him enough to doen a thousand
re.'

XIII

unter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
el well ere long his will to win,
his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
louting lowly did begin
f wronges, which had committed bin
and by that false Rederosse knight;
, through treason and deceiptfull gin,
e Sir Mordant and his Lady bright:
him honour win to wreak so foule
pight.

XIV

h all suddeinly he seemd enragd,
ttred death with dreadfull counten-
ce,
lives had in his hand beene gagd;
stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
n weet his doughtie valiaunce.
: 'Old man great sure shal be thy
[geaunce
ed,
those knights for feare of dew ven-
e, thou certeinly to mee areed,
may wreake on them their hainous
tefull deed.'

XV

my Lord,' (said he) 'that shall I
ine,
you eke good helpe to their decay.
I wisely you advise to doon,
ds to your foes, but doe purvay
e of sword before that bloody day;
be two the prowest knights on grownd,
pproov'd in many hard assay;
of surest steele that may be fownd,
your self against that day, them to
nfownd.'

XVI

,' (said he) 'let be thy deepe advise:
hat through many yeares thy wits
ce faile,
weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;
should thy judgement be so frayle
are manhood by the sword or mayle.
ough fowre quarters of a man,
en sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
e wotest what this right-hand can:
hey which have beheld the battailes
hich it wan.'

XVII

n was much abashed at his boast;
he wist that whoso would contend
her of those knightes on even coast,
eede of all his armes him to defend,
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
When Braggadocchio saide; 'Once I did
sweare, [to end,
When with one sword seven knightes I brought
Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
But it were that which noblest knight on earth
doth weare.'

XVIII

'Perdy, Sir knight,' saide then th' enchaunter
blive,
'That shall I shortly purchase to your hond;
For now the best and noblest knight alive
Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie lond:
He hath a sword that flames like burning brond,
The same by my device I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.'
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that
Monster make.

XIX

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was suddein vanished out of his sight: [play
The Northerne winde his wings did broad dis-
At his commaund, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but nowhere could espye
Tract of his foot: then dead through great af-
fright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye;

XX

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
In which they shrowd themselves from cause-
les feare; [beene.
Yet feare them followes still where so they
Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they
heare,
As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare:
Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine.
At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood that ecchoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in
twaine.

XXI

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely
rush,
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed:
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped
forth
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly
birth.

XXII

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

XXIII

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' hevenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd Majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

XXIV

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake, [shed;
Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

XXV

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace?

XXVI

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright
Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt
Was hemd with golden fringe. [about

XXVII

Below her ham her weed did som
And her streight legs most bra
In gilden buskins of costly Cord
All bard with golden bendes, entayld
With curious antickes, and full fa
Before, they fastned were under
In a rich jewell, and therein ent
The ends of all the knots, that n
How they within their fouldi wrapped bee:

XXVIII

Like two faire marble pillours th
Which doe the temple of the Go
Whom all the people decke
And honour in their festivall res
Those same with stately grace port
She taught to tread, when she h
But with the woody Nymphes play,
Or when the flying Libbard she
She could them nimbly move, apace.

XXIX

And in her hand a sharpe bo held,
And at her backe a bow and qui
Stuft with steele-headed dartes, queld
The salvage beastes in her victo
Knit with a golden bauldricke,
Athwart her snowy brest, and di
Her daintie paps; which, like y
Now little gan to swell, and bein
Through her thin weed their pla nifide.

XXX

Her yellow lockes, crisped like
About her shoulders weren loose
And, when the winde emongst
They waved like a penon wyde di
And low behinde her backe were
And, whether art it were or heed
As through the flouring forrest r
In her rude heares sweet flowre did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves a

XXXI

Such as Diana by the sandy sh
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus
Where all the Nymphes have her
Wandreth alone with bow and

r game: Or as that famous Queene
, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
at first of Priame she was seene,
er selfe in great triumphant joy,
he weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

XXXII

n as hartlesse Trompart her did

mayed in his coward minde,
d whether he himselfe should shew,
, or bide alone behinde:
and hope he in her face did finde:
t last him spying thus bespake:
oome! didst not thou see a bleeding
de, [strake?
t haunch earst my steelfast arrow
ast, tell me, that I may her over-
?'

XXXIII

th reviv'd, this answere forth he
w:
se, (for such I thee take to bee)
doth thy face terrestriall shew,
sound mortall; I avow to thee,
sled beast as that I did not see,
into this forrest wild I came.
thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
hich of the gods I shall thee name,
thee dew worship I may rightly
me.'

XXXIV

she thus—but ere her words ensewd,
sh her eye did suddein glaunce,
raine Braggadocchio was mewd,
stirre: she lefte her percing launce,
is gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
marke the beast. At which sad
re
forth stept to stay the mortall
unce,
; 'O! what ever hevenly powre,
wight thou be, withhold this deadly
re.

XXXV

thy hand; for yonder is no game
rs arrowes, them to exercize; [name
my Lord, my liege, whose warlike
wnal through many bold emprize;
n shade he shrowded yonder lies.'
with that he crauld out of his nest,
ping on his caitive hands and thies;
ling stoutly up, his lofty crest
y shake, and *rowze as comming late*
rest.

XXXVI

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of soring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Nor caring how, her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid;
Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renews her native
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured [pride:
Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side;
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she
did her hide.

XXXVII

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but, when he vewd
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd, [held,
Till she to him her gracious speach renewd:
'All haile, Sir knight! and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honor have pursewd
Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall.
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of
all.'

XXXVIII

To whom he thus: 'O fairest under skie!
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought and many fraies
Throughout the world, wher-so they might be
Endevoring my dreaded name to raise [found,
Above the Moone, that fame may it resound
In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond
cround.

XXXIX

'But what art thou, O Lady! which doest
raunge
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for joyous court exchaunge,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then
this?
There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest
mis: [see;
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for
thee.'

XL

'Who-so in pompe of prowd estate' (quoth she)
'Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly
blis,
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is;
Where ease abownds yt's eath to doe amis:
But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.

Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
Who seekes with painfull toile shall honor soonest fynd:

XLI

'In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell,
And wil be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
Unto her happy mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
And wakefull watches ever to abide;
But easy is the way and passage plaine
To pleasures pallace: it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

XLII

'In Princes court'—The rest she would have sayd,
But that the foolish man, fild with delight
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,
Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she, swarving backe, her Javelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII

Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he nott
Pursew her steps through wild unknowen wood:
Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott,
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yett forgott:
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning said to Trompart; 'What fowle blott
Is this to knight, that Lady should ag
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave s
disdayne.'

XLIV

'Perdy,' (said Trompart) 'lett her pa
Least by her presence daunger mote b
For who can tell (and sure I feare it i
But that shee is some powre celestiall
For whiles she spake her great words di
My feeble corage, and my heart oppre
That yet I quake and tremble over-all
'And I,' (said Braggadocchio) 'thought
When first I heard her horn sound wi
ghastlinesse.

XLV

'For from my mothers wombe this
Me given by eternall destiny,
That earthly thing may not my corag
Dismay with feare, or cause one foot t
But either hellish feends, or powres on
Which was the cause, when earst that
heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the s
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
But, when I other knew, my self I bold

XLVI

'But now, for feare of worse that may
Let us soone hence depart.' They soon
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfitt therefore, that all might
He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
Which well that valiaunt courser did d
For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom'd with corage fi
sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden s

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops occasion:
Delivers Phaon, and therefore
By strife is rayld uppon.

I

In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not (what) great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter, but in vaine.

II

But he, the rightfull owner of that ste
Who well could menage and subdew hi
The whiles on foot was forced for to y
With that blacke Palmer, his most guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to
But when strong passion, or weake nesse,
Would from the right way seeke to dr
wide,

through temperaunce and stedfast-
e,
the weak to strengthen, and the
g suppresse.

III

, forth faring on his way,
n far, or seemed for to see,
ous uprore or contentious fray,
drew in hast it to agree.
, or that feigned mad to bee,
e heare along upon the grownd
stripling with great crueltee,
he bett, and gor'd with many a
nd,
s with teares and sydes with blood,
ll abownd.

IV

behynd a wicked Hag did stalke,
obes and filthy disaray;
eg was lame, that she no'te walke,
taffe her feeble steps did stay:
, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
fore, and loosely hong unrold;
unde was bald, and worne away,
thereof could ever taken hold;
er face ill-favourd, full of wrinckles

V

as she went her toung did walke
proch, and termes of vile despight,
him, by her outrageous talke,
more vengeance on that wretched
ht:
she raught him stones, wherwith to
te,
her staffe, though it her one leg
s,
which she could not goe upright;
ill meanes she did forbeare,
t him move to wrath, and indigna-
reare.

VI

e Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
g, first the Hag did thrust away;
adding more impetuous forse,
y hands did on the madman lay,
t him backe; who, all on fire streight
;
im turning all his fell intent,
dly brutish rage gan him assay,
, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht,
rent,
e wist not what in his avengement.

VII

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde;
But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,
Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought descryde;
But, as a blindfold Bull, at randon fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts nought cares.

VIII

His rude assault and rugged handeling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
But more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew him selfe unwares, and lower lay:

IX

And being downe the villein sore did beate
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face;
And eke the Hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch, and odious menace,
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

X

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
'Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion; the roote of all wrath and despight.

XI

'With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage.

Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
Then, when she is withdrawne or strong withstood,
It's eath his yelle fury to assuage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood:
The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the flood.'

XII

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And, turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

XIII

Then, whenas use of speach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him, the last help she had left;
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gainstriving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

XV

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine;
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
And more for ranck despight then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks colourd like co
And bitt his tawny beard to shew
ire.

XVI

Thus when as Guyon Furor had ca
Turning about he saw that wretche
Whom that mad man of life nigh la
Lying on ground, all soild with
myre:
Whom whenas he perceived to resp
He gan to comfort, and his wounde
Being at last recured, he gan inquy
What hard mishap him brought
And made that caytives thrall, th
wretchednesse.

XVII

With hart then throbbing, and
eyes,
'Fayre Sir' (quoth he) 'what ma
That hidden lyes unwares him to s
Misfortune waites advantage to en
The man most wary in her whelmi
So me weake wretch, of many weak
Unweeting and unware of such mi
She brought to mischiefe through
Where this same wicked villein d
upon.

XVIII

'It was a faithlesse Squire, that wa
Of all my sorrow and of these sad
With whom from tender dug of comn
Attonce I was upbrought; and eft, y
More rype us reason lent to chose
Our selves in league of vowed love
In which we long time, without ge
Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as
And for my part, I vow, dissembled

XIX

'It was my fortune, commune to
To love a Lady fayre of great degr
The which was borne of noble pare
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love then lov
Long I her serv'd, and found her fai
Ne ever thing could cause us disag
Love, that two harts makes one, mal
will;
Each strove to please, and others

XX

'My friend, hight Philemon, I did
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who greatly joyous seemed for my
And gratious to that Lady as to w

Ne ever wight that mote so welcome bee
As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
Ne ever thing that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same.
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame!

XXI

'At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friendes, consent of Parents sought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make: that day too farre did seeme.
Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no less joyous deeme.

XXII

'But ear that wished day his beame disclosd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of him selfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret, how he understood
That Lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd:
And therefore wisht me stay till I more truth should fynd.

XXIII

'The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest;
And him besought, by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV

'Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my love was partener Paramoure:
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

XXV

'This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
One day, to worke her to his will more ne
He woo'd her thus: Pryene, (so she hight,)
What great despight doth fortune to thee be
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser ligl

XXVI

'But if she had her least helpe to thee len
T' adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone h
blent, [pa
And staynd their prayses with thy least g
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Tho' she thy Lady be, approch thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this evening, as thou ar
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracem
deare.

XXVII

'The Mayden, proud through praise and m
through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie: [pla
Where left, he went, and his owne false p
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love
bee.

XXVIII

'Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed pla
And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,
In Claribellaes clothes. Her proper face
I not descerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he pla
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting gri
My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assay
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes prieſe
Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame
such repriefe.

XXIX

'I home retourning, fraught with fo
despight,
And chawing vengeaunce all the way I we
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent,
That after soone I dearely did lament;
For, when the cause of that outrageous dee
Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale
breede, [her we
Confest how Philemon her wrought to chau

XXX

'Which when I heard, with horrible affr
And hellish fury all enraged, I sought
Upon myselfe that vengeable despight.

To punish: yet it better first I thought
To wreake my wrath on him that first it wrought:
To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
I cast to pay that I so dearely bought.
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI

'Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of love adjoyning losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was Pryene; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII

'Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight; [chace,
Through woods and plaines so long I did her
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space.
As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

XXXIII

'Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne handeling,
That death were better then such agony
As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeasd!'
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon; 'Squyre, sore have ye beene diseasd, [rance be easd.'
But all your hurts may soone through tempe-

XXXIV

Then gan the Palmer thus; 'Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend!
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end: [tend;
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them con-
For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry *bend*
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overth
Wrath, gelosy, griefe, love, this S
laide thus low.

XXXV

'Wrath, gealosie, griefe, love, do
Wrath is a fire; and gealosie a we
Griefe is a flood; and love a mons
The fire of sparkes, the weede of li
The flood of drops, the Monster filth
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do
The sparks soone quench, the spr
outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe
So shall wrath, gealosy, griefe, l
decay.'

XXXVI

'Unlucky Squire,' (saide Guyon) hast
Falne into mischiefe through inter
Henceforth take heede of that tho
past,
And guyde thy waies with warie g
Least worse betide thee by some la
But read how art thou nam'd, and o
'Phaon I hight,' (quoth he) 'and
Mine auncestry from famous Cora
Who first te rayse our house to
begin.'

XXXVII

Thus as he spake, lo! far away t
A varlet ronning towardes hastily
Whose flying feet so fast their wa
That round about a cloud of dust
Which, mingled all with sweate, did
He soone approched, panting, breat
And all so soyld that none could h
His countenaunce was bold, and b
For Guyons lookes, but scornefull
at him shot.

XXXVIII

Behind his backe he bore a brase
On which was drawen faire, in col
A flaming fire in midst of bloody
And round about the wreath thi
writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well be
To be the shield of some redoubted
And in his hand two dartes, excee
And deadly sharp, he held, whose
dight
In poyson and in blood of malice a

XXXIX

When he in presence came, to Gu
He boldly spake; 'Sir knight, if
Abandon this forestalled place at
For feare of further harme, I co

Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeopardee.'
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
And, though he scornd his ydle vanitee,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

XL

'Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly:
But whence should come that harme, which thou dost seeme
To threat to him that mindes his chaunce t' abye?'
'Perdy,' (sayd he) 'here comes, and is hard by,
A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
That never yet encountred enemy
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.'

XLI

'How hight he then,' (sayd Guyon) 'and from whence?'
'Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre;
The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Jarre;
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.'

XLII

'So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;
For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.'

XLIII

'His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,'
(Sayd he) 'but whither with such hasty flight
Art thou now bownd? for well mote I dis
Great cause, that carries thee so swifte
light.'
'My Lord,' (quoth he) 'me sent, and str
To seeke Occasion, where so she bee: [bel
For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crue
Hard is his hap that first fals in his jeopar

XLIV

'Mad man,' (said then the Palmer) 'that
seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife:
Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes
Happy! who can abstaine, when Rancor
Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty kr
Woe never wants where every cause is cau
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!'
'Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom
hast sought,' [brou
Said Guyon; 'let that message to thy Lo

XLV

That when the varlett heard and saw, str
way [kn
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said; '
That knights and knighthood doest with sl
upbray,
And shewst th'ensample of thy childishe mi
With silly weake old woman that did figh
Great glory and gay spoile, sure hast thou
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in si
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull b

XLVI

With that one of his thrillant darts he th
Headed with yre and vengeable despight.
The quivering steele his aymed end wel k
And to his brest it selfe intended right:
But he was wary, and, ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atw
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forckhead k
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no whe
seene.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne untyes,
Who him sore wounds: whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flyes.

I

WHO ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enimy
Then stubborne perturbation to the same;
To which right wel the wise doe give that name,
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

II

After that varlets flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That, as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

III

Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare;

IV

But lightly shunned it: and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight.
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight:
The truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowly dight.

V

Sore bruzed with the fall he slow uprose,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
'Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chos
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should
ment; [fray
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manho
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor bles
But litle may such guile thee now avayl, [fly
If wonted force and fortune doe me not mu

VI

With that he drew his flaming sword, a
strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
And, glauncing on his helmet, made a larg
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent, [charg
The weary sowle from thence it would d
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent, [be
That made him reele and to his brest his bev

VII

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow
And much ashamd that stroke of living ar
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so lo
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho, hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a
floodgate.

VIII

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre far

IX

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life; [throwes,
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty
Yet yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife:
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt, [such bayt.
And falsed oft his blowes t' illude him with

X

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowd rebellious Unicorn defyes,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applyes, [spyes,
And when him ronning in full course he
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI

With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And kindling new his corage seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see: [hee.
Such homage till that instant never learned

XII

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;
Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust:
With that he cryde; 'Mercy! doe me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.'

XIII

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
And maistring might on enimy dismayd;
For th' equall die of warre he well did know:
Then to him said; 'Live, and alleagaunce owe
To him that gives thee life and liberty:
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting i
famy.'

XIV

So up he let him rise; who, with grim look
And count'naunce sterne, upstanding, gan grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shoo
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behin
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered:
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered;
Whose bounty more then might, yet both, wondered.

XV

Which Guyon marking said; 'Be noug agriev'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre
Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by war
Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre.
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
Both loosers lott, and victours prayse alsoe:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth ove throw.

XVI

'Fly, O Pyrochles! fly the dreadfull warre
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move
Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love
Those, those thy foes, those warriours
remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead.
But sith in might thou didst my mercy prov
Of courtesie to mee the cause aread [dre
That thee against me drew with so impetuo

XVII

'Dreadlesse,' (said he) 'that shall I soo declare. [t
It was complaind that thou hadst done gr
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with strong effo
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort;
That ill becemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame. Therefore, I thee exh
To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive sonne yield his first liberty

XVIII

Thereat Sir Guyon smylde; 'And is that a
(Said he) 'that thee so sore displeased hath
Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to great scath!

Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling wrath:
Loe! there they bee; to thee I yield them free.'
Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

XIX

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said shee)
Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne. So matter did she make of nought,
To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes wrought.

XX

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does see.

XXI

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him dishabled quyte. But he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise;
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furors might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer brond,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him withstond.

XXIII

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and str
That nothing might sustaine his furious fo
He cast him downe to ground, and all alo
Drew him through durt and myre wit
remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly si
At last he was compeld to cry perforse,
'Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble kni
To ridd a wretched man from handes of he
wight!'

XXIV

The knight was greatly moved at his pla
And gan him dight to succour his distres
Till that the Palmer, by his grave restrayn
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
And said; 'Deare sonne, thy causelesse
represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfuln
And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repe
payne.'

XXV

Guyon obayd: So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heavie pligh
Under Sir Guyons puissaunt stroke to fall
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sig
Fledd fast away to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men

XXVI

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for war
prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fig
Full many doughtie knightes he in his day
Had doen to death, subdewde in equall fra
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the pite
prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes, for more
fame,
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Da

XXVII

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse
The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delighte
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprigh

of the bodies of fraile wightes;
she does transforme to monstrous
s,
y misshapes with ugly sightes,
rnally in yron mewes [shewes.
m dens, where Titan his face never

XXVIII

n fownd Cymochles sojourning,
s Lemans love: for he by kynd
all to lust and loose living,
his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
e has pourd out his ydle mynd
delices, and lavish joyes,
warlike weapons cast behynd,
s in pleasures and vaine pleasing
es,
mongst loose Ladies and lascivious
es.

XXIX

him art, stryving to compayre
ire, did an Arber greene dispred,
wanton Yvie, flouring fayre,
which the fragrant Eglantine did
ed
lingarmes, entrayld with roses red,
intie odours round about them threw:
ithin with flowres was garnished,
n myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
[colors shew.
h out bounteous smels, and painted

XXX

beside there trickled softly downe
streame, whose murmuring wave did

the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
m soft asleepe that by it lay:
e Traveiler, wandring that way,
d often quench his thristy heat,
by it his wearie limbes display,
eeping slomber made him to forget
er payne, and wypt away his toilsom
eat.

XXXI

the other syde a pleasaunt grove
tt up high, full of the stately tree
icated is t' Olympick Jove,
is sonne Alcides, whenas hee
s gayned goodly victoree:
he mery birdes of every sorte
d alowd their chearefull harmonee,
de emongst them selves a sweete con-
rt,
ickned the dull spright with musicall
unfort.

XXXII

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriments:
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many
ornaments.

XXXIII

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening
lights;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips;
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall
strips.

XXXIV

He, like an Adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does
steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes:
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do
peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous
receipt.

XXXV

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him lowdly cryde,
'Cymochles; oh! no, but Cymochles shade,
In which that manly person late did fade,
What is become of great Acrates sonne?
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

XXXVI

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed
dart, [knight,
He saide; 'Up, up! thou womanish weake
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright

Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine that here in joyes art dround.'

XXXVII

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
With percing wordes and pittifull implore,
Him hasty to arise. As one affright
With hellish feends, or Furies made uprore,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes, for he would alga fight:

XXXVIII

They bene ybrought; he quicklydoes him di
And lightly mounted passeth on his way;
Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, mig
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay;
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of sh and wrong.

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burns in furious fyre.

I

A HARDER lesson to learne Continence
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine;
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine:
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can abstaine;
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

II

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

III

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine jollyment.

IV

Which when far off Cymochles heard and
He lowdly cald to such as were abord
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote stre
Turnd to the shore, where that same wa
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her did pray.

V

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did sli
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid
Withouten care or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
Ne cared she her course for to apply;
For it was taught the way which she
And both from rocks and flats it selfe wisely save.

VI

And all the way the wanton Damsell fo
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her rem
Yet seemed, nothing well they her becam
For all her wordes she drownd with lau vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the sam
That turned all her pleasaunce to a sc game.

VII

whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
tasticke wit did most delight:
her head she fondly would aguize
ly girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
necke, or rings of rushes plight:
, to do him laugh, she would assay
t shaking of the leaves light
ld the water worke and play
little frigot, therein making way.

VIII

behaviour and loose dalliaunce
ndrous great contentment to the
ght,
s way he had no sovenaunce,
f vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
eake wench did yield his martiall
ght:
vas to quench his flamed minde
sweete drop of sensuall delight.
t'appease the stormy winde [kind.
in the calme of pleasaunt woman

IX

discourses in their way they spent;
hich Cymochles of her questioned
t she was, and what that usage ment,
her cott she daily practized?
aan,' (saide she) 'that wouldest be
koned
er in thy home, and ignoraunt
is, (for so my name is red)
thine owne fellow servaunt;
o serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

X

wide Inland sea, that hight by name
ake, my wandring ship I row,
wes her port, and thither sayles by
me,
ne feare I how the wind do blow,
er swift I wend, or whether slow:
and swift alike do serve my tourne;
ge Neptune ne lowd thundring Jove
ange my cheare, or make me ever
ourne: [bourne.'
'Least can safely passe this perilous

XI

thus she talked, and whiles thus she
yd,
e far past the passage which he spake,
e unto an Island waste and voyd,
ed in the midst of that *great lake*:
r small Gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre, issewing on the shore,
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great store.

XII

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd [al arownd.
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels

XIII

No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease: [fitt
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please;
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

XIV

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures
Into a shady dale she soft him led, [vayn,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charmd.

XV

'Behold, O man! that toilesome paines doest take, [growes,
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt
How they them selves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire, [showes;
And decke the world with their rich pompous
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

XVI

'The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-delace, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:
Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure;
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

XVII

'Why then doest thou, O man! that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have, and nothing use?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thrist, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.'

XVIII

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take:
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him lefte, and did her selfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake:
Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place where first she wefte.

XIX

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought.
Him needed not long call: shee soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide: him selfe she tooke aboord,
But the Blacke Palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

XX

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu; but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled *mire*,
Whom nether wind out of their
Nor timely tides did drive out
sourse.

XXI

And by the way, as was her
Her mery fitt shee freshly gan
And did of joy and jollity devi
Her selfe to cherish, and her g
The knight was courteous, and
Her honest merth and pleasau
But when he saw her toy, and
And passe the bonds of modes
Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and
sake.

XXII

Yet she still followed her forr
And said and did all that mot
Till they arrived in that pleas
Where sleeping late she lefte h
But whenas Guyon of that lan
He wist him selfe amisse, and
'Ah, Dame! perdy ye have n
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I
Me litle needed from my rig
straid.'

XXIII

'Faire Sir,' (quoth she) 'be not
Who fares on sea may not com
Ne wind and weather at his pl
The sea is wide, and easy for t
The wind unstable, and doth r
But here a while ye may in sa
Till season serve new passage
Better safe port then be in sea
Therewith she laught, and did
in jest.

XXIV

But he, halfe discontent, mot
Himselfe appease, and issewd
The joyes whereof and happy f
Such as he saw she gan him l
And all, though pleasaunt, yet
more:
The fields did laugh, the flow
The trees did bud, and early bl
And all the quire of birds did s
And told that gardins plea
caroling.

XXV

And she, more sweete then
bough,
Would oftentimes emongst the
And strive to passe (as she co
Their native musicke by her s
So did she all that might his c
Withdraw from thought of wa
And drowne in dissolute delig

ise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,
t revive desire of knightly exercize.

XXVI

ras wise, and wary of her will,
held his hand upon his hart;
d not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
pise so curteous seeming part
le Lady did to him impart:
y tempring, fond desire subdewd,
her desired to depart.
ot heare, but her disports poursewd,
r bad him stay till time the tide
newd.

XXVII

r by this Cymochles howre was spent,
rwoke out of his ydle dreme;
king off his drowsy dreriment,
avize, howe ill did him beseme
full sleepe his molten hart to steme,
ich the brond of his conceived yre:
e started, stird with shame extreme,
l for his Damsell to inquire,
hed to the Strond there passage to
quire.

XXVIII

the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
nyde with Phædria the faire:
he gan to rage, and inly frett,
'Let be that Lady debonaire,
creaunt knight, and soone thyselfe
epaire
ile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
already how the fowles in aire
te, awaiting shortly to obtayn
as for their pray, the guerdon of thy
ayn.'

XXIX

erewithall he fiersly at him flew,
h importune outrage him assayld;
one prepard to field, his sword forth
rew,
with equall valew countervayld:
ightie strokes their haberjeons dis-
ayld,
ted made each others manly anealles;
tall steele despiteously entayld
their flesh, quite through the yron
ralles,
large purple streame adowne their
iambeux falles.

XXX

hles, that had never mett before
ant foe, with envious despight
rd presumed force increased more,
ing to bee held so long in fight.

Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled every
stroke.

XXXI

Both of them high attonce their handes en-
haunst, [swav.
And both attonce their huge blowes down did
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmett, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood as sence-
lesse stone.

XXXII

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance
wan,
'Ah, well away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the
man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living
spright!

XXXIII

'If ever love of Lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill
fierce;
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space.'
They stayd a while, and forth she gan pro-
ceede:
'Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie
knights do breed!

XXXIV

'But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my acarmoges disarmes.
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where love does give his sweet
Alarmes
Without bloodshed, and where the enimy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

XXXV

'Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in Amours the passing howres to spend,
The mightie martiall handes doe most com-
Of love they ever greater glory bore [mend:
Then of their armes; Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loves renowmed more
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did
of yore.'

XXXVI

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though
full bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight.
Such powre have pleasing wordes: such is the
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart. [might
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

XXXVII

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him
farre.

XXXVIII

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,
And to that Damsell thankes gave for reward
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædrias flitt barck over that perlous shard.

XXXIX

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made:
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As Shepheardes curre, that in darke eveninges
shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade:
'Vile Miscreaunt,' (said he) whither dost thou
flye [invade?
The shame and death, which will thee soone
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enimy?'

XL

With that he stifly shooke his s
But sober Guyon, hearing him s
Though somewhat moved in his
Yet with strong reason mais
fraile,
And passed fayrely forth. He,
Back to the strond retyrd, and th
Awaiting passage which him la
The whiles Cymochles with that
The hasty heat of his avowd rev

XLI

Whylest there the varlet stood
farre
An armed knight that towardes
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse
His forlorne steed from him the
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse,
And all his armour sprinckled w
And soyld with durtie gore, that
Discerne the hew thereof. He n
But bent his hastie course towa
flood.

XLII

The varlett saw, when to the fl
How without stop or stay he fie
And deepe him selfe beducked in
That in the lake his loftie crest
Ne of his safetie seemed care he
But with his raging armes he r
The waves about, and all his arr
That all the blood and filth away
Yet still he bet the water, and
dasht.

XLIII

Atin drew nigh to weet what i
For much he wondred at that un
Whom should he but his own
there see,
His owne deare Lord Pyrochles
Ready to drowne him selfe for fe
'Harrow now out, and well away
'What dismall day hath lent this
To see my Lord so deadly damn
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is

XLIV

'I burne, I burne, I burne!'
cryde,
'O! how I burne with implacab
Yet nought can quench mine inly
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake o
Nothing but death can doe me t
'Ah! be it,' (said he) 'from Py
After pursewing death once to

ık, that ought those puissant hands
may marre: [starre.'
is for wretches borne under unhappy

XLV

re, then is it fitt for me,' (said he)
ım, I weene, most wretched man alive;
g in flames, yet no flames can I see,
ring dayly, dayly yet revive.
! helpe to me last death to give.'
rlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
is deepe wounded hart in two did rive;
s owne health remembring now no more,
ow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI

he lake he lept his Lord to ayd,
re the dread of daunger doth despise)
'him catching hold him strongly stayd
rowning. But more happy he then wise,
: seas nature did him not avise:
rves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
t with mud which did them fowle agrise,
very weighty thing they did upbeare,
ght mote ever sinck downe to the
bottom there.

XLVII

s thus they strugled in that ydle wave,
:rove in vaine, the one him selfe to
drowne,
her both from drowning for to save,
that shore one in an auncient gowne,
: hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
g in hand a goodly arming sword,
:une came, ledd with the troublous sowne:
drenched deepe he fownd in that dull
ford [Lord.
refull servaunt stryving with his raging

XLVIII

Atin spying knew right well of yore,
rwdly cald; 'Help, helpe! O Archimage!
re my Lord in wretched plight forlore;
with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in
age.'
Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pitty, he in hast approched to the shore,

XLIX

And cald; 'Pyrochles! what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment.'
'These flames, these flames' (he cryde) 'doe
me torment.' [see
'Wha flames,' (quoth he), when I thee present
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?'
'Harrow! the flames which me consume,'
(said hee) [bee.
'Ne can be quencht within my secret bowelles

L

'That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight:
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,'
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles
bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste;
That now, I weene, Joves dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned
ghoste
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste.

LI

Which when as Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd;
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a
priefe
Of every place that was with bruzing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto
applyde,
And evermore with mightie spels them charmd;
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to helth that would have
algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mamon in a delve
Sunning his threasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.

I

As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

II

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes;
For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shewed all around.

III

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

IV

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold; dust,
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

V

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spe
Of which some were rude owre, not purifid
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great Ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment
But most were stampt, and in their metal b
The antique shapes of kings and ke
straunge and rare.

VI

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside sig
Those pretious hils from straungers envi
And downe them poured through an hole
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide. w
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himselfe were at the sight disma
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him dou
full sayd:

VII

'What art thou, man, (if man at all thou
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hils of welth doest hide ap
From the worldes eye, and from her r
usaunce?'
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce
In great disdaine he answerd: 'Hardy
That darest view my direfull countenaunc
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of
tious pelfe.

VIII

'God of the world and worldlings I me c
Great Mammon, greatest god below the sk
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessa
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall h

IX

re, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
mmaund lo! all these mountaines bee:
y great mind, or greedy vew,
nay not suffise, there shall to thee
so much be nombred francke and
[vaine,
,' (said he) 'thy godheads vaunt is
ffers of thy golden fee;
at covet such eye-glutting gaine
gifties, and fitter servaunts enter-
e.

X

sits, that in der-doing armes
rs suit my vowed dales do spend,
bounteous baytes and pleasing
rmes,
h weake men thou witchest, to attend;
worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
ase the high heroicke spright,
for crownes and kingdomes to con-
[delight;
ds, gay steedes, bright armes be my
e riches fit for an advent'rous knight.'

XI

orious Elfe,' (saide he) 'doest not thou
t,
y can thy wantes at will supply?
eeds, and armes, and all things for
meet,
vay in twinckling of an eye;
es and kingdomes to thee multiply.
ings create, and throw the crowne
to him that low in dust doth ly,
that raigud into his rowme thrust
rne, [renowne?'
n I lust do heape with glory and

XII

rwise' (saide he) 'I riches read,
e them roote of all disquietnesse;
with guile, and then preserv'd with
nd,
spent with pride and lavishnesse,
hind them griefe and heavinesse:
ischiefes of them doe arize,
debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
s wrong, and hellish covetize,
heart as great dishonour doth despize.

XIII

e be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
nes and rulers thou doest both con-
nd,
ll truth to treason doest incline:
the guiltlesse *blood pourd oft on*
ound,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround;
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound,
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull
government.

XIV

'Long were to tell the troublous stormes that
tosse
The private state, and make the life unsweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth
crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.'
Then Mammon wexing wroth; 'And why then,'
sayd,
'Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
And having not complaine, and having it up-
brayd?'

XV

'Indeede,' (quoth he) 'through fowle intem-
peraunce,
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
But would they thinke with how small allow-
aunce
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes.
At the well-head the purest streames arise;
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave
accloyes.

XVI

'The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thankes, and unreproved truth,
The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encreace
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first
need.

XVII

'Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he fownd
Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd;
Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring
fire.'

XVIII

'Sonne,' (said he then) 'lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that liv'd therin in state forlorne:
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse.'

XIX

'Me list not' (said the Elfin knight) 'receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott.'
'Perdy,' (quoth he) 'yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From heavens sight, and powre of al which them poursew.'

XX

'What secret place' (quoth he) 'can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?'
'Come thou,' (quoth he) 'and see.' So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow grownd, [arownd.
And was with dread and horror compassed

XXI

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoes grisely rayne.
By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threten life.

XXII

On thother side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might:
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkn
And shame his ugly face did hi

XXIII

And over them sad horror witl
Did alwaies sore, beating his yr
And after him Owles and Night
The hatefull messengers of heav
Of death and dolor telling sad t
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a
A song of bale and bitter sorrow
That hart of flint asonder could
Which having ended after h
swifte.

XXIV

All these before the gates of P
By whom they passing spak
nought;
But th' Elfin knight with wond
Did feed his eyes, and fild his i
At last him to a litle dore he b
That to the gate of Hell, which
Was next adjoyning, ne them p
Betwixt them both was but a li
That did the house of Richesse f
divide.

XXV

Before the dore sat selfe-consu
Day and night keeping wary w
For feare least Force or Fraud s
Breake in, and spoile the treasur
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once t
Approch, albe his drowsy den v
For next to death is Sleepe to b
Therefore his house is unto his
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and
both betwext.

XXVI

So soon as Mammon there arri
To him did open and affoorded
Him followed eke Sir Guyon ev
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger
Soone as he entred was, the dor
Did shutt, and from behind it f
An ugly feend, more fowle then
The which with monstrous stall
stept,
And ever as he went dew wa

XXVII

Well hoped hee, ere long that
If ever covetous hand, or lustful
Or lips he layd on thing that li
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings di
Should be his pray. And therefo
He over him did hold his cruell
Threatning with greedy gripe

nd in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII

houses forme within was rude and strong,
n huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong
t with massy gold of glorious guifte,
ith rich metall loaded every rifte,
eavy ruine they did seeme to threatt;
er them Arachne high did lifte
nning web, and spred her subtile nett,
oped in fowle smoke and clouds more black then Jett.

XXIX

roofe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
rergrowne with dust and old decay,
id in darkenes, that none could behold
ew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
ver in that house it selfe display,
faint shadow of uncertein light:
s a lampe, whose life does fade away,
the Moone, cloathed with clowdy night,
show to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

XXX

l that rowme was nothing to be seene
ue great yron chests, and coffers strong,
anl with double bends, that none could
to efforce by violence or wrong: [weene
ery side they placed were along;
ll the grownd with sculs was scattered,
bad mens bones, which round about were flong:
elives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
heir vile carcases now left unburied.

XXXI

forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke,
at they came unto an yron dore, [word,
to them opened of his owne accord,
hewd of richesse such exceeding store,
of man did never see before,
r could within one place be fownd,
th all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
athered be through all the world arownd,
hat above were added to that under grownd.

XXXII

charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
aunded was, who thereby did attend,
rarily awaited day and night,
other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said;
'Loe! here the worldes blis: loe! here the end,
To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.'

XXXIII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them that list these base regardes I lend;
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile sclave.'

XXXIV

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had beene taught.
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fournaces all burning bright:
By every fournace many feendes did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

XXXVI

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat:
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great:
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

XXXVII

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,

From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine Lord and syre;

XXXVIII

'Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see.
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Avise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.'

XXXIX

'Suffise it then, thou Money God,' (quoth hee)
'That all thine vdle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have: what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine emprise.'
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;
And thence him forward ledd him further to entise.

XL

He brought him, through a darksom narrow strayt,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne;
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race;
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his place.

XLII

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espy
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers Carle commaunding to forbeare
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare.
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayned
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes, and Diademes, and titles vaine
Which mortall Princes wore whiles they on earth did rayne.

XLIV

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nye
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraine majestye:
And thereon satt a woman, gorgeous gay
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly Prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

XLV

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnesse threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that same her owne native hew
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew
Thereby more lovers unto her to call:
Nath'lesse most hevenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime withall.

XLVI

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heven was knit
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:

rash desire to sty,
oof a step of dignity.

LVII

aise themselves to high
teous reward; [degree
ring; some by flatteree;
; others for base regard,
aies for themselves pre-

emselves kept others low;
themselves held others

ese or greater grow;
rive his fellow downe to

LVIII

on saw, he gan inquire,
preace about that Ladies

hat did so high aspyre?
ered; 'That goodly one,
with such contention
deare, my daughter is:
from her alone
this worldes blis,
loe strive: few gett, but

XLIX

ne she rightly hight,
at wonneth under skie,
m neather world her light
r and deformity;
d hye felicitie,
gods have her for envy

found favour in mine eye,
r make, if that thou list,
advance for works and

L

mon,' (said the gentle

and offred high estate:
flesh and earthly wight,
r such immortall mate
and mine unequall fate:
is my trouth yplight,
other Lady late,
same I have no might:
elesse is reproch to warlike

LI

I was with inward wrath:
ne, him forth thence ledd,
adowes by a beaten path,
y garnished

With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not
be redd:
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery
toombe.

LII

There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest
store,
And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad;
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore;
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad;
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Atheniens made to dy
Wise Socrates; who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pourd out his life and last Philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest Belamy!

LIII

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick Arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote
see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might
bee.

LIV

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold:
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold:
For those which Hercules, with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold:
And those with which th' Eubœan young man
wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out
ran.

LV

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse
suit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongst the gods false Ate threw;
For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Trojans made
to bleed.

LVI

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound;
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round.
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

LVII

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And looking downe saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprightes,
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrightes,
They made the further shore resounden wide.
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide, [side.
That drenched lay full deepe under the Garden

LVIII

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke; [mouth,
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swincke:
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth,
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
'Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo! Tantalus, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted bee;
Lo! here I now for want of food doe dye:
But, if that thou be such as I thee see, [mee!'
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to

LX

'Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,' (quoth he)
'Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state.'

Then gan the cursed wretch alow
Accusing highest Jove and gods i
And eke blaspheming heaven bitt
As author of unjustice, there to l

LXI

He lookt a litle further, and espy
Another wretch, whose carcas dee
Within the river, which the same
But both his handes, most filthy
Above the water were on high ex
And faynd to wash themselves in
Yet nothing cleaner were for such
But rather fowler seemed to the
So lost his labour vaine and ydle

LXII

The knight him calling asked w
Who, lifting up his head, him an
'I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, a
And most unjust; that, by unrig
And wicked doome, to Jewes des
Delivered up the Lord of life to d
And did acquite a murdrer felono
The whiles my handes I washt in
The whiles my soule was soyld w
iquity.'

LXIII

Infinite moe tormented in like p
He there beheld, too long here to
Ne Mammon would there let him l
For terrour of the tortures manif
In which the damned soules he di
But roughly him bespake: 'Thou f
Why takest not of that same frui
Ne sittest downe on that same sil
To rest thy weary person in the sh

LXIV

All which he did to do him dead
In frayle intemperaunce through
To which if he inclyned had at all
That dreadfull feend, which did
Would him have rent in thousand p
But he was wary wise in all his w
And well perceived his deceiptfull
Ne suffred lust his safety to betra
So goodly did beguile the Guyler

LXV

And now he has so long remaine
That vitall powres gan wexe both w
For want of food and sleepe, which
Like mightie pillours, this frayle
That none without the same endu
For now three dayes of men w
wrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize be

reat Mammon fayrely he besought
world to guyde him backe, as he him
ought.

LXVI

d, though loth, yet was constraynd
obay;
er time then that no living wight

Below the earth might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And Paynim brethren foyld.

I

there care in heaven? And is there
re
nly spirits to these creatures bace,
y compassion of their evilles move?
: else much more wretched were the
ace [grace
then beasts. But O! th' exceeding-
st God that loves his creatures so,
his workes with mercy doth embrace,
ssel Angels he sends to and fro, [foe.
e to wicked man, to serve his wicked

II

t do they their silver bowers leave,
to succour us that succour want!
do they with golden pineons cleave
ing skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
r us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
ir bright Squadrons round about us
lant.
for love, and nothing for reward.
should bevenly God to men have such
gard?

III

: the while that Guyon did abide
ms house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
nton Mayd of passage had denide,
er search had passage found elsewhere;
ng on his way, approched neare
uyon lay in traunce; when suddeinly
d a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
ither! hither! O, come hastily!
the fields resounded with the ruefull
y.

IV

lmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
who called so importunely:
be heard a more efforced voyce,
d him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury;
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senceles dreame; which sight at first him
sore aghast.

V

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And florish faire above his equall peares:
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus face adornd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged
sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

VI

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody
pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three:
The Goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleppe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind theyr mery
glee.

VII

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder that he nought could
say,
Till him the childe bespoke; 'Long lackt, alas!
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!
But dread of death and dolor doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seems shal corage both
respire.

VIII

'The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I pray,
For evill is at hand him to offend.'
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

IX

The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight.
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try:
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight.
He much rejoyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote Page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told
That he which earst them combatted was Guyon bold.

XI

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where ever that on ground they mote him find:
False Archimage provokte their corage prowd,
And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tind.
Now bene they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind:
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

XII

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That sire he fowl bespake: Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
Of that same outcast carcas, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proove he lived il that did thus fowly dy

XIII

To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered:
'Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blam
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame
Whose living handes immortalizd his name
Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame.
Was never wight that treason of him told:
Your self his prowesse prov'd, and found hi fiers and bold.'

XIV

Then sayd Cymochles: 'Palmer, thou dot dote,
Ne canst of prowesse ne of knighthood deem
Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I wot
That of his puissaunce tryall made extreem
Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne all good knights that shake well speare a shield.
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies de on field.'

XV

'Good or bad,' gan his brother fiers reply,
'What doe I recke, sith that he dide entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yre. [sire
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne d
Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armes bright?'

XVI

'Fayr Sir,' said then the Palmer suppliant
'For knighthoods love doe not so fowle a dee
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vau
Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of wee
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed:
But leave these relicks of his living might
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blac steed.' [have digh
'What herce or steed' (said he) 'should I
But be entombed in the raven or the kight?

XVII

With that, rude hand upon his shield he lai
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid:
Till that they spyde where towards them d pace

ight, of bold and bounteous grace,
bore after him an heben launce
hield. Well kend him so far space
er by his armes and amenaunce,
him he saw his Lybian steed to
e;

XVIII

brethren sayd; 'Rise, rise bylive,
teil doe your selves addresse;
mes the prowest knight alive,
r. flowre of grace and nobilesse,
Paynim knights wrought gret
ee.
d Sar'zins fowly donne to dye.'
deepe did in their harts impresse,
soones upstarted furiously,
selves prepare to batteill greedily.

XIX

rochles, lacking his owne sword,
reef now greatly gan to plaine,
age besought, him that afford
d brought for Braggadochio vaine
; (said th' enchaunter) 'glad and

you this sword, you to defend,
at els your honour might main-
:
weapons powre I well have kend
ury to the worke which ye intend:

XX

same knights owne sword this is,
lin made by his almightie art
nourseling, when he knighthood
;
o dugn his foes eternall smart.
first he mixt with Medæwart,
hauntment from his dint might
:
lames of Aetna wrought apart,
times dipped in the bitter wave
ty x, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI

e is, that nether steele nor stone
hereof from entraunce may defend:
v be used by his dune,
rightful owner to offend;
ll it breake, ne ever bend:
Morddure it rightfully is hight.
refore, Pyrrochles, should I lend
thee, against his lord to fight;
t would deceive thy labor and thy
it.'

XXII

'Foolish old man,' said then the Pagan wroth,
'That weenest words or charms may force withstond:
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
His Lords owne flesh.' Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond:
So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

XXIII

By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
And goodly saluted them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became; [daine,
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disGave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine.
Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXIV

Sayd he then to the Palmer: 'Reverend Syre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How ever, sure I rew his pitteous plight.'
'Not one, nor other,' sayd the Palmer grave,
'Hath him befalne; but cloudes of deadly night
A while his heavy eylids cover'd have, [wave:
And all his sences drowned in deep sencelesse

XXV

'Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
Making advauntage, to revenge their spight,
Would him disarme and treaten shamefully;
Unworthie usage of redoubted knight.
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble cace?
First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to deface.'

XXVI

'Palmer,' (said he) 'no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost;
Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost:
Honour is least where oddes appeareth most.
May bee, that better reason will aswage
The rash revengers heat. Words, well dispost,

Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage:
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage.'

XXVII

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke:
'Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, just wronges to vengeaunce doe provoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.'

XXVIII

To whom Cymochles said; 'For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeaunce prest? Or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
And made his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare abye?
The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye.'

XXIX

'Indeed,' then said the Prince, 'the evill donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave:
But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave:
So streightly God doth judge. But gentle Knight,
That doth against the dead his hand upheave,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former might.'

XXX

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said: 'Now, felon, sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
Therefore, by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead.'
With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But, swarving from the marke, his Lordes life did assure.

XXXI

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,
For well of yore he learned had to ryde,
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
'False traitour! miscreaunt! thou broken ha
The law of armes to strike foe undefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt ta
Right sowre, and feele the law the which th
hast defast.'

XXXII

With that his balefull speare he fiercely b
Against the Pagans brest, and therew
thought
His cursed life out of her lodge have rent;
But ere the point arrived where it ought,
That seven fold shield, which he from Gr
brought,
He cast between to ward the bitter stownd.
Through all those foldes the steelehead pass
wrought, [to gna
And through his shoulder perst; wher
He groveling fell, all gored in his gush
wound.

XXXIII

Which when his brother saw, fraught w
great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide: 'By Mahoune, cursed thi
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly;
Els mote it needes downe to his manly bre
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life th
dispossest.

XXXIV

Now was the Prince in daungerous distre
Wanting his sword when he on foot sho
fight:
His single speare could doe him small redre
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knig
And now the other, whom he earst did dau
Had reard him selfe againe to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more puissa
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignora

XXXV

So both attonce him charge on either syd
With hideous strokes and importable pow
That forced him his ground to traverse wy
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stov
For in his shield, as thicke as stormie sho
Their strokes did raine: yet did he n
quaile,
Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast to
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids t
nought availe.

XXXVI

dy he withstood their strong assay;
st last, when he advantage spyde,
ant speare he thrust with puissant
sy [wyde,
Cymochles, whiles his shield was
ugh his thigh the mortall steele did
rde:
ring with the force, within his flesh
te the launce, and let the head abyde.
e wound the red blood flowed fresh,
ermeath his feet soone made a purple
sh.

XXXVII

· then he gan to rage and rayle,
is Gods, and him selfe damning deepe:
his brother saw the red blood rayle
so fast, and all his armour steepe,
felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
: 'Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,
e hath spedd; yet shall it not thee
epe
third brunt of this my fatall brond:
e the dreadfull Death behynd thy
ake doth stond.'

XXXVIII

at he strooke, and thother strooke
hall. [might:
ing seemd mote beare so monstrous
pon his covered shield did fall, [byte:
wing downe would not his owner
er did upon his troncheon smyte,
wing quite asunder, further way
nd on his hacqueton did lyte,
dividing with importune sway,
his right side, and there the dint
stay.

XXXIX

m the wound, and a large lukewarme
d.
e Rose, thence gushed grievously:
the Paynym spyde the streaming
od,
great hart and hope of victory.
er side, in huge perplexity
now stood, having his weapon broke:
uld he hurt, but still at warde did ly:
his troncheon he so rudely stroke
s twise, that twise him forst his foot
ake.

XL

hen the Palmer saw in such distresse,
's sword he lightly to him raught,
· Fayre Sonne, great God thy right
id blesse,
st sword so well as he it ought!'

Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage
fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond:
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepeheard swaynes, then wexeth
wood and yond:

XLI

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold;
Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both atonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could
not both withstond.

XLII

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives
bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,
Beathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen
twaine, [sustaine.
That neither could his mightie puissaunce

XLIII

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
(Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was
writt,)
His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore:
Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly
stowre; [more;
But him henceforth the same can save no
For now arrived is his fatall howre, [powre.
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or

XLIV

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie
shame
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approch,
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame:
And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more;
Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd
afore.

XLV

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the Pagans burganet;
And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his brayne. He, tombling downe on ground, [shade
Breathd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall
Fast flying, there eternall torment found
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

XLVI

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare;
But as a man whom hellish feendes have frayd.
Long trembling still he stoode: at last thus sayd;
'Traytour, what hast thou doen? How ever may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
Against that knight! Harrow and well away!
After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day?'

XLVII

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with pacience and sufferaunce sly
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

XLVIII

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre, [flye;
The clowdes, as thinges affrayd, before him
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre;
And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

XLIX

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede, [deceiv'd,
But when he stroke most strong the dint
He flong it from him; and, devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred:
But him in strength and skill the Prince
And through his nimble sleight did u
down cast.

L

Nought booted it the Paynim then
For as a Bittur in the Eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape
Still waytes for death with dread a
bling aw;
So he, now subject to the victours law
Did not once move, nor upward cast
For vile disdaine and rancour, w
gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melanch
As one that loathed life, and yet de
dye.

LI

But full of princely bounty and grea
The Conquerour nought cared him to
But casting wronges and all revenge
More glory thought to give life then
And sayd; 'Paynim, this is thy disn
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscrea
And my trew liegeman yield thy self
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiau
And all thy wronges will wipe ou
sovenaunce.'

LII

'Foole!' (sayd the Pagan) 'I thy gi
But use thy fortune as it doth befall;
And say, that I not overcome doe dy
But in despight of life for death doe c
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he gan soone unl
And left his headlesse body bleeding place.

LIII

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce
Life having maystered her sencelesse
And looking up, whenas his shield he
And sword saw not, he wexed wondr
But when the Palmer, whom he long
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad
And saide; 'Deare sir, whom wandrin fro
I long have lackt, I joy thy face to ve
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger n
me drew.

LIV

'But read, what wicked hand hath rol
Of my good sword and shield?' The glad
With so fresh hew uprysing him to se
Him answered: 'Fayre sonne, be no

espons; they shall soone be had.'
Discourse the whole debate,
traunge knight for him sustained

Saracins confounded late,
es on ground were horribly pros-

LV

he heard, and saw the tokens
great affection was embayd,
ince, bowing with reverence dew
rone of his life, thus sayd; [ayd
y liege, by whose most gratious
, and see my foes subdewd,

What may suffice to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
But to be ever bound'——

LVI

To whom the Infant thus; 'Fayre Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted as a servile bond
To bind their doers to receive their meed?
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
Suffise that I have done my dew in place.'
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace

CANTO IX.

The house of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger knightes to flight compell.

I

workes which doe this worlde

he more faire and excellent
body, both for powre and forme,
kept in sober government;
n it more fowle and indecent,
through misrule and passions

Monster, and incontinent
is dignity and native grace:
list, both one and other in this

II

'aynim brethren conquer'd were,
Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
his lost shield, they both yfere
d on their way in fayre accord,
Prince with gentle court did bord:
mote I of you this court'sy read,
y on your shield, so goodly scord,
picture of that Ladies head?
s the semblaunt though the sub-
dead.'

III

' (sayd he) 'if in that picture dead
read, and vertue in vaine shew;
ye weene, if the trew lively-head
t glorious visage ye did vew:
seauty of her mind ye knew,
bounty, and imperiall powre,

Thousand times fairer than her mortall hew,
O! how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure.

IV

'Shee is the mighty Queene of Faery,
Whose faire retraitt I in my shield doe beare;
Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity
Throughout the world, renowmed far and neare,
My liefe, my liege, my Soveraine, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare:
Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.'

V

'Thrise happy man,' (said then the Briton knight)
'Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce
Have made thee soldier of that Princesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce.
How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire.'

VI

Said Guyon, 'Noble Lord, what meed so
Or grace of earthly Prince so soveraine, [great,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of Mayden-
hed,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her favor high bee reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored.'

VII

'Certes,' (then said the Prince) 'I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did
plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that Queene with al my powre and
might. [light,
Seven times the Sunne with his lamp-burning
Hath walkte about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heven doth to me envy, and fortune favour-
lesse.'

VIII

'Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
'Seldom' (said Guyon) 'yields to vertue
aide, [chaunce,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mis-
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid:
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which, were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through al Faery
land.'

IX

'Gramercy Sir,' said he; 'but mote I weete
What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.'
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd
many miles.

X

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale;
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
*They thither marcht: but when they came in
sight,*
And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred l
And every loup fast lockt, as fear
pight.

XI

Which when they saw, they v
reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunc
Till that the Squire gan nigher t
And wind his horne under the ca
That with the noise it shooke as
Eftsoones forth looked from the h
The watch, and lowd unto the kni
To weete what they so rudely did
Who gently answered, They e
desire.

XII

'Fly fly, good knights,' (said
away,
If that your lives ye love, as mee
Fly fast, and save your selves fr
cay;
Here may ye not have entraunc
We would, and would againe,
But thousand enemies about us r
And with long siege us in the ca
Seven yeares this wize they us be
And many good knights slaine
sought to save.'

XIII

Thus as he spoke, loe! with out
A thousand villeins rownd about t
Out of the rockes and caves adjoy
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rud
All threatning death, all in straun
armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, som
Some rusty knifes, some staves in
Sterne was their looke; like v
steares,
Staring with hollow eies, and stiff
heares.

XIV

Fiersly at first those knights they
And drove them to recoile; but w
They gave fresh charge, their f
Unhable their encounter to sustai
For with such puissaunce and impe
Those Champions broke on then
them fly.
Like scattered Sheepe, whenas th
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace forth rushin

XV

A while they fled, but soone ret
With greater fury then before w

their cruell Capitaine [rownd,
is raskall routs enclose them
e, to tread them to the grownd:
knights with their bright burn-
ies [sownd,
nde troupes, and orders did con-
lashing at their idle shades;
ney bodies seem, yet substaunce
hem fades.

XVI

warme of Gnats at eventide
nnes of Allan doe arise, [wide,
uring small trompetts sownden
e aire their clustring army flies,
ud doth seeme to dim the skies;
beast may rest, or take repast
arpe wounds and noyous injuries,
ce Northerne wind with blustring
[cast.
them quite away, and in the Ocean

XVII

n they had that troublous rout
ast,
stle gate they come againe,
nce crav'd which was denied erst.
report of that their perlous paine,
ous conflict which they did sustaine,
e Ladies care which there did dwell,
issewed with a goodly traine
and Ladies equipaged well,
tained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII

called was; a virgin bright,
not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
hee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
a Lord of noble parentage,
ht with her to lincke in marriage:
as faire as faire mote ever bee,
e flowre now of her freshest age;
grace and goodly modestee, [see.
heven rejoyced her sweete face to

XIX

f lilly white she was arayd,
her shoulder to her heele downe
ght;
whereof loose far behind her strayd,
l with gold and perle most richly
ought, [taught
of two faire Damsels which were
ice well. Her yellow golden heare
ly woven and in tresses wrought,
ire she on her head did weare,
ed with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

XX

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall.
Then, when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of favour speciall
Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew:
Shee graunted; and, them leading forth, the same did shew.

XXI

First she them led up to the Castle wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and fensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell towre.
But O great pitty! that no lenger time
So goodly workemanship should not endure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heavens place:
All which compacted made a goodly Diapase.

XXIII

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close;
Still open to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

XXIV

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then Jett or Marble far from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine;
And over it a fayre Portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of cryme:
His larumbell might lowd and wyde be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI

And rownd about the porch on every syde
Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her guestes,
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

XXVII

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivall,
Against the viaundes should be ministred.
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged:
He Steward was, hight Diet; rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

XXVIII

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetite: he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, when ever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
Who, passing by, forth ledd her guestes anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

XXIX

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

XXX

But to delay the heat, least by misch
It might breake out and set the whole
There added was by goodly ordinaunc
An huge great payre of bellowes, wh
Continually, and cooling breath inspyr
About the Caudron many Cookes acco
With hookes and ladles, as need did re
The whyles the viaundes in the vessell
They did about their businesse swe
sorely toyld.

XXXI

The maister Cooke was cald Concocti
A carefull man, and full of comely guy
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digesti
Did order all th' Achates in seemely w
And set them forth, as well he could d
The rest had severall offices assynd;
Some to remove the scum as it did ris
Others to beare the same away did my
And others it to use according to his k

XXXII

But all the liquour, which was fo
waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ough
They in another great rownd vessell pl
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were b
And all the rest, that noyous was and
By secret wayes, that none might it es
Was close convaid, and to the backgate b
That cleped was Port Esquiline, where
It was avoided quite, and throwne out

XXXIII

Which goodly order and great workma
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare
And gazing wonder they their mindes
For never had they seene so straunge
Thence backe againe faire Alma led ther
And soone into a goodly Parlour broug
That was with royall arras richly digh
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor w
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easi
thought

XXXIV

And in the midst thereof upon the flo
A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
Courted of many a jolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise an
And each one sought his Lady to aggr
And eke emongst them litle Cupid play
His wanton sportes, being retourned la
From his fierce warres, and having fro
layd
His cruel bow, wherewith he thousand
dismayd.

XXXV

delights they fownd them selves to
ase; [joy;
g in sweet consort; some laught for
d with strawes; some ydly satt at ease;
r some could not abide to toy;
ance was to them griefe and annoy:
nd, that faund, the third for shame
l blush,
seemed envious or coy,
in her teeth did gnaw a rush;
hese straungers presence every one
l hush.

XXXVI

the gracious Alma came in place,
ttonce out of their seates arose,
r homage made with humble grace:
hen the knights beheld, they gan dis-
se
es to court, and each a damzell chose.
ce by chaunce did on a Lady light,
right faire and fresh as morning
se,
what sad and solemne eke in sight,
me pensive thought constraind her
ntle spright.

XXXVII

g purple pall, whose skirt with gold
ted all about, she was arayd;
er hand a Poplar braunch did hold:
the Prince in courteous maner sayd;
Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
r faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
y that you hath thus ill apayd?
you love? or doen you lack your will?
er bee the cause, it sure beseemes you

XXXVIII

Sir,' said she, halfe in disdaineful wise,
it that this mood in me ye blame,
rour selfe doe not the same advise?
beseemes anothers fault to name,
y unwares bee blotted with the same:
I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
great desire of glory and of fame;
t, I weene, are ye therein behynd,
ve three years sought one, yet no
here can her find.'

XXXIX

ince was inly moved at her speach,
eting trew what she had rashly told;
faire semblaunt sought to hyde the
reach,
haunge of colour did perforce unfold,
ming flaming whott, now stony cold:
ring soft aside, he did inquyre
What wight she was that Poplar braunch did
hold?
It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL

The whyles the Faery knight did entertayne
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew.
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment
blew,
Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:
Upon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew,
And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her
dight.

XLI

So long as Guyon with her commoned,
Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory
Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure Castory;
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently
said:

XLII

'Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled
cheare
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
I will, if please you it discure, assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.'

XLIII

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace;
Till Alma him bespake: 'Why wonder yee,
Faire Sir, at that which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee:
You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes it selfe
is shee.'

XLIV

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away, but she the same
Dissembled faire, and fayned to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game

Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them sought
To vew her Castles other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

XLV

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it survewd as hils doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found:
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt, [Greekes was spilt.
From which young Hectors blood by cruell

XLVI

The roofe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily:
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O! who can tell the prayses of that makers might?

XLVII

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell, [powre,
This parts great workemanship and wondrous
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages;
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

XLVIII

Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all good arts,
By Phœbus doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of thinges present best advize;
The third things past could kee
So that no time nor reason cou
But that the same could one of
For-thy the first did in the for
That nought mote hinder his q
He had a sharpe foresight and
That never idle was, ne once w

L

His chamber was dispainted
With sondry colours, in the w
Infinite shapes of thinges disp
Some such as in the world we
Ne can devized be of mortall w
Some daily seene and knowen
Such as in idle fantasies do fli
Infernall Hags, Centaurs, feend
Apes, Lyons, Aegles, Owles,
children, Dames.

LI

And all the chamber filled w
Which buzzed all about, and
That they encombred all mens
Like many swarmes of Bees a
After their hives with honny
All those were idle thoughtes
Devices, dreames, opinions un
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes,
And all that fained is, as leasin

LII

Emongst them all sate he whi
That hight Phantastes by his
A man of yeares yet fresh, as
Of swarth complexion, and of
That him full of melancholy d
Bent hollow beetle browes, sha
That mad or foolish seemd: o
Mote deeme him borne with ill
When oblique Saturne sate
agonyes.

LIII

Whom Alma having shewed
Thence brought them to the
whose wals
Were painted faire with memo
Of famous Wisards; and with
Of Magistrates, of courts, of t
Of commen-wealthes, of states
Of lawes, of judgementes, and
All artes, all science, all Philo
And all that in the world v

LIV

Of those that rowme was full;
There sate a man of ripe and
Who did them meditate all hi
That through continuall prac

was growne right wise and wondrous
age: [see
leasure had those straunger knightes to
dly reason and grave personage,
s disciples both desyrd to bee;
ma thence them led to th' hindmost
owme of three.

LV

hamber seemed ruinous and old,
refore was removed far behind,
e the wals, that did the same uphold,
rme and strong, though somwhat they
leclind;
rein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
decrepit in his feeble corse,
ly vigour rested in his mind,
ompenst them with a better scorse:
body wel is chang'd for minds redoub-
ed forse.

LVI

ian of infinite remembraunce was,
ings foregone through many ages held,
he recorded still as they did pas,
red them to perish through long eld,
things els the which this world doth
reld;
l them up in his immortall scrine,
hey for ever incorrupted dweld:
res he well remembred of king Nine,
Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

LVII

ares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
emembred both their infancis:
der then, if that he were depriv'd
e strength now that he them surviv'd.
mber all was hangd about with rolls
records from auncient times derivd,

Some made in books, some in long parchment
scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker
holes.

LVIII

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unhable them to fett,
A litle boy did on him still attend
To reach, when ever he for ought did send;
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is;
And that old man Eumnestes by their pro-
pertis.

LIX

The knightes there entring did him reverence
dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise:
Then as they gan his Library to vew,
And antique Regesters for to avise,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*,
That of this lands first conquest did devize,
And old division into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

LX

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitee of Faery lond:*
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faeryes there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their countreys auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted
their desire.

CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Uthers rayne;
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

I

ow shall give unto me words and sound
nto this haughty enterprise? [ground
shall lend me wings, with which from
ly verse may loftily arise,
it selfe unto the highest skyes?
nple spirit *than hitherto was wount*
des me, whiles the famous auncestryes
Of my most dreaded Sovernigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth far sur-
mount.

II

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compaire;
Which though from earth it be derived right

Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to hevens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bountyhed?

III

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegræan Jove, he wrote,
That all the Gods admird his lofty note.
But if some relish of that hevenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To decke my song withall, I would assay
Thy name, O soveraine Queene! to blazon far away.

IV

Thy name, O soveraine Queene! thy realme, and race,
From this renowmed Prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace [farre
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the Northern starre
Immortall fame for over hath enrold; [told.
As in that old mans booke they were in order

V

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein have their mighty empire raysd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Unpeopled, unmannurd, unproyd, unpraysd;
Ne was it Island then, ne was it paysd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein praysd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land brought.

VI

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And named it ALBION: But later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

VII

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous Giaunts, and halfe beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebucke thro
All naked without shame or care
By hunting and by spoiling lived
Of stature huge, and eke of corag
That sonnes of men amazd their behold.

VIII

But whence they sprong, or h begott,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to w
That monstrous error, which doth
That Dioclesians fifty daughters
Into this land by chaunce have d
Where, companing with feend Sprights
Through vaine illusion of their l
They brought forth Geaunts, an ful wights
As far exceeded men in their imme

IX

They held this land, and with th
Polluted this same gentle soyle
That their owne mother loathd nesse,
And gan abhorre her broods unk
All were they borne of her owne
Until that Brutus, anciently deri
From roiall stocke of old Assarac
Driven by fatall error here arriv
And them of their unjdst possess

X

But ere he had established his
And spred his empire to the utm
He fought great batteils with his
In which he them defeated even
And many Giaunts left on groni
That well can witnes yet unto t
The westerne Hogh, besprincled
Of mighty Goëmot, whome in st
Corineus conquered, and cruelly

XI

And eke that ample Pitt, yet f
For the large leape which Debon
Coulin to make, being eight lugs
Into the which retourning backe
But those three monstrous sto excell,
Which that huge sonne of hideou
Whose father Hercules in Fraun
Great Godmer threw, in fierce co
At bold Canutus; but of him wa

XII

In meed of these great conqu
Corineus had that Province utm

assigned for his worthy lott,
f his name and memorable gest
d Cornwaile, yet so called best;
ons shayre was that is Devonshyre:
ste had his portion from the rest,
ch he cald Canutium, for his hyre;
ttium, which Kent we comenly inquyre.

XIII

lrute this Realme unto his rule sub-
wd,
ued long in great felicity,
his freends, and of his foes eschewd:
hree sonnes, his famous progeny,
fayre Inogene of Italy:
whom he parted his imperiall state,
rine left chiefe Lord of Britany.
ipe age bad him surrender late
, and long good fortune, unto finall
te.

XIV

: was left the soveraine Lord of all;
anact had all the Northerne part,
f himselfe Albania he did call;
mber did possesse the Westerne quart.
Severne now from Logris doth depart:
h his portion peaceably enjoyd,
there outward breach, nor grudge in
art,
ce their quiet government annoyd;
h his paynes to others profit still em-
loyd.

XV

a nation straunge, with visage swart,
rage fierce that all men did affray,
through the world then swarmd in
very part,
erflowd all countries far away,
oyes great flood, with their importune
nd invaded with like violence, [sway,
d themselves through all the North dis-
play:
that Locrine for his Realmes defence,
nd against them make and strong muni-
fionce;

XVI

m encountred, a confused rout,
the River that whylome was hight
cient Abus, where with courage stout
n defeated in victorious fight,
aste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
rst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,
Chiefetain Humber named was aright,)
e mighty streame him to betake,
he an end of batteill and of life did
make.

XVII

The king retourned proud of victory,
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, leudly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did
please,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies
faithful prov'd.

XVIII

The noble daughter of Corinëus
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
But, gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke
And threw in bands, where he till death re-
maind;
Als his faire Leman flying through a brooke
She overhent, nought moved with her piteous
looke;

XIX

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
She there attached, far from all succoure;
The one she slew upon the present floure;
But the sad virgin, innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
Which of her name now Severne men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

XX

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ryper years he raught and stronger stay;
During which time her powre she did display
Through all this Realme, the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obay:
But, when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would longer
vex.

XXI

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,
For with all shame that sacred throne he fild.
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place;
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
But Ebranck salved both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
In Henault, where yet of his victories
Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land
envies.

XXII

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
So many children he did multiply:
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre:
Those germans did subdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their Syre
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre.

XXIII

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
The second Brute, the second both in name
And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of everlasting fame:
He with his victour sword first opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
And taught her first how to be conquered;
Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been ransacked.

XXIV

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
What colour were their waters that same day,
And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote seeme to bee,
But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

XXV

His sonne, king Leill, by fathers labour long,
Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wearie wars to cease:
Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

XXVI

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrailles, full of quick Brimston,
Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every forreyne nation:
Yet he at last, contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

XXVII

Next him king Leyr in happie peace [raynd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were [uptraind
In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed:
Mongst whom his realme he equally decre
To have divided. Tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters, and with speeches
Inquyrd, which of them most did love parentage?

XXVIII

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest [lov
That she much more than her owne life
And Regan greater love to him profest
Then all the world, when ever it were proov
But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'
Whose simple answere, wanting colours fay
To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce moov
That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
But twixt the other twain his kingdom wh did shayre.

XXIX

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scot
And thother to the king of Cambria, [lott
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equ
But without dowre the wise Cordelia
Was sent to Aggannip of Celtica.
Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A private life ledd in Albania
With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
That nought him griev'd to beene from deposed downe.

XXX

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne aw
So, when he had resignd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day
And wearie wax of his continuall stay.
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
Who him at first well used every way;
But when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empay

XXXI

The wretched man gan then avise too late
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truely tryde in his extremest state.
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia him selfe addrest,
Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd,
To war on those which him had of his rea bereav'd.

XXXII

is crowne she him restord againe;
i he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
r wild it should to her remaine,
ieeably the same long time did weld,
nens harts in dew obedience held;
her sisters children, woxen strong,
proud ambition against her rebeld,
ommen kept in prison long, [hong.
y of that wretched life her selfe she

XXXIII

in the bloody brethren both to raine;
e Cundah gan shortly to envy
ier Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine
a pere in part of soverainty;
lling coles of cruell enmity,
irre, and him in batteill overthrew.
as he to those woody hilles did fly,
night of him Glamorgan, there him
ew:
l he raigne alone, when he none equall
iew.

XXXIV

ne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply;
sad time blood did from heaven rayne.
at Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,
int peace their kingdomes did contayne.
iom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
bogud, till far in years he grew:
ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
t the rule, and from their father drew;
rrex and sterne Porrex him in prison
irew.

XXXV

the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
owes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
irrex up to put his brother downe;
nto him assembling forreigne might,
irre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:
leath t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,
rcilesse of women, Wyden hight,
er sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
th most cruell hand him murdred
ittilesse.

XXXVI

ided Brutus sacred progeny, [borne
ad seven hundred yeares this scepter
gh renowme and great felicity: [torne,
le braunch from th' antique stocke was
discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.
orth this Realme was into factions rent,
each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
the end was left no moniment
s, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

XXXVII

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who, stird with pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
By such as claymd themselves Brutes right-
full hayres,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisedom won, him streight did
choose [loose.
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or

XXXVIII

Then made he head against his enimies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
Now one, which earst were many made through
variaunce.

XXXIX

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men
Were unto him reveald in vision; [say
By which he freed the Travcilers high-way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion,
The gratious Numa of great Britany;
For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without pollicy:
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for
dignity.

XL

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse
both,
That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
The recompence of their perjured oth;
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they
were wroth;
Besides subjected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speake, all be they
And inly tremble at the memory [loth,
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

XLI

Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus sonne,
In rule succeede, and eke in fathers praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies.
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
Whom he at sea found wandring from their
waies,

ıd safely to remayne,
uld hold of him, as subject to

XLII

ıed Guitheline his hayre,
and trewest in his daies,
Dame Mertia the fayre,
of immortall praise, [layes,
Realme found many goodly
Statutes to her husband

l to have beene of the Fayes,
that Numa tought:
be Mertian lawes both nam'd
ht.

XLIII

lus after her did rayne;
us; and then Danius:
ıdus did the crowne sustayne;
with wrath outrageous
ur dim'd his valorous
edes, should matched have

ame field victorious
ine Morands he exprest;
norie, though carcas sleepe in

XLIV

left, begotten of one wife,
sively by turnes did rayne:
a man of vertuous life,
who for his proud disdayne
n princedome soverayne,
lure put in his sted;
him restord agayne,
he it recovered:
l Vigent him disthronized.

XLV

on long he did remaine,
ned had their utmost date,
reseized was againe,
ith honorable state,
d Realme and life to fate.
s of these five brethren raynd
and all their Nephewes late;
descents the crowne retaynd,
dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI

ies, whose eldest, called Lud,
st famous memory,
iments of his great good:
e did reædifye
inst force of enimy,
e which of his name is hight,
ntombed solemnly.

He left two sonnes, too young to
Androgeus and Tenantius, picture

XLVII

Whilst they were young, Cassi
Was by the people chosen in their
Who on him tooke the roiall Dia
And goodly well long time it gov
Till the prowde Romanes him dis
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with
Of this sweet Island never conqu
And envying the Britons blazed
(O hideous hunger of dominion!)

XLVIII

Yet twise they were repulsed ba
And twise renforst backe to their
The whiles with blood they all t
staine,
And the gray Ocean into purple
Ne had they footing found at last
Had not Androgeus, false to nativ
And envious of Uncles soverainti
Betrayd his countrey unto forrein
Nought els but treason ftom the f
did foyle.

XLIX

So by him Cæsar got the victory
Through great bloodshed and many
In which himselfe was charged he
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet d
But lost his sword, yet to be scene
Thenceforth this land was tributa
T'ambitious Rome, and did their r
Till Arthur all that reckoning defi
Yet oft the Briton kings against th
swayd.

L

Next him Tenantius raignd; then
What time th' eternall Lord in fle
Enwombed was, from wretched A
To purge away the guilt of sinfull
O joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteousl
(O too high ditty for my simple ri
Soone after this the Romanes him
For that their tribute he refusd to

LI

Good Claudius, that next was Em
An army brought, and with him batt
In which the king was by a Treacl
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof t
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for
For Arvirage his brothers place su
Both in his armes and crowne, a
draught

be Romanes to the weaker syde,
to peace agreed. So all was paci-

LII

king more highly magnifide,
f Romanes, then was Arvirage;
he Emperour to him allide
r Genuiss' in marriage:
he renounst the vassallage
aine, who hither hastly sent
that with great spoile and rage
ll, till Genuissa gent
im to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

LIII

nd him succeeded Marius,
is dayes in great tranquillity.
: and after him good Lucius,
eceived Christianity,
pledge of Christes Evangely.
s, that long before that day
e Joseph of Arimathy, [say,
ſt with him the holy grayle, they
t the truth; but since it greatly
lecay.

LIV

king shortly without issew dide,
at trouble in the kingdome grew,
r selfe in sondry parts divide,
er powre her owne selfe overthrew,
manes daily did the weake subdew:
g. stout Bunduca up arose,
armes the Britons to her drew;
she marched streight against her
[close.
nwares besides the Severne did en-

LV

with them a cruell batteill tryde,
good successe as shee deserv'd;
hat the Captaines on her syde,
by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
s were through former flight pre-
'd
gaine, her Host she did renew,
sh corage on the victor servd:
il defeated, save a few, [slew.
a fly, or be captiv'd, her selfe she

LVI

monument of womens prayse!
ither to Semiramis,
ique history so high doth rayse,
siphil', or to Thomiris.
wo hundred thousand numbred is;
s good fortune favoured her might,
oft against her enemis;

And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

LVII

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew,
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled,
So made them victors whome he did subdew.
Then gan Carausius tirannize anew,
And gainst the Romanes bent their proper
powre;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy
howre:

LVIII

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne,
But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine:
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd Soveraine.
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and
lime.

LIX

Which when the Romanes heard, they hither
sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight;
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning
laies.

LX

Of whom he did great Constantine begett,
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome,
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
But he his title justifide by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight.
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd
his right:

LXI

But wanting yssew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan.
Till murdred by the freends of Gratian. [land,
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this
During the raigne of Maximinian;

Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

LXII

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miseryes and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay:
Whome Romane warres, which now fowr hundred yeares
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Til, by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with joyous teares.

LXIII

Who having oft in batteill vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings,
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bownd.

LXIV

Three sones he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage;
Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare;
From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety imployes.

LXV

Two brethren were their Capitayns, which hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might;
Who making vantage of their civile jarre,
And of those forreyners which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre [hand,
Then they which sought at first their helping
And Vortiger have forst the kingdome to *aband.*

LXVI

But by the helpe of Vortimere
He is againe unto his rule resto
And Hengist, seeming sad for t
Received is to grace and new a
Through his faire daughters fac
Soone after which three hundre
Of British blood, all sitting at h
Whose dolefull moniments who
Th' eternall marks of treason ma
vew.

LXVII

By this the sonnes of Constanti
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe ye
And, here arriving, strongly ch
The crowne which Vortiger did
Who, flying from his guilt,
slayne;
And Hengist eke soon brought
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably
Till that through poyson stopped
So now entombed lies at Sto
heath.

LXVIII

After him Uther, which Pendr
Succeeding—There abruptly it
Without full point, or other Ces
As if the rest some wicked hand
Or th' Author selfe could not at
To finish it: that so untimely b
The Prince him selfe halfe seem
Yet secret pleasure did offence
And wonder of antiquity long st

LXIX

At last, quite ravisht with deli
The royall Ofspring of his nativ
Cryde out; 'Deare countrey! O
deare
Ought thy remembraunce and p
Be to thy foster Childe, that fro
Did commun breath and nourit
How brutish is it not to unders
How much to her we owe, that
That gave unto us all what ever

LXX

But Guyon all this while his b
Ne yet has ended; for it was a g
And ample volume, that doth f
My leasure so long leaves here
It told how first Prometheus di
A man, of many parts from bea
And then stole fire from heven t
His worke, for which he was by
Of life him self, and hart-strin
ryv'd.

LXXI

m so made he called Elfe, to weet
e first author of all Elfin kynd;
dring through the world with wearie
t,
e gardins of Adonis fynd
creature, whom he deemd in mynd
earthly wight, but either Spright,
, th' authour of all woman kynd;
a Fay he her according hight,
all Faeryes spring, and fetch their
nage right.

LXXII

a mighty people shortly grew,
sant kinges which all the world
rayd,
em selves all Nations did subdew.
nd eldest, which that scepter swayd,
; him all India obayd,
at now America men call:
was noble Elfinan, who laid
foundation first of all:
ne enclosd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII

e was Elfinell, who overcame
d Gobbelines in bloody field;
it was of most renowmed fame,
f Christall did Panthea build:
r, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
of which had two heades, th' other
ee:
nor, who was in magick skild;
by art upon the glassy See
f bras, whose sound hevens thunder
m'd to bee.

LXXIV

ree sonnes, the which in order raynd,
eir Ofspring, in their dew descents;
Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their sondry govern-
ments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civil rule, to kinges and states imperiall.

LXXV

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
The wise Elficleos, in great Majestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery:
He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide in spousall and dominion.

LXXVI

Great was his power and glorie over all
Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall.
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succeede therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre:
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and
great powre!

LXXVII

Beguyld thus with delight of noveltics,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite:
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them
brought,
And fayrely feasted as so noble knightes she
ought.

CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place:
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

1

rarre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
rhich strong affections doe apply
he forte of *reason evermore,*
the sowle into captivity?
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

II

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is setled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guestes doth bounteous banket dight.
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

III

Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad
Him selfe addrest to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd:

IV

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: They goe abord,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles wind and wether right
Doe serve their turnes: here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

V

For all so soone as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde;
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest when they approched neare.

VI

Them in twelve troupes their Captein did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the Castle gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate
They battred day and night, and entrance did awate.

VII

The other five five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great Bulwarkes of that pyle,
And unto each a Bulwarke did arrett,
T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

VIII

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beckes uncomely bent,
Others like Dogs; others like Gryphons drem
And some had wings, and some had clawes teare:
And every one of them had Lynces eyes;
And every one did bow and arrowes beare.
All those were lawlesse lustes, currupt envy
And covetous aspects, all cruell enimyes.

IX

Those same against the bulwarke of the Sight
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault
Their wicked engins they against it bent:
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault:
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money they that Bulwarke sorrent.

X

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing sens
Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference.
Some having heads like Harts, some like Snakes, [brak
Some like wilde Bores late rouzd out of
Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
Leasinges, backbytinges, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries:
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

XI

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd:

ous shapes were like to feendes of [dismayd,
to houndes, some like to Apes,
Puttockes, all in plumes arayd;
ecurding their conditions:
e ugly formes weren pourtrayd
ghts, and fond abusions,
that sence besiege with light
ions.

XII

fourth band which cruell battry

fourth Bulwarke, that is the Taste,
rest, a grysie rablement; [faste
h'd like greedy Oystriges; some
y Toades; some fashioned in the
: for so deformd is luxury, [waste
sdiet, and unthriftie waste,
es, and ydle superfluity:
his sences Fort assayle incessantly.

XIII

ft troupe, most horrible of hew
f force, is dreadfull to report;
ike Snailes, some did like spyders
r.
like ugly Urchins thick and short:
ry assayed that fift Fort,
h dartes of sensuall Delight,
es of carnall lust, and strong effort
leasures, with which day and night
t same fift bulwarke they continued
t.

XIV

se twelve troupes with dreadfull
saunce
at Castle restlesse siege did lay,
ore their hideous Ordinaunce
Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
it gan to threaten neare decay:
ore their wicked Capitayn
them the breaches to assay,
with threats, sometimes with hope
ayn. [attayn.
the ransack of that peece they should

XV

Ber-yde, th' assieged Castles ward
fast stonds did mightily maintaine,
bold repulse and many hard
cent wrought, with perill and with
ne,
ly frame from ruine to sustaine:
two brethren Gyauntes did defend
so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
r entraunce any durst pretend,
o direfull death their groning ghosts
send.

XVI

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,
For never was she in so evill cace,
Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offring his service, and his dearest life
For her defence against that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that strife:
She him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

XVII

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So, taking courteous congé, he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
That ever brandished bright steele on hye!
Whome soone as that unruly rablement
With his gay Squyre issewing did espye, [cry:
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling

XVIII

And therewithall attonce at him let fly [snow,
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that tombling low
From the high mountaines, threates to overflow
With suddein fury all the fertile playne,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw [vayne;
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

XIX

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before;
As withered leaves drop from their dryed stockes, [locks:
When the wroth Western wind does reave their
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like docks;
The fierce Spumador, borne of heavenly seed,
Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did breed.

XX

Which suddeine horrour and confused cry
When as their Capteine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,

That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground.
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes were unbound:

XXI

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide;
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did tine.

XXII

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke;
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake:
Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly sight.

XXIII

Maleger was his name; and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased Stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags,
She did support, and Impotence her name:
But th' other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame

XXIV

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

XXV

Which to prevent the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot why
But he was not so hardy to abid
That bitter stownd, but turning
His light-foot beast, fled fast aw
Whom to poursue the Infant afi
So fast as his good Courser coul
But labour lost it was to weene neare.

XXVI

For as the winged wind his Tig
That vew of eye could scarse hi
Ne scarse his feet on ground were
Through hils and dales he spe make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie pas
And in his flight the villein turn
(As wonts the Tartar by the Cas
Whenas the Russian him in figh
Unto his Tygres taile, and shot

XXVII

Apace he shot, and yet he fled a
Still as the greedy knight nigh t
And oftentimes he would relent
That him his foe more fiercely s sew:
But when his uncouth manner he
He gan avize to follow him no m
But keepe his standing, and his sh
Untill he quite had spent his perl
And then assayle him fresh, ere h for more.

XXVIII

But that lame Hag, still as abro
His wicked arrowes, gathered ther
And to him brought, fresh batteill
Which he espying cast her to rest
From yielding succour to that cur
And her attaching thought her ha
But soone as him dismounted on t
That other Hag did far away espy
Binding her sister, she to him ran

XXIX

And catching hold of him, as dow
Him backeward overthrew, and stayd
With their rude handes and grye ment;
Till that the villein, comming to t
Upon him fell, and lode upon him
Full litle wanted but he had him s
And of the battell balefull end had
Had not his gentle Squire beheld h
And commen to his reskew, ere bane.

XXX

:st and most glorious thing on
nd
need the helpe of weaker hand;
i mans state, and life unsound,
uraunce it may never stand,
olved be from earthly band.
heu. Prince, the prowest man alyve,
:t borne of all in Britayne land;
erce Fortune did so nearely drive,
nost grace thee blest, thou shouldest
survive.

XXXI

:re arriving fiercely in his armes
nt the one, and then the other Jade,
st letts and authors of his harmes,
i perforce withheld with threatned
de.
his Lord they should behinde invade:
s the Prince, prickt with reprochful
me.
rakte out of long slombring shade,
th ught of glory and of fame.
l His powres to purge him selfe from
me.

XXXII

i fire, the which in hollow cave
: bene underkept and down suppresst,
murous disdayne doth inly rave,
ge in so streight prison to be prest,
eakes forth with furious unrest,
es to mount unto his native seat;
hat earst it hinder and molest, [heat,
devoures with flames and scorching
es into smoake with rage and horror
:at.

XXXIII

tely the Briton Prince him rouzo
s bolde, and broke his caytive bands;
Beare, whom angry curres have touzd,
ff-shakt them and escapt their hands,
more fell, and all that him withstand
wn and overthrowes. Now had the
irle
from his Tigre, and his hands
ed of his bow and deadly quar'le,
upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

XXXIV

now him turnd to disavantage deare;
ner can he fly, nor other harme,
t unto his strength and manhood
eare,
he is far from his monstrous swarme,
is weapons did himselfe disarme.
ht, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
advaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell and fild
his place.

XXXV

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When suddein up the villeine overthrowne
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one
end,
And had not bene removed many a day;
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of
sundry way:

XXXVI

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding
sway
Threw at his foe, whe was right well aware
To shonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare:
Eft fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth her selfe pre-
payre.

XXXVII

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade
He to the Carle him selfe agayn addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest.
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart blood should gush out of his
chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathe-
more.

XXXVIII

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wownd so wide and wonderous
That through his carcas one might playnly
see.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him
quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe to
fight.

XXXIX

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall;
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all:

He doubted least it were some magicall
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,
Or aery spirite under false pretence,
Or hellish feend rayse up through divelish science.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

XLI

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield that nought him now avayld;
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

XLII

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,
And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,
And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest.
Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse grownd;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
And gave against his mother earth a grone-full sownd.

XLIII

As when Joves harnesse-bearing Bird from hye
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,
That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,
A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remayne;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

XLIV

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amaz knight,
And thought his labor lost, and travell vay
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne
That, whiles he marveild still, did still h payne;
Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-liv swayne,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th' earth, and from her womb new spi to reprize.

XLV

He then remembred well, that had bene sa
How th' Earth his mother was, and first l bore,
She eke, so often as his life decayd,
Did life with usury to him restore,
And reysd him up much stronger then befo
So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:
Therefore to grownd he would him cast more,
Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succo usuall.

XLVI

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissa hands,
And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull band
Upon his shoulders carried him perforse
Above three furlongs, taking his full course
Until he came unto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake:
So end of that Carles dayes and his ow paynes did make.

XLVII

Which when those wicked Hags from far d spye,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the land
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelli crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and ban
And having quencht her burning fier-brand
Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake:
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Malegers cursed darts did take,
So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked e did make.

XLVIII

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines:
Tho, cumming to his Squyre that kept his stee

to have mounted; but his feeble
ees
thereto, and served not his need,
owe of blood which from his wounds
bleed,
egan to faint, and life decay:
ood Squyre, him helping up with
ed,
fast hand upon his horse did stay,
im to the Castle by the beaten
y.

XLIX

Where many Groomes and Squyres ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly;
And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there
With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity.
Eftesoones shee causd him up to be convayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;
And al the while his wounds were dressing by
him stayd.

CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmers governaunce,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of blis,
And Acrasy defeat.

I

nes that goodly frame of Temper-
nce
: rise, and her adorned hed
: of highest prayse forth to advaunce,
grounded and fast setteled
foundation of true bountyhed:
brave knight, that for this vertue
hten,
es to point of that same perilous sted.
'leasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
thousand dangers, and ten thousand
lagick mights.

II

ves now in that sea he sayled has,
land beheld, ne living wight,
t save perill still as he did pas:
en appeared the third Morrow bright
e waves to spred her trembling light,
ms roring far away they heard,
their sences filled with affright;
right they saw the raging surges reard
he skyes, that them of drowning made
feard.

III

ben the Boteman, 'Palmer, stere aright,
epe an even course; for yonder way
des must pas (God doe us well acquight!)
the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
epe engorgeth all this worldes pray;
having swallowd up excessively,
e in vomit up againe doth lay,
heth forth his superfluity,
ll the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

IV

'On thother syde an hideous Rocke is pight
Of mightie Magnes stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For, whiles they fly that Gulfes devouring jawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helples
wawes.'

V

Forward they passe, and strongly he them
rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arryve,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissaunce doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve
In th' huge abysse of his engulfing grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great
terrour rave.

VI

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe
Through which the damned ghosts doen often
creepe
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe
Ne that approcheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be
drent.

VII

On thother side they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke;
And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,
Yet stuck with carkases exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

VIII

Forthy this hight The Rocke of vile Reproch,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and bace,
And Cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat waiting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

IX

The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus saide; 'Behold th' ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast.
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plightes?
Let all that live hereby be counselled
To shunne Rocke of Reproch, and it as death
to dred!'

X

So forth they rowed; and that Ferryman
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many Islandes spy
On every side floting the floodes emong:
Then said the knight; 'Lo! I the land descry:
Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto apply.'

XI

'That may not bee,' said then the Ferryman,
'Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But straggling plots which to and fro doe ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands. Therefore doe them shonne;
For they have ofte drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

XII

'Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doe vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd diapre
With grassy greene of delectable hew;
And the tall trees with leaves appareled
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and re
That mote the passengers thereto allure:
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsu

XIII

'As th' Isle of Delos whylome, men report,
Amid th' Aegean sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
Till that Latona traveiling that way,
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and da
Thenceforth it firmely was established,
And for Apolloes temple highly herried.'

XIV

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does l
That one of those same Islands, which
fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen b
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to
eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen ther
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare

XV

She, them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith lowdly laught: But nathem
Would they once turne, but kept on as afor
Which when she saw, she left her lockes
dight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her pow
and might.

XVI

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly;
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodest
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully

t him that did her justly wite,
her bote about, and from them
ed quite.

XVII

the wanton Phædria, which late
him over the Idle lake:
ught regarding they kept on their
e,
vaine allurements did forsake;
m the wary Boteman thus bespake:
behoveth us well to avyse,
safety good heede to take;
fore a perlous passage lyes,
ny Mermayds haunt making false
odies:

XVIII

the way there is a great Quicksand,
rlepoole of hidden jeopardy;
Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand,
them both the narrow way doth ly.'
l he saide, when hard at hand they

ksand nigh with water covered;
e checked wave they did descry
and by the sea discoloured:
ras the quickesand of Unthriftyhed.

XIX

ssing by, a goodly Ship did see
m far with precious merchandize,
ely furnished as ship might bee,
rough great disaventure, or mesprize,
had ronne into that hazardize;
ariners and merchants with much
le
in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
ch wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
er toyle nor traveill might her backe
oyle.

XX

ther side they see that perilous Poole,
d was the Whirlepoole of decay;
full many had with haplesse doole
cke, of whom no memorie did stay:
cled waters rapt with whirling sway,
restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
, as they passed by that way,
heir bote within the utmost bound
le Labyrinth, and then to have them
und.

XXI

heedful Boteman strongly forth did
etch
ie armes, and all his bodie straine,
utmost sandy breach they shortly
ch,
dredd daunger does behind remaine.

Suddeine they see from midst of all the Maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise.
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

XXII

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare;
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afrayd,
Unweeting what such horrour straunge did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence dismayd:

XXIII

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed Hydres; and sea-shouldring Whales;
Great whirlpooles which all fishes make to flee;
Bright Scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales;
Mighty Monoceroses with immeasured tayles.

XXIV

The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew:
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge Ziffius, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes, (as travellers informe)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

XXV

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold.
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

XXVI

'Feare nought,' then saide the Palmer well aviz'd,
'For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
And draw from on this journey to proceed.'
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye.
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

XXVII

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept;
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

XXVIII

Which Guyon hearing streight his Palmer bad
To stere the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad;
Who, him avizing better, to him sayd:
'Faire Sir, be not displeasd if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
For she is inly nothing ill apayd;
But onely womanish fine forgery, [mity.
Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infir-

XXIX

'To which when she your courage hath inclind
Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt.'
The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

XXX

And now they nigh approched to the sted
Whereas those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:

There those five sisters had continuall trade
And usd to bath themselves in that deceipt full shade.

XXXI

They were faire Ladies, till they fouly striv'd
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
Of whom they, over-comen, were deprivd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
Transformd to fish for their bold surquedry;
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they abusd to ill, [did kill
T' allure weake traveillers, whom gotten they

XXXII

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus a
'O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery, [plyd
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O! turne thy rudder hitherward awhile
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wea some turmoyle.'

XXXIII

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered;
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
A solemne Meane unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whisteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,
Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,
That he the boteman bad row easily. [lad
And let him heare some part of their rare m

XXXIV

But him the Palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they leveled;
When suddeinly a grosse fog over-spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was
And this great Universe seemd one confusmas.

XXXV

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tombling into mischiefe unespide:
Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight [cride
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering

[redacted]

ith their wicked wings them ofte did
might,
e annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

XXXVI

all the nation of unfortunate
all birds about them flocked were,
by nature men abhorre and hate;
faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere;
rs Night-raven, trump of dolefull drere;
her-winged Batt, dayes enimy;
full Strich, still waiting on the bere;
istler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy;
lish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

XXXVII

ose, and all that els does horror breed,
them flew, and fild their sayles with
feare:
yd they not, but forward did proceed,
th' one did row, and th' other stifly
steare:
t at last the weather gan to cleare,
e faire land it selfe did playnly sheow.
en the Palmer; 'Lo! where does appeare
red soile where all our perills grow.
e, Sir knight, your ready arms about
you throw.'

XXXVIII

arkned, and his armes about him tooke,
les the nimble bote so well her sped,
ith her crooked keele the land she
rth the noble Guyon sallied, [strooke:
sage Palmer that him governed;
other by his bote behind did stay,
arched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
rmely armd for every hard assay,
onstancy and care, gainst daunger and
dismay.

XXXIX

ng they heard an hideous bellowing
y beasts, that roard outrageously,
hat hungers poynt or Venus sting
em enraged with fell surquedry:
ught they feard, but past on hardily,
they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
attonce, gaping full greedily,
aring fercely their upstaring crests,
ewards to devoure those unexpected
guests.

XL

one as they approcht with deadly threat,
lmer over them his staffe upheld, [feat.
ghty staffe, that could all charmes de-
nes their stubborne corages were queld,
And high advaunced crests downe meekely
feld;
Instead of fraying, they them selves did feare,
And trembled as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it
beare.

XLI

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury, [invade
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade:
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furyes when they most doe rage.
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer
sage.

XLII

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
As well their entred guestes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
Nought feard theyr force that fortilage to win,
But wisedomes powre, and temperaunces
might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce
light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

XLIV

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medaea was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the
flowr of Greece.

XLV

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,

That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermeil, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkeled,
Yt seemd thenchaunted flame which did Creüsa wed.

XLVI

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all [sate
Which thither came; but in the Porch there
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That travellers to him seemd to entize:
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

XLVII

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ill bids us beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

XLVIII

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall [us see:
Through guilefull semblants which he makes
He of this Gardin had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for mere formalitee.

XLIX

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed rownd about; and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrifide,
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide:
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
But he his ydle curtesie defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
And broke his staffe with which he charmed semblants sly.

L

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and spacious plaine, on evey side
Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grass growndd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

LI

Therewith the Heavens alwayes joviall
Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell,
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell:

LII

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the Nimphe that bore
A gyaunt babe herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repayre,
When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

LIII

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will and maystering his might
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight [late
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathing intricate:

LIV

So fashioned a Porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did them selves into their hands incline
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacine,
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

LV

amongst some were of burnisht
art to beautify the rest,
themselves emongst the leaves en-
from the vew of covetous guest,
reake boughes, with so rich load
est
owne as overburdened.
Porch a comely dame did rest
re weedes but fowle disordered,
nts loose that seemd unmeet for
anhed.

LVI

hand a Cup of gold she held,
er right the riper fruit did reach,
y liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
she scruzd with daintie breach
fingers, without fowle empeach,
e winepresse made the wine more
t:
used to give to drinke to each,
ing by she happened to meet:
guise all Straungers goodly so to
t.

LVII

Guyon offred it to tast,
g it out of her tender hond,
ground did violently cast.
peeces it was broken fond,
the liquor stained all the lond:
Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
he same amend, ne yet withstond,
d him to passe, all were she loth;
ht regarding her displeasure forward
h.

LVIII

most daintie Paradise on ground
th offer to his sober eye,
all pleasures plenteously abownd,
does others happinesse envye;
el flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
for shade, the hilles for breathing
re,
ling groves, the christall running by,
which all faire workes doth most
race, [place.
hich all that wrought appeared in no

LIX

ld have thought, (so cunningly the
le
ed partes were mingled with the fine)
re had for wantonesse en-ude
that Art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

LX

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see:
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

LXI

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight who did not well avis'd it vew
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep.

LXII

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

LXIII

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

LXIV

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,

And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

LXV

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare;
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

LXVI

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise;
But thother rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights she unto him bewrayd:
The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made.

LXVII

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing low and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd.
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare.

LXIX

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counseld well him forward thence d draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of bli
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,
When thus the Palmer: 'Now, Sir, well avi
For here the end of all our traveill is:
Here wounes Acrasia, whom we must surpri
Els she will slip away, and all our drift des

LXX

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sou
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hea
To read what manner musicke that mote be
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, wate all agree:

LXXI

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull sha
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to a

LXXII

There, whence that Musick seemed heard bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing
With a new Lover, whom, through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thith bring:
There she had him now laid aslombering
In secret shade after long wanton joyes;
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did si
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentio toyes.

LXXIII

And all that while right over him she hon
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe, with kisses light
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke h spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case sh rewd.

LXXIV

me one did chaunt this lovely

› fayre thing doest faine to see,
ɪwre the image of thy day.
irgin Rose, how sweetly shee
e foorth with bashfull modestee,
mes the lesse ye see her may.
after how more bold and free
me she doth broad display;
after how she fades and falls

LXXV

the passing of a day,
the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
florish after first decay, [bowre
s sought to deck both bed and
y', and many a Paramowre.
re the Rose whilest yet is prime,
ies age that will her pride de-

se of love whilest yet is time,
; thou mayst loved be with equall

LXXVI

id then gan all the quire of birdes
notes t'attune unto his lay,
unce of his pleasing wordes.
payre heard all that he did say,
ot, but kept their forward way
covert groves and thickets close.
creeping did at last display
Lady with her lover lose, [pose.
head she in her lap did soft dis-

LXXVII

of Roses she was layd, [sin:
ugh heat, or dight to pleasant
d, or rather disarayd.
of silke and silver thin,
hit her alablaster skin, [bee:
ewd more white, if more might
web Arachne cannot spin;
ets, which oft we woven see
dcaw, do not in th' ayre more
flee.

LXXVIII

rest was bare to ready spoyle
s, which n'ote therewith be fild;
ugh languour of her late sweet
[tild,
ore cleare then Nectar, forth dis-
e Orient perles adowne it trild;
eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
ieir fierie beames, with which she

Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does
seeme more bright.

LXXIX

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blos-
soms beare.

LXXX

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee, [see:
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

LXXXI

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull
game, [threw
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame:
So held them under fast: the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares oppprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence
out to wrest.

LXXXII

And eke her lover strove, but all in vaine;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly
bound [found:
In captive bandes, which there they readie
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde:
For nothing else might keepe her safe and
sound:
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in stead thereof to him ap-
plyde.

LXXXIII

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and Pallace
brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pitilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,

But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse.
Their groves he feld; their gardins did deface;
Their arbers spoyle; their Cabinets suppresse;
Their banket houses burne; their buildings race;
And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

LXXXIV

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad.
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with furie mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which there did ly?

LXXXV

Sayd he; 'These seeming beasts are men indeed, [thus;
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed
Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous.'
'Sad end,' (quoth he) 'of life intemperate,
And mourneful meed of joyes delicio
But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggr
Let them returned be unto their forn

LXXXVI

Streight way he with his vertuous s
strooke,
And streight of beastes they comely
Yet being men they did unmanly look
And stared ghastly; some for inwar
And some for wrath to see their capti
But one above the rest in speciall
That had an hog beene late, hight
Repyned greatly, and did him misc
That had from hoggish forme him b
naturall.

LXXXVII

Saide Guyon; 'See the mind of bea
That hath so soone forgot the excell
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile diff
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence
To whom the Palmer thus: 'The
Delightes in filth and fowle incontin
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggi
But let us hence depart whilest weil
and winde.'

THE THIRDE BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I

here to write of Chastity,
vertue, far above the rest:
what needes me fetch from Faery
samples it to have expreſt?
rined in my Soveraines breſt,
so lively in each perfect part,
Ladies, which have it profest,
ehold the pourtraict of her hart;
d it might bee by any living art.

II

art may not least part expresse,
embling pencill it can paynt:
Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
hand would faile and greatly faynt,
rfections with his error t ynt:
ritt, that passeth Painter farre
g the parts of beauty daynt,
rorkemanship adventure darre,
hrough want of words, her excel-
e to marre.

III

shall I, Apprentice to the skill
me in divinest wits did rayne,
high to stretch mine humble quill?
y luckelesse lott doth me constrayne
Hereto perforce. But, O dredd Soverayne!
Thus far-forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd shewes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

IV

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thy selfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with Nectar sprinck-
In which a gracious servaunt pictured [eled,
His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My sences lulled are in slomber of delight.

V

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse [mend,
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphœbe fashioned to bee; [chastitee.
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:
Fayre Florimell is chaced:
Duessaes traines and Malecas-
taes champions are defeated.

I

us Briton Prince and Faery knight,
wayes and perilous paines endur'd,
eir weary limbes to perfect plight
and *sory wounds right well re-*
ſt

Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger sojourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together
yode.

II

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of traveill long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convay;
That her for witnes of his hard assay
Unto his Faery Queene he might present:
But he him selfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment, [went.
And seek adventures as he with Prince Arthure

III

Long so they traveiled through wastefull wayes, [wonne,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did
To hunt for glory and renowmed prayse.
Full many Countreyes they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve, [grieve.
And to recover right for such as wrong did

IV

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre;
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield three-square,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield.
He them espying gan him selfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

V

Which seeing, good Sir Guyon deare besought
The Prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

VI

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell, [have riv'd;
That seemd both shield and plate it would
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell;
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did spare.

VII

Great shame and sorrow of that
For never yet, sith warlike arme
And shivering speare in bloody fie
He fownd him selfe dishonored
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever
Let not thee grieve dismounted
And brought to grownd that nev
For not thy fault, but secret po
That speare enchaunted was wh
on the greene.

VIII

But weenedst thou what wig
threw,
Much greater griefe and shamef
For thy hard fortune then
renew,
That of a single damzell thou w
On equall plaine, and there so h
Even the famous Britomart it w
Whom straunge adventure did
sett
To seeke her lover (love far soug
Whose image shee had seene in
glas.

IX

Full of disdainefull wrath he fi
For to revenge that fowle reproc
And snatching his bright sw
close
With her on foot, and stoutly fo
Dye rather would he then endur
Which when his Palmer saw, he
His toward perill, and untoward
Which by that new rencounter he
For death sate on the point of th
speare:

X

And hasting towards him ga
swade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor
His speares default to mend with
For by his mightie Science he ha
The secrete vertue of that weapo
That mortall puissaunce mote n
Nothing on earth mote alwaies h
Great hazard were it, and adven
To loose long gotten honour
hond.

XI

By such good meanes he him di
From prosecuting his revenging
And eke the Prince like treaty h
His wrathfull will with reason t
And laid the blame, not to his ca
But to his starting steed that sw
And to the ill purveyaunce of hi

urnitures not firmely tyde.
corage fayrly pacifyde.

XII

ement was betweene them knitt,
ly temperaunce and affection

wd with all their power and witt
ers honour be defaste
e, who ever it embaste;
beare against the others syde:
rd the Prince was also plaste,
t golden chaine of concord tyde.
agreed they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII

sage of those antique tymes,
: sword was servaunt unto right;
r malice and contentious crymes,
rayse, and proofe of manly might,
l brood accustomed to fight:
r was the meed of victory,
vanquished had no despight.
e that noble use envy,
to avoid and cruel surquedry.

XIV

thus traveiled in friendly wise,
ountreyes waste, and eke well
de,
rentures hard, to exercise
aunce, whylome full dernly tryde.
hey came into a forest wyde,
ous horror and sad trembling sownd,
y seemd: Therein they long did

f living creature none they fownd,
es, Lyons, and Buls, which romed
a arownd.

XV

nly out of the thickest brush,
lkwhite Palfrey all alone,
ady did foreby them rush,
e did seeme as cleare as Christall
e,
rough feare, as white as whales bone:
nts all were wrought of beaten gold,
steed with tinsell trappings shone,
so fast that nothing mote him hold,
them leasure gave her passing to
ld.

XVI

e fledd her eye she backward threw,
evill that poursewd her fast;
ire yellow locks behind her flew,
rest with puff of every blast:

All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,
That it importunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

XVII

So as they gazed after her a whyle,
Lo! where a griesly foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyreling Jade he fiersly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush.
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare he shooke.

XVIII

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealosy
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and Guyon equally bylive
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive:
But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

XIX

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Love, did stay behynd,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place;
But when she saw them gone she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perlous Pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment:
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

XX

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spatious playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
Fiers battaill against one with cruell might and mayne.

XXI

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd, [maid,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dis-
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through many a wownd,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay.

XXII

Like dastard Curres that, having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same six forbeare that single enimy.

XXIII

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse.
But gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encreasse;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace.
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV

Whereto that single knight did answere frame:
'These six would me enforce by oddes of might
To chaunge my liefe, and love another Dame;
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell hight;
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd.'

XXV

'Certes,' (said she) 'then beene ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justify;
For knight to leave his Lady were great shame
That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may love be compeld by maistery;
For soone as maistery comes sweet Lov
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone
gone.'

XXVI

Then spake one of those six: 'There
Within this castle wall a Lady fayre,
Whose soveraine beautie hath no livi
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayr
That never any mote with her compay
She hath ordaind this law, which we
That every knight which doth this way
In case he have no Lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to re

XXVII

'But if he have a Lady or a Love,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle d
Or els with us by dint of sword approv
That she is fairer then our fairest Dan
As did this knight, before ye hither c
'Perdy,' (said Britomart) 'the choise
But what reward had he that overcan
'He should advaunced bee to high re
(Said they) 'and have our Ladies lov
reward.

XXVIII

'Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a
'Love hath I sure,' (quoth she) 'but La
Yet will I not fro mine own love rem
Ne to your Lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought
knight alone,
And prove his cause.' With that, her
speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smot ere well aware h
Then to the next she rode, and downe
did beare.

XXIX

Ne did she stay till three on ground
That none of them himselfe could rear
The fourth was by that other knight
All were he wearie of his former pain
That now there do but two of six rem
Which two did yield before she did them
'Ah!' (said she then) 'now may y
plaine,
That truth is strong, and trew love
That for his trusty servaunts doth so
fight.'

XXX

'Too well we see,' (saide they) 'and p
well
Our faulty weakenes, and your m
Forthy, faire Sir, yours be the Damoz
Which by her owne law to your lot

our liegemen faith unto you plight.'
eath her feet their swords they mard,
r. her besought, well as they might,
n and reape the dew reward.
ated; and then in they all together
'd.

XXXI

re it to describe the goodly frame,
ly port of Castle Joyeous,
hat Castle hight by commun name)
ey were entertaynd with courteous
ely glee of many gratious
lies, and of many a gentle knight,
ough a Chamber long and spacious,
them brought unto their Ladies
ht.
hem cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

XXXII

to tell the sumptuous aray
great chamber should be labour lost;
g wit, I weene, cannot display
ll riches and exceeding cost
pallour and of every post,
l of purest bullion framed were, [bost;
great perles and pretious stones em-
bright glister of their beames cleare
ckle forth great light, and glorious did
peare.

XXXIII

stranger knights, through passing,
rth were led
nner rowme, whose royaltee
purveyance might uneath be red:
nces place be seeme so deckt to bee.
tately manner whenas they did see,
ge of superfluous riotize,
ng much the state of meane degree,
atly wondred whence so sumptuous
uize [devize.
e maintaynd, and each gan diversely

XXXIV

ls were round about appareiled
tly clothes of Arras and of Toure;
with cunning hand was pourtrahed
of Venus and her Paramoure,
Adonis, turned to a flowre;
of rare device and wondrous wit.
it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
er essayd with many a fervent fit,
st her tender hart was with his beautie
nit.

XXXV

ith what sleights and sweet allure-
ents she
he Boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her Paramoure to bee,
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade [vew,
From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens
Where him to sleepe she gently would per-
swade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert
glade:

XXXVI

And whilst he slept she over him would spred
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whilst he bath'd with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim;
And ever with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle
him.

XXXVII

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And joyd his love in secret unespyde:
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish
pryde
Mote breede him scath unwares: but all in
vaine; [doth ordaine?
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny

XXXVIII

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore;
And by his side the Goddesse groveling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull
hew:
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought as if it lively
grew.

XXXIX

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize:
And rownd about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might;
And all was full of Damzels and of Squyres,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull
fyres.

XL

And all the while sweet Musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed.
She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII

Long worke it were, and needlesse, to devize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee.
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The Redcrosse Knight was soon disarmed there;
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII

As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped, [light,
Where she may finde the substance thin and
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
Discovers to the world discomfited:
Of the poore traveiler that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried.
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

XLIV

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did them selves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them trayned in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament:
Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,
And her knights service ought, to hold of h
in fee.

XLV

The first of them by name Gardantè highi
A jolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlantè, a bold knight;
And next to him Jocantè did ensew;
Bascantè did him selfe most courteous shew
But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and kee
And yett in armes Noctantè greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseen
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowe
beene.

XLVI

For shee was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stird up affections base,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe that would in error fal
As hee that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharp thornes and breres the w
forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lo

XLVII

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wigh
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy ve
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire which fall in sclender fl
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion enty

XLVIII

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence;
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistru
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loath
sight.

XLIX

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your min
Let not her fault your sweete affections mar
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind, [fir
'Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame
Emongst the Roses grow some wicked wee
For this was not to love, but lust, inclind;

does alwaies bring forth bounteous
ds,
ch gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

L

so of love this looser Dame did skill,
ole to kindle fleshly flame,
e bridle to her wanton will,
ling under foote her honest name:
: is hate, and such desire is shame.
he rove at her with crafty glaunce
se eies, that at her hart did ayme,
her meaning in her countenaunce;
mart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

LI

ras shortly dight, and downe they satt;
y were served with all sumptuous fare,
nitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt
: their plenty without spight or spare.
anted there that dainty was and rare,
he cups their bancks did overflow;
etweene the cups she did prepare
er love, and secret darts did throw;
mart would not such guilfull message
w.

LII

they slaked had the fervent heat
e with meates of every sort,
did faire Britomart entreat
arme, and with delightfull sport
ier warlike limbs and strong effort:
shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
her sexe under that straunge purport
hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne)
r wise to tell her grievaunce she
unne.

LIII

ittonce discovered her desire [griefe,
es, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous
rd sparkes of her inburning fire;
ent in vaine, at last she told her
efe,
if she did lend her short reliefe
ier comfort, she mote algates dye:
aste damzell, that had never priefe
alengine and fine forgerye.
beleeve her strong extremitye.

LIV

was for her to have beliefe,
elf-feeling of her feeble sexe,
ng triall of the inward griefe
h imperious love her hart did vexe,
lge what paines doe loving harts
plexe.
nes *no guile be guiled soonest shall,*
semblaunce doth light faith annexe:
The bird that knowes not the false fowlers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

LV

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request,
But with faire countenaunce, as beseemed best,
Her entertaynd: nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest,
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steemd.

LVI

Therewith a while she her flit fancy feld,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away;
And every knight, and every gentle Squire,
Gan choose his Dame with *Bascimano* gay,
With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII

Some fell to daunce, some fel to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make merryment,
As diverse witts to diverse things apply;
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
Eftesoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guyden every guest.
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft fethered nest,
Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile, [quite assoile.
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did

LIX

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe;
Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And, under the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlott mantle covered [lowed.
That was with gold and Ermines faire enve-

LX

Then panting softe, and trembling every jóynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
And, to her bed approching, first she proov'd
Whether she slept or wakte: with her softe hand
She softely felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her wary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond.

LXI

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake, [take.
And chaunged her weary side the better ease to

LXII

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dedd
Through suddein feare and ghastly drerihedd,
Did shrieke alowd, that through the hous it rong,
And the whole family, therewith adredd,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

LXIII

And those sixe knights, that ladies Champions
And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd:
On thother side they saw the warlike Mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blaed;
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

LXIV

About their Ladye first they flockt aro
Whom having laid in comfortable couch
Shortly they reard out of her frosen swo
And afterwardes they gan with fowle re
To stirre up strife, and troublous co
broch:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her appro
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves emb
Her succourd eke the Champion of the
Crosse.

LXV

But one of those sixe knights, Gardantè
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene
Which forth he sent, with felonous desp
And fell intent, against the virgin sheer
The mortall steele stayd not till it was
To gore her side; yet was the wound not
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did
Which did her lilly smock with staines
meil steep.

LXVI

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at the
And with her flaming sword about her
That none of them foule mischiefe could e
But with her dreadfull strokes were a
mayd:
Here, there, and every where, about her
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it
And eke the Redcrosse knight gave he
ayd,
Ay joyning foot to foot, and syde to syd
That in short space their foes they have
terrifyde.

LXVII

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body di
For nothing would she lenger there be s
Where so loose life, and so ungentle tra
Was usd of knightes and Ladies seeming
So earely, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon
journey went.

CANTO II.

**The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall:
The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
In love with him did fall.**

I

ıave I cause in men just blame to find,
their proper praise too partiall bee,
indifferent to woman kind,
a no share in armes and chevalree
e impart, ne maken memoree
brave gestes and prowesse martiall:
lo they spare to one, or two, or three,
in their writtes; yet the same writing
mall [glories all.
their deedes deface, and dims their

II

record of antique times I finde
men wont in warres to beare most sway,
all great exploites them selves inclind,
h they still the girlond bore away;
ious Men, fearing their rules decay,
ne streight lawes to curb their liberty:
they warlike armes have laide away,
ve exceld in artes and pollicy,
w we foolish men that prayse gin eke
envy.

III

like puissaunce in ages spent.
faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte:
ll wisedom bee thou precedent,
raine Queene! whose prayse I would
ndyte,
I would as dewtie doth exeyte;
! my rymes too rude and rugged arre,
n so high an object they do lyte,
riving fit to make, I feare, doe marre:
lfe thy prayses tell, and make them
nowen farre.

IV

raveiling with Guyon, by the way
fry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
g their journey long, and lingring day;
t which it fell into that Fairies mind
e this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
ıt her into those partes, and what inquest
ıer dissemble her disguised kind?
ady she him seemd, like Lady drest.
*rest knight alive, when armed was her
rest.*

V

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answere make:
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake.
And every daintie limbe with horrour shake;
And ever and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning through bright heven fulmined:
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

VI

'Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap:
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap.
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

VII

'All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of richesse or reward:
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The greater Brytayne, here to seek for praise and fame.

VIII

'Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,
And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.'

IX

The worde gone out she backe againe would
As her repenting so to have missayd, [call,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered: 'Faire martiall Mayd,
Certes ye misavised beene t' upbrayd
A gentle knight with so unknightly blame;
For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X

'Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:
The noble corage never weeneth ought
That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.'

XI

The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her Love so highly magnifyde;
And joyd that ever she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
How ever finely she it faind to hyde.
The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare
In the deare closett of her painefull syde
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much rejoyce as she rejoyced theare.

XII

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde: 'How ever, Sir, ye fyle
Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII

'Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,
And read where I that faytour false may find.'
'Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind'
(Said he) 'perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardie thing it is, to weene by might
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowesse paragone saw never living wight

XIV

'Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
Where now on earth, or how, he may be fownd
For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,
Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,
Defending Ladies cause and Orphans right,
Whereso he heares that any doth confownd
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might
So is his soveraine honour raisde to heven hight.'

XV

His feeling wordes her feeble sence mac
And softly sunck into her molten hart: [pleasd
Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may allegge his smart;
For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay
Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay
So dischord ofte in Musick makes the sweete lay:—

XVI

And sayd; 'Sir knight, these ydle terms forbeare;
And, sith it is uneath to finde his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may a
If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt: [peas
For perly one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shape, what shield, what armes, wh steed, what stedd,
And what so else his person most may vaunt
All which the Redcrosse knight to point ared
And him in everie part before her fashioned.

XVII

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
However list her now her knowledge fayne,
Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste
That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayn
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote wast
And yield the pray of love to lothsome dea at last.

XVIII

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
And much more straungely gan to love h sight,
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.
In Debeubarth, that now South-wales is high
What time king Ryence raign'd and deal right,
The great Magitien Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might

g glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
rtues through the wyde worlde soone
re solemniz'd.

XIX

e had to shew in perfect sight
r thing was in the world contaynd,
the lowest earth and hevens hight,
t to the looker appertaynd:
r foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
liscovered was, ne ought mote pas,
t in secret from the same remaynd;
t round and hollow shaped was,
the world itselfe, and seemd a world
glas.

XX

onders not, that reades so wonderous
orke?
does wonder, that has red the Towre
th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
l mens vew, that none might her dis-
oure,
might all men vew out of her bowre?
tolomæe it for his lemans sake
all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
o it impregnable did make; [brake.
n his love was false he with a peaze it

XXI

as the glassy globe that Merlin made,
e unto king Ryence for his gard,
ver foes his kingdome might invade,
it knew at home before he hard
thereof, and so them still debar'd.
famous Present for a Prince,
rthy worke of infinite reward,
asons could bewray, and foes convince:
this Realme, had it remayned ever
ince!

XXII

y it fortuned fayre Britomart
fathers closet to repayre;
hing he from her reserv'd apart,
s onely daughter and his hayre;
when she had espyde that mirrhour
ayre,
e awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
r avizing of the vertues rare
thereof spoken were, she gan againe
bethinke of that mote to her selfe per-
aine.

XXIII

it falleth, in the gentlest harts
us Love hath highest set his throne,
annizeth in the bitter smarts
that *to him buxome are and prone*:
So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot:
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott;
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

XXIV

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle, lifted up on hye,
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And frends to ternes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt foorth, as Phœbus face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize:
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his Heroicke grace and honorable gest.

XXV

His crest was covered with a couchant Hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphres old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win:
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little Ermelin,
That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

XXVI

The Damzell well did vew his Personage
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot.
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound;
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wo-full stound.

XXVII

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe;
And her prowd portaunce and her princely gest,
With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why.
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
And reft from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;

But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and ofter steepe [she did weepe.
Her dainty couch with teares which closely

XXIX

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
Streight-way with dreames, and with fantastick sight
Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight;
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart, [hart.
And thinke of that fayre visage written in her

XXX

One night, when she was tost with such unrest, [hight,
Her aged Nourse, whose name was Glaucè
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe her in her warme bed dight;
'Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,
What uncouth fit,' (sayd she) 'what evill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead?

XXXI

'For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repose; [peares
And all the day, when as thine equall
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose;
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose
Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII

'The time that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And every river eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:
Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest, [ryfe,
Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and anguish
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

XXXIII

'Ay me! how much I feare least love it be!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knowen signes and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy griefe
And win thy will; Therefore away doe dread
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre: tell me therefore, my liefest liefe!'

XXXIV

So having sayd, her twixt her armes twaine
Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly;
And every trembling joynt and every vaine
Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frosen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And ever her importund not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

XXXV

The Damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully
'Ah! Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my
Is not enough that I alone doe dye, [payne
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine
For nought for me but death there doth remaine
'O daughter deare!' (said she) 'despeire this whit;
For never sore but might a salve obtaine:
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit.

XXXVI

'But mine is not' (quoth she) 'like other wownd;
For which no reason can finde remedy.'
'Was never such, but mote the like be fownd'
(Said she) 'and though no reason may apply
Salve to your sore, yet love can higher stye
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.'
'But neither God of love nor God of skye
Can doe' (said she) 'that which cannot bere begonne
Things ofte impossible' (quoth she) 'seeme

XXXVII

'These idle wordes' (said she) 'doe nought aswage [breed
My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce
For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O Nourse! which on my life doth feed
And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed:
But since thy faithful zele lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.

ince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
ible brest of late, and launched this
wound wyde.

XXXVIII

man it is, nor other living wight,
en some hope I might unto me draw;
' only shade and semblant of a knight,
shape or person yet I never saw,
me subjected to loves cruell law:
me one day, as me misfortune led,
y fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
leased with that seeming goodly-hed,
es the hidden hooke with baite I swal-
lowed.

XXXIX

ens it hath infixed faster hold
n my bleeding bowells, and so sore
anckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
ll my entrailes flow with poisnous gore,
h' ulcer groweth daily more and more;
n my ronning sore finde remedee,
then my hard fortune to deplore,
anguish, as the leafe faln from the tree,
leath make one end of my daies 'and
miseree!'

XL

ughter,' (said she) 'what need ye be dis-
mayd?
y make ye such Monster of your minde?
ich more uncouth thing I was affrayd,
by lust, contrary unto kinde;
is affection nothing straunge I finde;
ho with reason can you aye reprove
ve the semblaunt pleasing most your
minde, [move?
yield your heart whence ye cannot re-
ilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

XLI

so th' Arabian Myrrhe did set her mynd.
o did Biblis spend her pining hart;
v'd their native flesh against al kynd,
o their purpose used wicked art:
layd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
lov'd a Bul, and learnd a beast to bee.
shamefull lustes who loaths not, which
depart
course of nature and of modestee?
e love such lewdnes bands from his faire
companee.

XLII

t thine, my Deare, (welfare thy heart, my
deare!)
gh straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
e that worthy may perhaps appeare;
vertue seemes bestowed not amis:
Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis!'
With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis, [quake,
Which all that while shee felt to pant and
As it an Earth-quake were: at last she thus
bespake.

XLIII

'Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment;
For they, how ever shamefull and unkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent;
Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were
their minde.

XLIV

'But wicked fortune mine, though minde be
good,
Can have no ende nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
And like a shadowe wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire,
I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,
Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguyld;
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld.'

XLV

'Nought like,' (quoth shee) 'for that same
wretched boy
Was of him selfe the ydle Paramoure,
Both love and lover, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre:
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow but a body hath in powre:
That body, wheresoever that it light, [might.
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke

XLVI

'But if thou may with reason yet represse
The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
And thee abandond wholy do possesse,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott
Til thou in open fielde adowne be smott:
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must bee thy lott,
Then, I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compas thy desire, and find that loved
knight.'

XLVII

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble
spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd

In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy ayd;
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprisd her sence: Shee, therewith well apayd,
The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

XLVIII

Earely, the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world revele,
They both uprose and tooke their ready way
Unto the Church, their praiers to appele
With great devotion, and with little zele:
For the faire Damzel from the holy herse
Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

XLIX

Retourned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fitt; for-why no powre
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell:
But th' aged Nourse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Savine, and the flowre
Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill;
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

L

Then, taking thrise three heares from off her head,
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the Pots mouth bou
thread;
And, after having whispered a space
Certein sad words with hollow voice an
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd sh
'Come daughter, come; come, spit up
face;
Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me s
Th' uneven nomber for this busines i
fitt.'

LI

That sayd, her rownd about she from he
She turned her contrary to the Sunne;
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and retu
All contrary; for she the right did shu
And ever what she did was streight un
So thought she to undoe her daughters
But love, that is in gentle brest begont
No ydle charmes so lightly may remov
That well can witnesse who by tryall
prove.

LII

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd ava
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,
But that shee still did waste, and s
That, through long languour and hart-b
brame,
She shortly like a pyned ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian
That when old Glaucè saw, for feare leas
Of her miscarriage should in her be fon
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it b
stond.

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall;
And shews the famous Progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

I

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Love! [move
Not that same, which doth base affections
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame,
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deedes and never *dying fame:*

II

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes hast so great
To order them as best to thee doth seen
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy might,
And stirredst up th' Heroës high intent
Which the late world admyres for wo
moniments.

[redacted]

III

redd dartes in none doe triumph
,
roofe in any of thy powre
ou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
: seeke an unknowne Paramoure,
rorlds end, through many a bitter
re: [rayse
e two loynes thou afterwardes did
is fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
ough the earth have spredd their
g prayse,
m tromp of gold eternally displayes.

IV

n, O my dearest sacred Dame!
f Phœbus and of Memorye,
ennoble with immortall name
e Worthies, from antiquitye,
at volume of Eternitye:
lio! and recount from hence
s Soveraines goodly auncestrye,
y dew degrees, and long protense,
it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

V

y wayes within her troubled mind
e cast to cure this Ladies griefe:
waies she sought, but none could find,
, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is
fe
st med'cine for sick harts reliefe:
at care she tooke, and greater feare,
it should her turne to fowle repriefe
eproch, when so her father deare
is dearest daughters hard misfortune
e.

VI

e her avisde, that he which made
our, wherein the sicke Damosell
ely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
he learned Merlin, well could tell
t coast of heaven the man did dwell,
hat means his love might best be
ught:
h beyond the Africk Ismael
ian Peru he were, she thought
through infinite endevour to have
ght.

VII

h them selves disguising both in
aunge
atyre, that none might them bewray,
unum, that is now by chaunge [way:
Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their
wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
is wonne, low underneath the ground,
delve, farre from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld with his sprights encompast round.

VIII

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To traveill, go to see that dreadful place.
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a Rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
For feare the cruell Feendes should thee unwares devowre:

IX

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare, [paines
Which thousand sprights with long enduring
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines;
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stownds, [straines,
When too huge toile and labour them con-
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes [rebowndes.
From under that deepe Rock most horribly

X

The cause, some say, is this: A litle whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these Sprights to bring to perfect end:
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send;
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
Them bownd till his retourne their labour not to slake.

XI

In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine
He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe:
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare;
For Merlin had in Magick more insight
Then ever him before, or after, living wight:

XII

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay;

The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksom night he eke could turne to day:
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could
When so him list his enimies to fray; [frame,
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake when any him to them
does name.

XIII

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathraval by right,
And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous.

XIV

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout,
For dread of daunger which it might portend;
Untill the hardy Mayd (with love to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there fownd
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
With which the stubborne feendes he to his
service bownd.

XV

He nought was moved at their entraunce
bold,
For of their comming well he wist afore;
Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glaucè thus: 'Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksom
dore
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause, us two did hither
send.'

XVI

He bad tell on; And then she thus began.
'Now have three Moones with borrowd bro-
thers light [wan,
Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote
bee,
Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:
But this I read, that, but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall
see.'

XVII

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly wi
That she to him dissembled womanish
And to her said: 'Beldame, by that ye
More neede of leach-crafte hath your Da
Then of my skill: who helpe may have
where,
In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick
Th' old woman wox half blanck those
to heare,
And yet was loth to let her purpose
appeare;

XVIII

And to him said: 'Yf any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes, could have redre
This my deare daughters deepe engrafted
Certes I should be loth thee to molest;
But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow brest,
That either seemes some cursed witches d
Or evill spright, that in her doth such torm
breed.'

XIX

The wisard could no lenger beare her bo
But, brusting forth in laughter, to her sa
'Glaucè, what needes this colourable wor
To cloke the cause that hath it selfe bewra
Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy ve
Whom thy good fortune, having fate ob
Hath hither brought for succour to appea
The which the powres to thee are pleased
revele.'

XX

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe
Was all abasht, and her pure yvory [cry
Into a cleare Carnation suddeine dyde;
As fayre Aurora, rysing hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did ly
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly:
But her olde Nourse was nought disharte
But vauntage made of that which Merlin
ared;

XXI

And sayd; 'Sith then thou knowest all
griefe,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of gr
pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet relief
With that the Prophet still awhile did st
And then his spirite thus gan foorth displ
'Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dism

beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
sharpe fits thy tender hart oppres-
h sore:

XXII

must all things excellent begin;
nrooted deepe must be that Tree,
g embodied braunches shall not lin
to hevens hight forth stretched bee:
thy wombe a famous Progenee
ng out of the auncient Trojan blood,
all revive the sleeping memoree
ame antique Peres, the hevens brood,
reeke and Asian rivers stayned with
ir blood.

XXIII

ned kings, and sacred Emperours,
ull Ofspring, shall from thee descend;
ptaines, and most mighty warriours,
l their conquests through all lands
tend,
decayed kingdomes shall amend:
s Britons, broken with long warre,
ll upreare, and mightily defend
their forren foe that commes from
re,
rsall peace compound all civill jarre.

XXIV

not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
; unwares in charmed looking glas,
treight course of hevenly destiny,
eternall providence, that has
hy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
ie prowest knight that ever was.
submit thy wayes unto his will,
oy all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.'

XXV

d,' (saide Glaucè) 'thou Magitian,
anes shall she out seeke, or what
ies take? [man?
l she know, how shall she finde the
needes her to toyle, sith fates can
ike
hemselves their purpose to pertake?'
rlin thus: 'Indeede the fates are
me, [shake;
not shrinck, though all the world do
: mens good endevours them confirme,
de the heavenly causes to their con-
unt terme.

XXVI

an, whom heavens have ordaynd to
se of Britomart, is Arthegall: [bee
eth in the land of Fayeree,
Fary borne, ne slib at all

To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay:

XXVII

'But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;
And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the day out of the sea doth
Untill the closure of the Evening: [spring,
From thence him, firmely bound with faith-
full band, [bring,
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt
Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand
The powre of forreine Paynims which invade
thy land.

XXVIII

'Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
Where also proofe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy lover's
pray. [sway,
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do
call,
And his last fate him from thee take away;
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mis-
chiefe fall.

XXIX

'With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent. He, from the head
Of his coosen Constantius, without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers
right, [stead:
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX

'Like as a Lyon that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he
shake; [brave
And comming forth shall spred his banner
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise
shall win; [make:
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce
And, if he then with victorie can him,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his
earthly in,

XXXI

'His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him suc-
In kingdome, but not in felicity: [ceede
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many batteills try;
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

XXXII

'Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly majestee,
That one of th' old Heroës seemes to bee!
He the six Islands, comprovinciall
In auncient times unto great Britainee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

XXXIII

'All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppresse;
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea, with many one
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

XXXIV

'He in his furie all shall overronne,
And holy Church with faithlesse handes deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace.
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;
For all thy Cities they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall
bren. [den.
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved

XXXV

'Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell
twise,
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill,
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
For Cadwan, pittying his peoples ill, [kill.
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons

XXXVI

'But after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrong
Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery [
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd an
From their long vassalage gin to resp
And on their Paynim foes avenge their

XXXVII

'Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigat
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortun
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne
Together with the king of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both joynt partakers of their fatall pa
But Penda, fearefull of like destiny,
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, an

XXXVIII

'Him shall he make his fatall Instrum
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who i
With heavenly powre, and by Angels
Al holding crosses in their hands on
Shall him defeate withouten blood im
Of which that field, for endlesse mem
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posteri

XXXIX

'Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth
And an huge hoste into Northumber
With which he godly Oswald shall su
And crowne with martiredome his sacr
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with li
With price of silver shall his kingdom
And Penda, seeking him adowne to t
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowl
But shall with guifts his Lord Cadwalli

XL

'Then shall Cadwallin die; and then
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with p
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefixt by destin
Shal be expird of Britons regiment:
For heven it selfe shall their successe
And them with plagues and murrins
Consume, till all their warlike puissa
spent.

XLI

Yet after all these sorrowes, and hu
Of dying people, during eight yeares

r, not yielding to his ills,
xicke, where long in wretched cace
tourning to his native place,
vision staide from his intent:
rvens have decreed to displace
s for their sinnes dew punishment
Saxons over-give their government.

XLII

e, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Briton babe that shal be borne
thraldome of his fathers foe!
now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
s reproch; the cruell victors scorne;
m princely bowre to wastefull wood!
al helpe me to lament and mourne
seed, the antique Trojan blood,
pire lenger here then ever any stood?'

XLIII

zell was full deepe empassioned
is griefe, and for her peoples sake,
ure woes so plaine he fashioned;
ing sore, at length him thus bespake:
will hevens fury never slake,
sunce huge relent it selfe at last?
ong misery late mercy make,
their name for ever be defaste,
from off the earth their memory be
te?'

XLIV

t the terme' (sayd he) 'is limited,
is thraldome Britons shall abide;
ast revolution measured
as Straungers shal be notifide: [plide,
fowre hundreth yeares shalbe sup-
to former rule restor'd shal bee,
importune fates all satisfide:
ig this their most obscuritee,
mes shall ofte breake forth, that men
m faire may see.

XLV

hodoricke, whose surname shal be
eat,
im selfe a brave ensample shew,
on kinges his friendship shall intreat;
ell Dha shall goodly well indew
ge minds with skill of just and trew:
ffyth Conan also shall upreare
ded head, and the old sparkes renew
corage, that his foes shall feare,
ck againe the kingdom he from them
ould beare.

XLVI

ll the Saxons selves all peaceably
e crowne, which they from Britons
ane

First ill, and after ruled wickedly;
For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There shall a Raven, far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread downe the victors surquedry.

XLVII

'Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew.
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

XLVIII

'Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of roiall majesty and soveraine name:
So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn reclame.

XLIX

'Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall.

L

'But yet the end is not.'—There Merlin stayd,
As overcomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
Which suddein fitt, and halfe extatick stoure,
When the two fearefull wemen saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behaveoure.
At last, the fury past, to former hew
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did shew.

LI

Then, when them selves they well instructed had
Of all that needed them to be inquird,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retird;
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devize,
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

LII

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake:
'Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advauntage take.
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
That now all Britany doth burne in armes bright.

LIII

'That, therefore, ought our passage may empeach,
Let us in feigned armes our selves disguize,
And our weake hands (need makes good schollers) teach
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene tall,
And large of limbe t' atchieve an hard emprize;
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small
Wil bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

LIV

'And, sooth, it ought your corage much inflame
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence, to none inferior, ye came,
Bards tell of many wemen valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold Bunduca, whose victorious [doten;
Exployts made Rome to quake; stout Guen-
Renowmed Martia; and redoubted Emmilen.

LV

'And, that which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld
Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne,
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayn:
Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt w
payne.'

LVI

'Ah! read,' (quoth Britomart) 'how is s
hight?'
'Fayre Angela' (quoth she) 'men do her r
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* c
Therefore, fayre Infant, her ensample make
Unto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee tak

LVII

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great desi
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tyn
And generous stout courage did inspyre,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Syre,
Advent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don
And counseld with her Nourse her Mai
To turne into a massy habergeon, [att
And bad her all things put in readinesse an

LVIII

Th' old woman nought that needed did om
But all thinges did conveniently purvay.
It fortuned (so time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons, ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods: emongst the which was see
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly w
beseene.

LIX

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caused to be hanged hy
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monimen
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe avising readily,
In th' evening late old Glaucè thither led
Faire Britomart, and, that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled
Well as she might, and with brave bauldr
garnished.

LX

Beside those armes there stood a migh
speare,
Which Bladud made by Magick art of yore
And usd the same in battaill aye to beare;
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in s

rtues proved long afore:
t so fast in sell could sit,
e unto the ground it bore.
tooke and shield which hong
[purpose fit.
shield of great powre, for her

LXI

had the virgin all arayd,
se which did hang thereby
he dight, that the yong Mayd
uall armes accompany,
yre attend her carefully.
ady Steedes they clombe full
[them espy,
back waies, that none might

Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselves they forth convaid, and passed forward right.

LXII

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as Merlin them directed late:
Where, meeting with this Redcrosse Knight, she fond
Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
But most of Arthegall and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other, well affectionate,
Friendship professed with unfained hart.
The Redcrosse Knight diverst, but forth rode Britomart.

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the Rich strond:
Faire Florimell of Arthure is
Long followed, but not fond.

I

Antique glory now become,
wont in wemen to appeare?
brave atchievements doen by
[speare,
atteilles, where the shield and
nquests which them high did

ade for famous Poets verse,
nen so oft abasht to heare?
lead, and laide in dolefull herse,
nely sleepe, and shall againe

II

d, then woe is me therefore;
pe, O let them soone awake!
I burne with envy sore
rlike feates which Homere spake
silee, which made a lake
od ab ofte in Trojan plaine;
de, how stout Debora strake
nd how Camill hath slaine
ochus, I swell with great dis-

III

all that els had puissaunce,
ble Britomart compare,
rie of great valiaunce,
istitee and vertue rare,
odly deedes doe well declare.
tock, from which the branches

ures so faire a blossome bare,

As thee, O Queene! the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this Lady I derive along.

IV

Who when, through speaches with the Redcrosse Knight,
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
And in each point her selfe informd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and Congé tooke withall:
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

V

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
Grew pensive through that amarous discourse,
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display
Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray:
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

VI

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fedd,
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart;
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,

That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

VII

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old Squyre unlace her lofty creast:
Tho having vewd awhile the surges hore
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd;
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

VIII

'Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?
O! doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and rageth ryfe.

IX

'For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that love it steres, and fortune rowes:
Love, my lewd Pilott, hath a restlesse minde;
And fortune, Boteswaine, no assurance knowes;
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde:
How can they other doe, sith both are blynde?

X

'Thou God of windes, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the Continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent.
Then, when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace and my great jeopardee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!'

XI

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe
For her great courage would not let her we
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharpe repro
Her to restraine, and give her good relief
Through hope of those, which Merlin had told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred ma
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven en

XII

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde.
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dig
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled sprigh
Converting, forth she beates the dusty pa
Love and despight attonce her courage kin
hath.

XIII

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heven, and the cleare ayre engro
The world in darkenes dwels; till that at
The watry Southwinde, from the seabord e
Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'ste
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy show
So the fayre Britomart, having disclo'ste
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into venge
downe.

XIV

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fa
That mortall speare she in her hand did ta
And unto battaill did her selfe prepayre.
The knight, approching, sternely her bespa
'Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly m
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take,
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast mi
least afterwards it be too late to take thy fli

XV

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his pr
threat,
She shortly thus: 'Fly they, that need to
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee ent
To passe, but maugre thee will passe or dy
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply, [know
But with sharpe speare the rest made de
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and stur
Strooke her full on the brest, that made
downe [her cro
Decline her head, and touch her crouper w

XVI

But she againe him in the shield did smi
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,

XXI

An hundred knights of honor
He had subdew'd, and them hi
That through all Faerie lond h
Now blazed was, and feare
That none durst passen throug
glade:
And to advaunce his name and
Her Sea-god syre she dearely d
T'endow her sonne with threasu
Bove all the sonnes that w
wombes ybore.

XXII

The God did graunt his da
demaund,
To doen his Nephew in all rich
Eftsoones his heaped waves he
Out of their hollow bosome fort
All the huge threasure, which t
Had in his greedy gulfe devour
And him enriched through the
And wreckes of many wretches,
And often wayle their wealth,
them did keepe.

XXIII

Shortly upon that shore there
Exceeding riches and all pretio
The spoyle of all the world; th
The wealth of th' East, and por
kings:
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owc
And all that els was pretious a
The sea unto him voluntary br
That shortly he a great Lord d
As was in all the lond of Faery,

XXIV

Thereto he was a doughty dre
Tryde often to the scath of ma
That none in equall armes him
The which his mother seeing g
at his too haughtie hardines
hard mishap in hazard o
she oft him counseld to
doubly batteill and to stir
after all his warre to rest

XXV

And, for his more assuraunce
One day of Proteus by his mi
(For Proteus was with prophe
Her deare sonnes destiny to h
And the sad end of her sweet
Who, through foresight of his
Had her from womankind to k
For of a woman he should hav
A virgin straunge and stout hi
or Fill.

XXVI

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too too hard for living clay
From love in course of nature to refraine.
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly;
Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,
That they for love of him would algates dy:
Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enimy.

XXVII

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That, when he sleepes in most security
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late;
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bad him weemens love to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme;
So, weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

XXVIII

This was that woman, this that deadly wownd,
That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;
The which his mother vainely did expownd
To be hart-wownding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So ticle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

XXIX

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.
Which when his mother deare did understond,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads fayr to shade;

XXX

Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
Shee flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment:
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
No word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne;
And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

XXXI

Soone as shee up out of her deadly fit
Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought;
And all her sisters that with her did sit
Bad eke attonce their charetts to be sought:
Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensife thought
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest
And forth together went with sorow fraught.
The waves, obedient to theyr beheast,
Them yielded ready passage, and their ready surceast.

XXXII

Great Neptune stoode amazed at their sight
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,
And eke him selfe mournd at their mournful plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment; yet did
For great compassion of their sorow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the grielsy Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoent:
They were all taught by Triton to obay
To the long raynes at her commaundement;
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,
That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent;
The rest, of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

XXXIV

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the Rich Strond, their charets they forlet
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, or surbate sore
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd.

XXXV

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine
Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime
Shee should not then have bene relyv'd againe:
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made so piteous mone and deare waymentation
That the hard rocks could scarse from teares refraine;

[redacted]

r sister Nymphes with one consent
ier sobbing breaches with sad com-
ment.

XXXVI

mage of my selfe, (she sayd) 'that is
hed sonne of wretched mother borne,
ine high advauncement? O! is this
ortall name, with which thee, yet
borne,
ıdsire Nereus promist to adorne?
t thou of life and honor refte;
t thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;
late life memory is lefte,
ıy irrevocable desteny bee wefte.

XXXVII

'roteus, father of false prophecis!
more fond that credit to thee give!
the worke of womans hand ywis,
deepe wound through these deare
ımbers drive.
ove; but they that love doe live,
that dye doe nether love nor hate:
e to thee thy folly I forgive;
ıy selfe, and to accursed fate,
I doe ascribe: deare wisedom bought
late!

XXXVIII

ıt availes it of immortall seed
ybredd and never borne to dye?
ter I it deeme to die with speed
te in woe and waylfull miserye:
, the utmost dolor doth abye;
that lives is lefte to waile his losse:
losse, and death felicity:
worse then glad death; and greater
sse [to engrosse.
nds grave, then dead the grave self

XXXIX

he heavens did his dayes envie,
hort blis maligne, yet mote they well
h afford me, ere that he did die,
dim eies of my deare Marinell
ıve closed, and him bed farewell,
r offices for mother meet
ıld not graunt——
ulgre them, farewell, my sweetest
eet! [shall meet!
my sweetest sonne, sith we no more

XL

ıen they all had sorowed their fill,
ly gan to search his griesly wownd:
they might him handle more at will.
disarmd; and, spredding on the
vnd

Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver
fownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
They pourd in soveraine balme and Nectar
good, [food.
Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly

XLI

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With hevenly seed, whereof wise Paeon sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staied still
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;
Which to his mother told, despeyre she from
her flong.

XLII

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easely unto her charett beare:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare.
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage
sheare;
Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy
showre,
And vauted all within, like to the Skye,
In which the Gods doe dwell eternally;
There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might;
For Tryphon of sea gods the soveraine leach is
hight.

XLIV

The whiles the Nymphes sitt all about him
rownd,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wownd,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight:
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike Maide, th' ensample of that might;
But fairely well shee thryvd, and well did
brooke
Her noble deeds, ne her right course for
ought forsooke.

XLV

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the Prince and Faery gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong,
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zele, him followed long,
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through playns,
Those two great champions did attonce pursew
The fearefull damzell with incessant payns;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swifte and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way;
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII

But Timias, the Princes gentle Squyre,
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went:
So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent;
But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell,
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did re-pent,
To take that way in which that Damozell
Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of hell.

XLVIII

At last of her far off he gained vew.
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed:
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX

But nothing might relent her hasty flight,
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright,
Like as a fearefull Dove, which through the raine
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

L

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed
That fearefull Ladie fledd from him, that ment
To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde
Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewed;
Yet she no lesse the knight feard then the villein rude.

LI

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seene,
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse affrayd
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased been:
Yet he her followd still with corage keene
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And warnd his other brethren joyeous
To light their blessed lamps in Joves etern-ous.

LII

All suddeinly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright
That now with thousand starres was deck-fayre:
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sigh
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursed night that reft from him so good scope.

LIII

Tho, when her wayes he could no more descery,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;
Like as a ship, whose Lodestar suddeinly
Covered with cloudes her Pilott hath dismayd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he lay
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw:
The cold earth was his couch, the hard stone his pillow.

LIV

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest:
In stead thereof sad sorow and disdaine

d hap did vexe his noble brest,
and Fancies bett his ydle brayne
· light wings, the sights of semblants
ae.
: wish that Lady faire mote bee
r Queene, for whom he did com-
ine,
is Faery Queene were such as shee;
hasty Night he blamed bitterlie.

LV

thou foule Mother of annoyaunce
l,
beavie death, and nourse of woe,
ast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
ttish shape thrust downe to hell
low,
v the grim floud of Cocytus slow,
lling is in Herebus black hous,
lerebus, thy husband, is the foe
: Gods,) where thou ungratious
thy dayes doest lead in horrour
deous.

LVI

ad th' eternall Maker need of thee
d in his continuall course to keepe,
st all thinges deface, ne lettest see
tie of his worke? Indeed, in sleepe
hfull body that doth love to steepe
ase limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
use thee oft, and oft from Stygian
:pe
:e his goddesse, in his errour blind,
t Dame Natures handmaide chearing
ery kind.

LVII

ll I wote, that to an heavy hart
the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
f new, renewer of old smarts:
f rest thou lendest rayling teares;
f sleepe thou sendest troublous feares
dfull visions, in the which alive
y image of sad death appeares:
he wearie spirit thou doest drive
est, and men of happinesse deprive.

LVIII

'Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
Light-shonning theefte, and traiterous intent,
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent,
Fowle horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these, I wote, in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne for feare of being shent;
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee:
And all that lewdnesse love doe hate the light
to see.

LIX

'For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
The prayses of high God he faire displayes,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
Which darknesse shall subdue and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne.
Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth
begin.

LX

'O! when will day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O Titan! hast to reare thy joyous waine;
Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,
And chace away this too long lingring night;
Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell:
She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her rowme to day that can it governe
well.'

LXI

Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-
weare
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;
And carely, ere the morrow did upreare
His deawy head out of the Ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed. So forth he went
With heavy look and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his
intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
Three fosters Timias wound;
Belphebe findes him almost dead,
And reareth out of sownd.

I

Wonder it is to see in diverse mindes
How diversly love doth his pageaunts play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II

Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest,
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarse this Prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

III

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde
To finde some issue thence; till that at last
He met a Dwarfe that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he traveiled so fast?
For sore he swat, and, ronning through that same
Thicke forest, was bescracht and both his feet lame.

IV

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd; 'Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same: I lately did depart
From Faery court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great sway
And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way.
Her now I seeke; and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand.'

V

'What mister wight,' (saide he) 'and h
arayd?'
'Royally clad' (quoth he) 'in cloth of gold
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd:
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold;
And on a Palfrey rydes more white then sn
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold.
The surest signe, whereby ye may her kn
Is that she is the fairest wight alive I tro

VI

'Now certes, swaine,' (saide he) 'such on
weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo
A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene:
Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay, so fast she did forgoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.'
'Ah, dearest God!' (quoth he) 'that is gr
woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it hear
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her finde,
where?'

VII

'Perdy, me lever were to weeten that,'
(Saide he) 'then ransome of the richest knig
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too forward Night
Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But, Dwarfe, aread what is that Lady brigh
That through this forrest wandreth thus alon
For of her errour straunge I have great ru
and mone.'

VIII

'That Ladie is,' (quoth he) 'where so she b
The bountiest virgin and most debonaire
That ever living eye, I weene, did see.
Lives none this day that may with her comp
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;
And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinel
hight.

IX

iphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
Dame is loved dearely well:
e, but him, she sets delight;
ht is set on Marinell,
nought at all by Florimell;
ove his mother long ygoe
ey say, forwarne through sacred
:
w flies, that of a forreine foe
ne, which is the ground of all our

X

s there be since he (they say) was
e.
since Florimell the Court forwent,
never to returne againe,
ive or dead she did invent,
faire Sir, for love of knighthood
r of trew Ladies, if ye may [gent,
ood counsell, or bold hardiment,
her, or me direct the way,
ther good, I you most humbly pray.

XI

ye gaine to you full great renowme
d Ladies through the worlde so wide,
y in her hart finde highest rowme
ye seeke to be most magnifide;
eternall meede shall you abide.'
n the Prince: 'Dwarfe, comfort to
ee take,
thou tidings learne what her betide,
vow thee never to forsake.
res he armes, that nill them use for
Ladies sake.'

XII

th the Dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
e his Lady where he mote her finde;
the way he greatly gan complaine
ant of his good Squire late lefte behinde,
hom he wondrous pensive grew in
minde.
ubt of daunger which mote him betide;
n he loved above all mankinde,
him trew and faithfull ever tride.
ul, as ever Squyre that waited by
nights side:

XIII

l this while full hardly was assayd
daunger, which to him betidd:
his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,
ester fowle he fiercely ridd
nged of the Dame he did
Himself: Him he chaced long
thicke woodes wherein he would

His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

XIV

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast, [dwell,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least:
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heavie plague that for such leachours is prepard.

XV

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight
Which he had borne of his bold enimee:
Tho to his brethren came, for they were three
Ungratious children of one graceless syre,
And unto them complayned how that he
Had used beene of that foolehardie Squyre:
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

XVI

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him foorth into the forrest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive [drive
In their sterne brests, on him which late did
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight;
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might:
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

XVII

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne.
By that same way they knew that Squyre unknowne [set
Mote algates passe: forthy themselves they
There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats his passage through the ford to let.

XVIII

It fortuned, as they devised had:
The gentle Squyre came ryding that same way.

Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

XIX

With that at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With so fell force, and villeinous despite,
That through his haberjeon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite.
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite:
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

XX

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will.
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill:
The wicked steele stayd not till it did light
In his left thigh, and deepely did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI

At last, through wrath and vengeaunce making way,
He on the bancke arryvd with mickle payne,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne;
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw, did flow.
And a large streame of blood out of the wound

XXII

He, tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night, sin.
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeaunce blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd his life for to have had.

XXIII

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which lat
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he clefte his head in twain
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fel
His sinfull sowle with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place paine.

XXIV

That seeing, now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded ha
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethre
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad:
Which, fayntly fluttering, scarce his helm raught,
And glauncing fel to ground, but him anney

XXV

With that he would have fled into the woo
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
The carcas with the streame was carried down
But th' head fell backeward on the Continent
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne.
They three be dead with shame, the Squir lives with renowne.

XXVI

He lives, but takes small joy of his renowne
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great stor
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire aliv
Els shall thy loving Lord thee see no more:
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thy selfe of honor which thou did atchive.

XXVII

Providence heavenly passeth living thought
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make wa
For loe! great grace or fortune thither brough
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And make him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as Phœb sunne.

XXVIII

hee pursewd the chace
it, which with her arrowes

the same along did trace
which she had freshly seene
led all the grassy greene:
ie which she there perceav'd,
he beast engor'd had beene,
aste the life to have bereav'd;
ctation greatly was deceav'd.

XXIX

ie whereas that wofull Squire,
rmed, lay in deadly swownd;
es, like lamps of quenched fire,
amor stood congealed rownd;
aded leaves fallen to grownd,
loud in bounches rudely ran;
te lips, on which before that

th to blossome faire began, [wan.
rosy red were woxen pale and

XXX

ving eie more heavy sight,
ve made a rocke of stone to rew,
ne: which when that Lady bright,
pe, with melting eies did vew,
' abasht shee chaunged hew,
ne horror backward gan to start;
ee better him beheld shee grew
assion and unwonted smart: [hart.
pitty perced through her tender

XXXI

see bowed downe, to weete if life
rozen members did remaine;
by his pulses beating rife
ake sowle her seat did yett retaine.
comfort him with busie paine.
folded necke she reard upright,
s temples and each trembling vaine;
haberjeon she did undight,
s head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXII

wds thenceforth in haste shee went,
bearbes that mote him remedy;
herbes had great intendiment,
be Nymphe which from her infancy
had in trew Nobility:
her yt divine Tobacco were,
s, or Polygony,
and brought it to her patient deare,
while lay bledinge out his hart-
eare.

XXXIII

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze;
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;
And round about, as she could well it uze,
The flesh therewith shee suppled and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze;
And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound from cold to keepe.

XXXIV

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies drizling like deawy rayne,
He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly Maide, ful of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV

'Mercy, deare Lord!' (said he) 'what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis
To comfort me in my distressed plight.
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines sweete [blessed feete,'
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy

XXXVI

Thereat she blushing said; 'Ah! gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell; but the Mayd
And daughter of a woody Nymphe, desire
No service but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes
To commun accidents stil open layd, [bee
Are bownd with commun boud of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived see.'

XXXVII

By this her Damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphoebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;

But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was arrived at the last.

XXXVIII

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wownd,
They wondred much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly case theyr Lady fownd,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd, [stayd,
She made those Damzels search; which being
They did him set theron, and forth with them convayd.

XXXIX

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed,
And mightie woodes which did the valley shade
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spatious plaine:
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine [restraine.
With gentle murmure that his cours they did

XL

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pavilion, scarcely to bee seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liking it mote well delight.

XLI

Thither they brought that wounded Squyre, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the Mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest:
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound!
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebou
From her faire eyes and gratious countenan
What bootes it him from death to be unbow
To be captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaun

XLIII

Still as his wound did gather, and grow h
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decay
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whol
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles dayly playsters to his wownd she la
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him
mayd,
Ah God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a Lady that his life relea

XLIV

Long while he strove in his corageous bre
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constrayn
But when his meane estate he did revew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restrayn
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love th
playnd:

XLV

'Unthankfull wretch,' (said he) 'is this
meed, [quit
With which her soverain mercy thou d
Thy life she saved by her gratious deed:
But thou doest weene with villeinous despig
To blott her honour, and her heavenly light
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light
Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to
Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI

'But if to love disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her that from deathes do
Me brought? ah, farre be such reproch fro m
What can I lesse doe then her love therefo
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve;
Dying her serve, and living her adore,
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserv
Dye rather, dye, then ever from her serv
swerve.

XLVII

'But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service b
To her to whom the hevens doe serve and se
Thou, a meane Squyre of meeke and lowly pla
She, heavenly borne and of celestiall hew.

of all love taketh equall vew;
ot highest God vouchsafe to take
d service of the basest crew?
ot, dye meekly for her sake:
, dye, then ever so faire love for-
!"

XLVIII

eid he long time against his will;
rough weaknesse he was forst at last
nselfe unto the mightie ill,
victour proud, gan ransack fast
partes, and all his entrayles wast,
r blood in face nor life in hart
both did quite drye up and blast;
levin, which the inner part
ing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX

ing fayre Belphœbe gan to feare,
his wound were inly well not heald,
wicked steele empoysned were:
reend that love he close conceald.
wasted, as the snow congeald
bright sunne his beams theron
beat:
e his hart to her reveald;
chuse to dye for sorow great,
dishonorable termes her to entreat.

L

ous Lady, yet no paines did spare
ease, or doe him remedy.
oratives of vertues rare,
Cordialles she did apply,
e his stubborne malady:
weet Cordiall, which can restore
k hart, she did to him envy;
id to all th' unworthy world forlore
ivy that soveraine salve in secret
re.

LI

ntie Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
e then life she tendered, whose flowre
d of her honour did adorne:
l she the Middayes scorching powre,
up Northerne wind thereon to showre;
ol up her silken leaves most chayre,
the froward skye began to lowre;
But, soone as calmed was the christall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred and let to florish fayre.

LII

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admyre.
In gentle Ladies breste and bounteous race
Of woman kind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

LIII

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Reames
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,
With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight
Of chastity and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall!

LIV

To your faire selves a faire ensample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre;
To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, none living may compayre:
Ne poysnous Envy justly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh flowring Maydenhead;
Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd
The higher place in her Heroick mynd:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman kynde,
And both encreast her beautie excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphœbe and
Of Amorett is told:
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I

WELL may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy:
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II

But to this faire Belphœbe in her berth
The hevens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne:
Jove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

III

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous Prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred;
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bounti-hed,
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

IV

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree.
She bore Belphœbe; she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace;
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues *rare.*

V

It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident faire Chrysogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For not as other wemens commune brood
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune food
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

VI

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a Sommers shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew:

VII

Till faint through yrkesome wearines, adown
Upon the grassy ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne
Upon her fell, all naked bare displayd.
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

VIII

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd:
So, after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd.

IX

er he of generation
ald, th' authour of life and light;
re sister for creation
matter fit, which, tempred right
and humour, breedes the living
it. [gone;
hese twinnes in womb of Chryso-
e nought thereof, but sore affright,
) see her belly so upblone,
. increast till she her terme had full
one.

X

nceiving shame and foule disgrace,
ildlesse conscience her cleard,
o the wildernesse a space,
weeldy burden she had reard,
dishonor which as death she feard:
rie of long traveill, downe to rest
e set, and comfortably cheard:
l cloud of sleepe her overkest,
. every sence with sorrow sore
est.

XI

d, faire Venus having lost
onne, the winged god of love,
some light displeasure which him
,
ier fled as flit as ayery Dove,
r blisfull bowre of joy above:
er often he had fled away,
for ought him sharpely did reprove,
ed in the world in straunge aray,
n thousand shapes, that none might
bewray.)

XII

o seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
of goodly formes and faire aspect,
l the world derives the glorious
[beautie] and all shapes select,
h high God his workmanship hath
it; [wings
hed everie way through which his
him, or his tract she mote detect:
t kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
man that of him tydings to her
gs.

XIII

him sought in Court, where most he
l [not.
to haunt, but there she found him
there she found which sore accus'd
od, and with fowle infamous blot
deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
Lordes she everywhere mote heare
ing, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare
And so had left them languishing twixt hope
and feare.

XIV

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the cruelteo
Of his sharpe darles and whot artilleree:
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischievous deedes, and sayd that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enimy of peace, and authour of all strife.

XV

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;
Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veines inspir'd: [sat
And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and
what [thereat.
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile

XVI

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde;
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
Forthy she thither cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

XVII

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat,
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

XVIII

She, having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and brests unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste:
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,

Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinckled
light.

XIX

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels
That had not her thereof before aviz'd, [slacke,
But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose;
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her
enclose.

XX

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wildernesse for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres, and beds with plea-
sures fraught? [thought.
That suddein chaunge she straunge adventure
To whom halfe weeping she thus answered;
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled,
That she repented sore to have him angered.

XXI

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd:
'Great pitty sure that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd
To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd.'
But she was more engrieved, and replide;
'Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride:
The like that mine may be your paine another
tide.

XXII

'As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts,
So my delight is all in joyfulnesse,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the joy that Jove is glad to seeke:
We both are bownd to follow heavens beheasts,
And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke.
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to
eeke;

XXIII

'And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard
To lurke emougst your Nimphes in secret
wize,
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard
Least he like one of them him selfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize.
So may he long him selfe full easie hide;
For he is faire and fresh in face and guize
As any Nimphe; (let not it be envi
So saying, every Nimph full narrowly

XXIV

But Phœbe therewith sore was ang
And sharply saide: 'Goe, Dame;
your boy,
Where you him lately lefte, in Mars
He comes not here; we scorne his fe
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad a
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he
shall flye.'

XXV

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said; so her she soo
With sugred words and gentle blan
Which as a fountaine from her s
went.
And welled goodly forth, that in sh
She was well pleasd, and forth he
sent
Through all the woods, to search fro
If any tract of him or tidings they

XXVI

To search the God of love her Ni
sent
Throughout the wandring forest ev
And after them her selfe eke with h
To seeke the fugitive both farre an
So long they sought, till they arriv
In that same shady covert whereas
Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thin
Unwares had borne two babes, a
springing day.

XXVII

Unwares she them conceivd, un
bore:
She bore withouten paine, that she
Withouten pleasure; ne her need in
Lucinaes aide: which when they both
They were through wonder nigh of
rev'd,
And gazing each on other nought b
At last they both agreed her seemin
Out of her heavie swowne not to aw
But from her loving side the tende

XXVIII

Up they them tooke; each one a
And with them carried to be fostered

to a Nymphe her babe betooke
ght in perfect Maydenhed,
elfe, her name Belphœbe red:
rs thence far away convayd,
ght in goodly womanhed;
tle loves stead, which was strayd,
, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX

it her to her joyous Paradize,
he wonnes when she on earth does
ice as Nature can devize: [dwell;
Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
lus bee. I wote not well:
ote by triall, that this same
asaunt places doth excell,
by her lost lovers name,
of Adonis, far renowmd by fame.

XXX

e Gardin all the goodly flowres,
dame Nature doth her beautify,
he girlonds of her Paramoures,
there is the first seminary
s that are borne to live and dye,
their kynds. Long worke it were
unt the endlesse progeny
eds that bud and blossome there:
ch as doth need must needs be
ed here.

XXXI

s in fruitfull soyle of old,
with two walls on either side;
ron, the other of bright gold,
might thorough breake, nor over-
e.
gates it had which opened wide,
oth in and out men moten pas:
e and fresh, the other old and dride.
the porter of them was,
, the which a double nature has.

XXXII

, in, he letteth out to wend
come into the world desire:
l thousand naked babes attend
day and night, which doe require
th fleshly weeds would them attire:
m list, such as eternall fate
ath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
th forth to live in mortall state.
agayn returne backe by the hinder
e.

XXXIII

t they againe returned beene,
at Gardin planted bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne. [mayne,
Some thousand yeares so doen they there re-
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thither they retourne where first they
grew: [to new.
So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old

XXXIV

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or prune; for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternall moisture they im-
ply.

XXXV

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever
And every sort is in a sondry bed [knew:
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew;
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew;
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to
weare;
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the Ocean could not containe
them there.

XXXVI

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
But still remaines in everlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes
The substaunces of natures fruitfull progenyes.

XXXVII

All things from thence doe their first being
fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made;
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the grieslie shade.
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne when the life decayes and forme does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is, and often altred to and froe.

XXXVIII

The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion;

For every substaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion:
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX

Great enimy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Tyme; who with his scyth addrest
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard:
He flyes about, and with his flaggy winges
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

XL

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight;
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the Gardin them she saw,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight:
For all that lives is subject to that law;
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

XLI

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;
And sweete love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealosy.
Franckly each Paramor his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII

There is continuall Spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme;
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode:
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pas-tyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abo
And their trew loves without suspition
abrode.

XLIII

Right in the middest of that Paradise
There stood a stately Mount, on whose
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did
lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did
But like a girlond compassed the hight;
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum
That all the ground, with pretious deaw
Threw forth most dainty odours and
sweet delight.

XLIV

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasaunt Arber, not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches
to part,
With wanton yvie twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine and Caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part,
That nether Phœbus beams could
them throng,
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them

XLV

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath given
lesse date.

XLVI

There wont fayre Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis joyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the
Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy;
But she her selfe, when ever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse
her fill.

XLVII

And sooth, it seemes, they say; for he may
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night where all thinges are
All be he subject to mortalitie,

in mutabilitie,
sion made perpetuall,
oft, and chaunged diverslie;
Father of all formes they call:
is mote he live, that living gives

XLVIII

e liveth in eternall blis,
dlesse, and of her enjoyd;
henceforth that foe of his,
his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
e Bore, the which him once an-
ath emprisoned for ay, [noyd,
et love his malice mote avoyd.
ecky Cave, which is, they say,
neath that Mount, that none him
may.

XLIX

e lives in everlasting joy,
of the Gods in company
r haunt, and with the winged boy,
selfe in safe felicity:
e hath with spoiles and cruelty
world, and in the wofull harts
etches set his triumphes hye,
rtes, and, laying his sad dartes
faire Adonis playes his wanton
s.

L

rew love faire Psyche with him
s,
he to him lately reconcyld,
troubles and unmeet upbrayes
his mother Venus her revyld,
mselfe her cruelly exyld:
stedfast love and happy state
im lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
hat doth both gods and men aggrate,
he daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

LI

reat Venus brought this infant fayre,
er daughter of Chrysogonee,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee
And trained up in trew feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead.

LII

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And Lodestarre of all chaste affection
To all fayre Ladies that doe live on grownd.
To Faery court she came; where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel wownd.

LIII

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;
And for his dearest sake endured sore
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elswhere reade that ruefull history.

LIV

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell;
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell:
She flyes; he faines to dy.
Satyrane saves the Squyre of Dames
From Gyaunts tyranny.

I

Thus forth single[d] from the heard,
scaped from a ravenous beast,
[of] her owne feete afeard,
[that] shaketh with the least
[her] terror hath encreast;
So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

II

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewed,
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest;
And her white Palfrey, having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.

III

So long as breath and hable puissaunce
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:
He, having through incessant travelll spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move. The Lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

IV

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare
A traveiler unwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traveild, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A litle valley subject to the same,
All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.

V

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

VI

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around;
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whom ever she envide.

VII

The Damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stownd
Lightly upstarted from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze,
But shewd by outward signes that dreed her sence did daze.

VIII

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what devill had her thither brought
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
To which the Damzell, full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd: 'Beldame, be not wroth
With silly Virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th.'

IX

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like to orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pittee sight;

X

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
And wearie limbes awhile. She, nothing quaint
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest as Bird of tempest gon.

XI

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did

onight at her heavenly hew,
ıl her to deeme an earthly wight,
: Goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
t her to adore with humble spright:
ing so divine as beauty were but

XII

d woman had a wicked sonne,
: of her age and weary dayes,
d, for nothing good to donne,
ıd forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
t his mind to covet prayse,
elfe to any honest trade,
day before the sunny rayes
lug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
ase both lewd and poore attonce
made.

XIII

ing home at undertime, there found
creature that he ever saw
ide his mother on the ground;
hereof did greatly him adaw,
ase thought with terrour and with

ut, that as one, which hathlgaz'd
right Sunne unwares, doth soone
bdraw
eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
he on her, and stood long while
ız'd.

XIV

last he gan his mother aske,
ter wight that was, and whence
iv'd, [maske,
o straunge disguizement there did
hat accident she there arriv'd?
as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
ght but ghastly lookes him answered:
ghost, that lately is reviv'd
ygian shores where late it wandered:
at her, and each at other wondered.

XV

: fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,
: to them vouchsafed to embace
dly port, and to their senses vyld
the speach applyde, that in short space
familiare in that desert place.
hich time the Chorle, through her so
ad
eise use conceiv'd affection bace,
love her in his brutish mind:
brutish lust, that was so beastly

XVI

y flame his bowels brent,
to outrageous fire;

Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

XVII

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled:
Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and mild.

XVIII

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast,
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast.
Her wearie Palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

XIX

And early, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issewed, and on her journey went:
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did it selfe present;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or hers uncivile sonne;
Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne [undonne,
To make exceeding mone, as they had been

XX

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare:
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare;
That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke hight.

XXI

All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with teares; [might
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell,
Asswage the fury which his entrails teares:
So strong is passion that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares;
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile
To bringe her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

XXII

Eftesoones out of her hidden cave she cald
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have appald;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas:
Like never yet did living eie detect;
But likest it to an Hyena was, [gras.
That feeds on wemens flesh as others feede on

XXIII

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge
Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attaind and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornefull grace.
The Monster, swifte as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent
And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

XXIV

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie:
That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse then dread to die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
From peril free he away her did beare;
But when his force gan faile his pace gan wex areare.

XXV

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremity ful sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afrayd.
And now she gan approch to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse:
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickenesse.

XXVI

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging fathers hond;
Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Ægæan strond,
As Florimell fled from that Monster yond,
To reach the sea ere she of him were raught:
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need h corage taught.

XXVII

It fortuned (high God did so ordaine)
As shee arrived on the roring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand.
Into the same shee lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand
So safety fownd at sea wh ch she fownd not land.

XXVIII

The Monster, ready on the pray to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,
He sett upon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

XXIX

And, after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he traveiled:
Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain sheows, that wont yong knig bewitch,
And courtly services, tooke no delight;
But rather joyd to bee then seemen sich,
For both to be and seeme to him was labor li

XXX

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raungd abrode to seeke adventures wil
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:
He was all armd in rugged steele unfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hedd.
He comming present, where the Monster

milke-white Palfreyes carcas fedd,
eskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

XXXI

I perceivd he that it was the horse
aire Florimell was wont to ride,
at feend was rent without remorse:
d he least ought did ill betide
e Maide, the flowre of wemens pride;
dearely loved, and in all
conquests highly magnifide:
r golden girdle, which did fall
n flight, he fownd, that did him sore
l.

XXXII

l feare and doubtfull agony
flew upon that wicked feend,
uge strokes and cruell battery
o leave his pray, for to attend
rom deadly daunger to defend:
wounds in his corrupted flesh
rave, and muchell blood did spend,
not doe him die? but aie more fresh
he still appeard, the more he did him
sh.

XXXIII

ot how him to despoile of life,
win the wished victory,
e saw still stronger grow through
e,
elfe weaker through infirmity,
grew enrag'd, and furiously
sword away he lightly lept
east, that with great cruelty
raged to be underkept; [hept.
force him held, and strokes upon him

XXXIV

t strives to stop a suddein flood,
ong bancks his violence enclose,
swell above his wonted mood,
y overflow the fruitfull plaine,
he countrey seemes to be a Maine,
h furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
husbandman doth lowd complaine
whole yeares labor lost so soone,
to God he made so many an idle
one:

XXXV

e held, and did through might amate,
e held him, and him bett so long,
he last his fiercenes gan abate,
sely stoup unto the victor strong.
avenge the implacable wrong
supposed donne to Florimell,
all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

XXXVI

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her sciender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray;
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obay:
Yet never learned he such service till that day.

XXXVII

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse
Fast flying, on a Courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppresse.
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

XXXVIII

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He lefte his captive Beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by;
But she the way shund nathemore forthy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran: she, having him de-cryde,
Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

XXXIX

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culver, having spide on hight
An Eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,
The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight,
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

XL

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriv'd:

Yet nathemore the steele asonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driv'd;
But, glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;
But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
Or on the marble Pillour that is pight
Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite;
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west.
Which when his cruell enimy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoyned syde to syde;

XLIII

And, on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforse,
Perforse him pluckt, unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight
That her pursewed saw, with great remorse
He nerst was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

XLIV

Whom when as nigh approching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the batteill to abide,
But made her selfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake;
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make,
But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did [her take.

XLV

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan awake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,
And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce.
At length he spyde whereas that wofull Squyre
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foote or hand to styre.

XLVI

To whom approching, well he mote perceive
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming rage.
Now in the blossome of his freshest age.
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
And who that was which chaced her along the lands.

XLVII

Then trembling yet through feare the Squire bespake:
'That Geauntesse Argantè is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against heven, and heaped hils on hight
To scale the skyes and put Jove from his right:
Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad through merth, [might
And dronke with blood of men slaine by his
Through incest got her of his owne mother Earth:
Whylome begot being but halfe twin of the berth:

XLVIII

'For at that berth another Babe she bore:
To weet, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought) [were
While in their mothers wombe enclosd they
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

XLIX

'So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst natures law and good behaveoure;
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin
Who, not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre

L.

all the countrie she did raunge
ung men to quench her flaming
r fancy with delightfull chaunge:
e fittest findes to serve her lust,
r maine strength, in which she
doth trust,
r bringes into a secret Ile,
ernall bondage dye he must,
ssall of her pleasures vile,
hamefull sort him selfe with her

LI

wretch, she so at vauntage caught,
ng in waite for me did lye,
unto her prison to have brought,
pleasure there to satisfye;
nd deathes me lever were to dye
the vow that to faire Columbell
ave, and yet keepe stedfastly.
ame, it mistreth not to tell:
e Squyre of Dames; that me
meth well.

LII

uld knight, whom ye pursuing saw
tesse, is not such as she seemd,
virgin that in martiall law
of armes above all Dames is
d.
many knightes is eke esteemd
st worth: She Palladine is hight.
en death, you me from dread, re-
ld:
y that Monster match in fight,
such as she, that is so chaste a
st.'

LIII

beseemes that Quest,' (quoth Saty-
e) [is this,
, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow
ou upon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?'
ll I you recount,' (quoth he) 'ywis,
pleasd to pardon all amis,
the Lady whom I love and serve,
g suit and wearie servicis,
r me, how I could her love deserve,
she might be sure that I would never
werve?

LIV

d by any meanes her grace to gaine,
r commaund my life to save or spill.
s she badd me, with incessaunt paine
er through the world abroad at will,
ry where where to serve unto gentle Dames, [skill
should faithfully fulfill;

And at the twelve monethes end should bring their names [games.
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious

LV

'So well I to faire Ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Thre hundred pledges for my good desartes,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good partes,
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

LVI

'To weet, that I my travell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world arownd,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had fownd,
The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and sownd."
'Ah! gentle Squyre,' (quoth he) 'tell at one word, [record?'
How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy

LVII

'Indeed, Sir knight,' (said he) 'one word may tell
All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,
For onely three they were disposd so well:
And yet three yeares I now abrode have strayd,
To fynd them out.' 'Mote I,' (then laughing sayd [three,
The knight) 'inquire of thee what were those
The which thy proffred curtesie denayd?
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee, [see.'
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions

LVIII

'The first which then refused me,' (said hee)
'Certes was but a common Courtisane:
Yet that refusd to have adoe with mee,
Because I could not give her many a Jane.'
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)
'The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me re-pose.

LIX

'The third a Damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce:
Full litle weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce;

Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with due observ-
aunce,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

LX

'Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in v
Seeking to match the chaste with th' u
Ladies traine.'

LXI

'Perdy' (sayd Satyrane) 'thou Sq
Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in
To get small thankes, and therewith
blames,
That may emongst Alcides labours sta
Thence backe returning to the former
Where late he left the Beast he overca
He found him not; for he had broke hi
And was returnd againe unto his Dam
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell

CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy La-
dy like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

I

So oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causelesse, of her owne accord,
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe;
That sure, I weene, the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe;
For misery craves rather mercy then repriefe.

II

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late foorth she sent, she backe retourning spyde
Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart
applyde.

III

And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have
reliv'd
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd
Much more then earst, and would have algates
riv'd
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long ha
His foolish malady, and long time had n

IV

With thought whereof exceeding mad h
And in his rage his mother would have
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprightes to
taine,
The maisters of her art: there was she
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne whose
were decayd.

V

By their advice, and her owne wicked
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to
Whose like on earth was never framed
That even Nature selfe envide the sam
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should
The thing it selfe: In hand she boldly
To make another like the former Dame
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mis

VI

The substance, whereof she the body
Was purest snow in massy mould cong
Which she had gathered in a shady gla
Of the Riphœan hils, to her revealed

wrights, but from all men con-

tempred with fine Mercury
ex that never yet was seald,
them. with perfect vermily;
rely sanguine it seemd to the eye

VII

es two burning lampes she set
ets, shyning like the skyes,
moving Spirit did arret
roll them like to womens eyes:
low lockes she did devyse
wyre to weave her curled head;
yre was not so yellow thryse
fayre heare: and, in the stead
ut a Spright to rule the carcas

VIII

Spright, yfraught with fawning

emblance above all the rest,
the Prince of Darkenes fell some-

s blis and everlasting rest:
not instruct which way were best
fashion likest Florimell,
peake, ne how to use his gest;
unterfesaunce did excell,
wyles of wemens wits knew pass-
ell.

IX

l thus she deckt in garments gay,
mell had left behind her late;
then her saw would surely say
elfe whom it did imitate,
en her selfe, if ought algate
er be. And then she forth her
ane that lay in feeble state; [brought
her gan streight upstart, and
ght [sought.
Lady selfe whom he so long had

X

er clipping twixt his armes twayne,
joyed in so happy sight,
orgot his former sickely payne:
more to seeme such as she hight,
eal his embracement light;
h gentle countenaunce, retain'd
ld a feele in vaine delight.
with shadowes entertain'd,
ease had in charge to her ordain'd.

XI

as he disposed was
ody with that his Idole faire,

Her to disport and idle time to pas
In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire.
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

XII

He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much mervciled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody speare eftesoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment.
'Villein,' (sayd he) 'this Lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.'

XIII

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,
And next to none after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd.

XIV

But, when hee saw him selfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speaches frame
To such vaine uses that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard [profard.
To reave her honor, which she more then life

XV

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons corage: yet he looked grim,
And fayned to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

XVI

Fiercely that straunger forward came: and, nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat

Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high,
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him batteill without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme

XVII

Saying, 'Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or prove thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd.'
At those prowd words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

XVIII

'Sith then,' (said Braggadochio) 'needes thou wilt
Thy daies abridge through proofe of puissaunce,
Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce.'
This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce
Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race;
But Braggadochio, with his bloody launce,
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But lefte his love to losse, and fled him selfe apace.

XIX

The knight, him seeing flie, had no regard
Him to poursew, but to the lady rode;
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his Courser sett the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke him selfe in heven that was in hell.

XX

But Florimell her selfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
Yett there that cruell Queene avengeresse,
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchnesse.

XXI

For being fled into the fishers bote
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly;
For th' ayre was milde and cleared was skie,
And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pittying to see her waile and weepe:
But all the while the fisher did securely sle

XXII

At last when droncke with drowsinesse woke,
And saw his drover drive along the strea
He was dismayd; and thrise his brest stroke,
For marveill of that accident extreame:
But when he saw that blazing beauties be
Which with rare light his bote did beauti
He marveild more, and thought he yet dreame
Not well awakte; or that some extasye
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his

XXIII

But when her well avizing hee perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
Tho rudely askte her, how she thither cam
'Ah!' (sayd she) 'father, I note read arig
What hard misfortune brought me to this sa
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety a

XXIV

'But thou, good man, sith far in sea we b
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote w
Least worse on sea then us on land befell.'
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly g
And saide his boat the way could wisely t
But his deceiptfull eyes did never lin [s
To looke on her faire face and marke her sn

XXV

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refres
And kindled heat that soone in flame f brust:

is soonest burnt to dust.
: lept, and his rough hond
me him rashly would have

:gry scorne did him withstond,
reproved for his rudenes fond.

XXVI

ever good nor maners knew,
ike full litle did esteeme;
n an old horse amble trew:
oke, that did before but steeme,
fire and rage extreme;
engthgan adde unto his will,
that did him fowle misseeme.
we her downe, ne car'd to spill
gay with scales of fish that all

XXVII

in strove him to withstand
ight, and him in vaine revild:
strongly both with foote and

nor from that villaine vilde.
even, from humane help exild,
knights, that boast this Ladies

yow, when she is nigh defild
ch? well may she you reprove
or of alouth, when most it may

XXVIII

hou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,
Peridure, her sory state,
ould yee assemble many a fleete,
sea that ye at land lest late!
es, kingdomes, ye would ruinate
:rement and despiteous rage,
ir burning fury mote abate:
lidore could it presage,
ature could his cruelty asswage.

XXIX

at none of all her knights is nye,
heavens, of voluntary grace
e favor towards chastity,
nd to her distressed cace;
h God doth innocence embrace.
whilest thus she stifly strove,
e sea importuned long space
ng shriekes, Proteus abrode did

ny waves driving his finny drove.

XXX

shepheard of the seas of yore,
he charge of Neptunes mighty

An aged sire with head all frory hore,
And sprinckled frost upon his deawy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,
His charett swifte in hast he thither steard,
Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd
Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him arownd.

XXXI

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very litle fayle,
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray, [dismay
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much

XXXII

The whiles the pitteous Lady up did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle;
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face and lowdly shright.

XXXIII

Her selfe not saved yet from daunger dreld
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare:
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is feld
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare:
In such distresse and sad perplexity [by.
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her

XXXIV

But he endevored with speaches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde.
Nor doubt himselfe: and who he was her told:
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;
For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her sences with abashment quite were quayld.

XXXV

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly ki ‡, [beard
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest:
Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought;
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire
besought.

XXXVI

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault:
Then tooke he him, yet trembling sith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin whom he had abusde so sore;
So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull state,
And after cast him up upon the shore;
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rave
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave, [keene
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne; ne living wight was
seene [it cleane.
Save one old Nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe

XXXVIII

Thither he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might,
And Panopè her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight:
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer

XXXIX

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest;
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest,
So firmely she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a God he hight,
But she a mortall creature loved best:
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery knight.

XL

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he dre
For every shape on him he could endew;
Then like a king he was to her expresst,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threates her often did assay
So thinking for to make her stubborne cou
quayle.

XLI

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe tra
forme;
Now like a Gyaunt; now like to a feend;
Then like a Centaure; then like to a storm
Raging within the waves: thereby he wend
Her will to win unto his wished end;
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with a
He els could doe, he saw him selfe esteeme
Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall
thrall.

XLII

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe
Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love:
Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with Saint
above, [de
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy fame
Are still emongst them song, that far a
rymes exceed.

XLIII

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee!
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitat
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late.

XLIV

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dam
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then Ladies more defam
And finding not th' Hyena to be slayne,
With that same Squyre retourned back aga
To his first way. And, as they forward we
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on t
As if he were on some adventure bent, [play
And in his port appeared manly hardiment

XLV

ne him towardes did addresse,
nat wight he was, and what his

ing nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,
burning hart which on his brest
d by the colours in his crest,
ell it was. Tho to him yode,
luting as beseemed best,
quire of tydinges farre abrode, [rode.
ardes on what adventure now he

XLVI

eto answering said: 'The tydinges

r in Faery court all men doe tell,
med hath great mirth to mourning

ruine of proud Marinell,
sin parture of faire Florimell
m forth: and after her are gone
rave knightes that doen in armes
rd her ywandred all alone: [excell
the rest my lott (unworthy') is to be
.'

XLVII

ntle knight,' (said then Sir Satyrane)
ur all is lost, I greatly dread,
a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
st sacrifice unto the dead:
I surely doubt, thou maist aread
h for ever Florimell to bee;
he noble knights of Maydenhead,
r ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
aire Ladies may for ever sory bee.'

XLVIII

rordes when Paridell had heard, his
w
ly chaunge and seemd dismaid to bee;
l: 'Fayre Sir, how may I weene it
oe tell in such uncerteintee? [trew,
ye of report, or did ye see [sore?
e of dread, that makes ye doubt so
e, elles how mote it ever bee,
hand should dare for to engore
blood? The hevens such crueltie
ore.'

XLIX

'These eyes did see that they will ever rew
T' have seene,' (quoth he) 'when as a monstrous beast
The Palfrey whereon she did travell slew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray.'

L

'Ay me!' (said Paridell) 'the signes be sadd;
And, but God turne the same to good sooth-say,
That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd.
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray.'
'Faire Sir,' (quoth he) 'well may it you succeed!
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed,
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.'

LI

'Ye noble knights,' (said then the Squyre of Dames)
'Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy payne!
But sith the Sunne now gynnes to slake his beames
In deawy vapours of the westerne mayne,
And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
Both light of heven and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.'

LII

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before;
Where soone arryving they restrained were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young Squyre [dore
Gan them informe the cause, why that same
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:
The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
For peevish gealosy.
Paridell giusts with Britomart:
Both shew their auncestry.

I

REDOUBTED knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with unworthie blames
This odious argument my rymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soveraine light;
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

II

But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good; for good, by paragone
Of evill, may more notably be rad, [tone
As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke at-
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo! in heven, whereas all goodnes is,
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprightes did fall from happy blis;
What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?

III

Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
Into that Castle, (as that Squyre does tell.)
'Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares what men say of him, ill or well;
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.

IV

'But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evill gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes him-
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse, [selfe:
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse;
The which to him both far unequall yeares,
And also far unlike conditions has;
For she does joy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

V

'But he is old, and withered like hay,
Unfit faire Ladies service to supply;
The privie guilt whereof makes him
Suspect her truth, and keepe contin
Upon her with his other blincked ey
Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keepe her compa
But in close bowre her mewes from sight,
Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall

VI

'Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hi
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.
That is the cause why never any kn
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he needs mi
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and
'Extremely mad the man I surely d
That weenes with watch and hard to stay
A womans will, which is disposed to

VII

'In vaine he feares that which h shonne;
For who wotes not, that womans su
Can guylen Argus, when she list mi
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred e
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakeful
That can withhold her wilfull wandr
But fast goodwill, with gentle courte
And timely service to her pleasures
May her perhaps containe, that el algates fleet.'

VIII

'Then is he not more mad,' (sayd I
'That hath himselfe unto such servi
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes t
For sure a foole I doe him firmely b
That loves his fetters, though the gold.
But why doe wee devise of others ill
Whyles thus we suffer this same do
To keepe us out in scorne, of his ow
And rather do not ransack all and kill?'

IX

Nay, let us first' (sayd Satyrane)
The man by gentle meanes to let us

rdes affray with cruell threat,
to efforce it doe begin:
'ayle, we will by force it win,
and the wretch for his mesprise,
worthy of his haynous sin.'
ll pleasd: then Paridell did rise
castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

X

oft knocking entrance he desyrd.
nan selfe, which then the Porter
l,
rest, that all were now retyrd
rest, and all the keyes convayd
master, who in bed was layd,
him durst awake out of his dreme;
ore them of patience gently prayd.
il began to chaunge his theme,
ned him with force and punishment
reme:

XI

vaine, for nought mote him relent.
o long before the wicket fast
ed, that the night was forward spent,
ure welkin fowly overcast
up a bitter stormy blast,
rre and hayle so horrible and dred,
faire many were compeld at last
succour to a little shed,
h beside the gate for swyne was
ered.

XII

el. soone after they were gone,
ni_ht, whom tempest thither brought,
hat Castle, and with earnest mone,
e rest, late entrance deare besought:
as the rest, he prayd for nought;
he of entrance was refusd.
reat he was displeased, and thought
venge himselfe so sore abusd,
nore the Carle of courtesie accusd.

XIII

voyde th' intollerable stowre,
mpeld to seeke some refuge neare,
hat shed, to shrowd him from the
rre,
which full of guests he found whyras not let to enter there: [leare,
he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
e that he would lodge with them
re.
lieve, all were they liefe or loth;
fyde them each, and so defyde them
h.

XIV

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate:
But chiefely Paridell his hart did grate
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy
Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

XV

Tho hastily remounting to his steed
He forth issew'd: like as a boystrous winde,
Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long
ben hid
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
To move and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issew forth may finde: [blast
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth
overcast.

XVI

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht,
and met
Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terrour of their fierce affret
They rudely drove to ground both man and
horse,
That each awhile lay like a senceless corse.
But Paridell sore brused with the blow
Could not arise the counterchaunge to scorse,
Till that young Squyre him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about
him throw.

XVII

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
And with faire treaty pacifide their yre.
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeaunce for his hire.
They beene agreed; and to the gates they goe
To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous Carle, their commune foe,
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous
woe.

XVIII

Malbecco, seeing them resolvd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
And to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly him to beare withall,
As ignorant of servants bad abuse
And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.

The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did
not refuse.

XIX

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And servd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare then charitee;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
To dry them selves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in
plight.

XX

And eke that straunger knight emongst the
Was for like need enforst to disaray: [rest
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in trammells gay
Upbounden, did them selves adowne display
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny
beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden
gleames, [their azure streames.
And through the persant aire shoote forth

XXI

Shee also dofte her heavy haberjeon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde;
And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck
syde
Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

XXII

Like as Bellona (being late returnd
From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils
burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace redd,
Transfixed with her speare downe tombled dedd
From top of Hemus by him heaped hye;)
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

XXIII

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright
Had them surprizd. At last, avizing ri
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they
delight
In their first error, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their h

XXIV

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmely fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee:
But most they mervaild at her chevalree
And noble prowesse, which they had app
That much they faynd to know who she
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd
Yet every one her likte, and every o
lov'd.

XXV

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gratious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to doe them more
light.

XXVI

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in pl
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes ca
But none of those excuses could take plac
Ne would they eate till she in presence ca
Shee came in presence with right comely g
And fairely them saluted, as became, [Da
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle court

XXVII

They sate to meat; and Satyrane his cha
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he him selfe sate looking still askaunc
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not gli
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demeasnure from his sight did hid
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at

XXVIII

And ever and anone, when none was war
With speaking lookes, that close embas
bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care
For all that art he learned had of yore;

ignoraunt of that leud lore,
re his meaning wisely redd,
e like him aunswerd evermore.
t him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
was with privy lust and gealous
l.

XXIX

at deadly throw made no defence,
wound his weake heart opened
:
engine through false influence
h his eies, and secretly did glyde
rt, which it did sorely gryde.
new to him was that same paine,
all; for he so ofte had tryde
hereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
of course he counted love to enter
.

XXX

h to her he sought to intimate
griefe, by meanes to him well
ne:
as fruit out of the silver plate
able dasht, as overthrowne,
aitfull liquor overflowne:
dauncing bubbles did divine,
rite to lett his love be showne;
she redd out of the learned line:
t prophane in mistery of wine.

XXXI

so of his hand the pledge she raught,
cup she fained to mistake,
lap did shed her idle draught,
esire her inward flame to slake.
ose signes they secret way did make
wils, and one eies watch escape:
im needeth, for to watch and wake,
will deceive. Thus was the ape,
aire handling, put into Malbeccoes
.

XXXII

en of meats and drinks they had
r fill.
as moved by that gentle Dame
knights adventurous, to tell
f armes which unto them became,
one his kindred and his name.
Bell, in whom a kindly pride
speach and skill his words to frame
being glad of so fitte tide
mmend to her, thus spake, of al
eide.

XXXIII

t art now nought but an idle name,
e ashes buried low dost lie, [fame,
ilome far much greater then thy

Before that angry Gods and cruell skie
Upon thee heapt a direfull destinie;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory
shent?

XXXIV

'Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Ilion whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renowmd through noble fame;
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedæmon fetcht the fayrest Dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse;

XXXV

'Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcases of noble warrioures
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne.

XXXVI

'From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed joy,
She, of his Father, Parius did name;
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence to th' isle of Paros came.

XXXVII

'That was by him cald Paros, which before
Hight Nausa: there he many yeares did raine,
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore:
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne.
From whom I Paridell by kin descend:
But, for faire ladies love and glories gaine,
My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
In seeweing deeds of armes, my lives and labors end.'

XXXVIII

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,

She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract;
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

XXXIX

'Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
O lamentable fall of famous towne!
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
In one sad night consumd and throwen downe:
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late?

XL

'Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath fownd another partner of your payne;
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retyre.'

XLI

'Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,'
Said he, 'out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repayre;
Where he through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,
Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes.

XLII

'At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The rivall slaine, the victour, through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

XLIII

'Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part;
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convart,
His sonne Iülus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Trojans blood,
And in long Alba plast his throne apart;
Where faire it florished and long time stood,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome removd.

XLIV

'There; there,' (said Britomart) 'afresh shall reare
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
Of all the world, under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Trojans scattered ofspring,
That in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalize.

XLV

'It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne neck (whereat he raves
With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)
She fastned hath her foot; which stands so hy
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes; and all which passen by,
Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threats the skye.

XLVI

'The Trojan Brute did first that citie found
And Hygate made the meare thereof by West
And Overt gate by North: that is the bownd
Toward the land; two rivers bownd the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat.'

XLVII

'Ah! fairest Lady knight,' (said Paridell)
'Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light
Indeed he said, (if I remember right)
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight
And far abroad his mightie braunches threw
Into the utmost Angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII

'For that same Brute, whom much he did advaunce
In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,

ng slain through luckles arrowes
ce,
eare of that he had misdonne,
ame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
m ledd to sea an youthly trayne;
rie wandring they long time did
e,
ortunes prov'd in th' Ocean mayne,
adventures found, that now were
to sayne.

XLIX

y fatall course they driven were
nd spatious and brode,
t North that did to them appeare:
Vvest, they, seeking farre abrode,
e fittest soyle for their abode,
all thinges fitt for living foode,
waste and void of peoples trode,
ge nation of the Geaunts broode
n living flesh, and dronck mens
l blood.

L

, through wearie wars and labours
ith losse of many Britons bold:
e great Goemagot of strong
nd Coulin of Debon old, [cold,
hrowne and laide on th' earth full
ked under their so hideous masse,
istory to bee enrold
ng moniments of brasse,
e antique Worthies merits far did
e.

LI

'His worke great Troynovant, his worke is
Faire Lincolne, both renowmed far away; [cke
That who from East to West will endlong
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day, [seeke,
Except Cleopolis: so heard I say
Old Mnemon. Therefore, Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin; and you entyrely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt us both unknowne.' So ended Paridell.

LII

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore
With vigilant regard and dew attent,
Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles unwares away her wondring eye
And greedy eares her weake hart from her
Which he perceiving, ever privily, [bore;
In speaking many false belgardes at her let fly.

LIII

So long these knights discoursed diversly
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought
Every discourse, and every argument,
Which by the houres he measured, besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her poursewes;
Fynds emongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

I

ow next, so soone as Phœbus Lamp
had the world with early light,
Aurora had the shady damp
goodly heven amoved quight,
mart and that same Faery knight
rth on their journey for to wend:
ell complaynd, that his late fight
mart so sore did him offend,
he could not, till his hurts he did
d.

II

So foorth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously,
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him lefte not liberty:
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers youngmans unruly maystery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept uneath

III

But patience perforce, he must abie
What fortune and his fate on him will lay;
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie:
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may;
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent:
So doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his sight her selfe once to absent:
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

IV

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde.
False love! why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the minde:
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

V

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle;
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there sojourned his woundes to heale;
That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle
To weet how he her love away did steale,
And bad that none their joyous treason should reveale.

VI

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
That least avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift, till he her layd abord.
When so in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her; yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

VII

But when apart (if ever her apart)
He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death *forgive*.

VIII

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine;
Now singing sweetly to surprize her spright,
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Brandes, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine,
Or purposes, oft ridles, he devyst,
And thousands like which flowed in his braine
With which he fed her fancy, and entyst
To take to his new love, and leave her old despyst.

IX

And every where he might, and everie while
He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdew
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, if she were likewise carried

X

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege, through dispurvayaunce long
And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive;
And Peece, that unto parley eare will give,
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylive:
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd:

XI

For through his traines he her intrapped has
That she her love and hart hath wholy sold
To him, without regard of gaine or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Devized hath, and to her lover told.
It pleased well: So well they both agree:
So readie rype to ill ill wemens counsels bee.

XII

Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth,
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere.
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes reare,
The which she meant away with her to bear.
The rest she fyr'd, for sport, or for despight
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
The Trojane flames and reach to hevens hight,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful sight.

XIII

elene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
husband ran with sory haste
flames which she had tyn'd

oolish labour spent in waste,
er lovers armes right fast;
embraced she to him did cry
l for helpe, ere helpe were past;
uest did beare her forcibly,
ravish her, that rather had to

XIV

l man hearing her call for ayd,
ing him with her to fly,
t mind was much dismayd:
ine he backeward cast his eye,
wicked fire so furiously
hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
with distressed diversely,
ow to turne, nor to what place:
retched man in such a wofull cace,

XV

him she cryde, to her he turnd,
fire; love money overcame:
e marked how his money burnd,
wife; money did love disclame:
e loth to loose his loved Dame,
leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
n'ote save both, he sav'd that same
the dearest to his dounghill mynde,
his desire, the joy of misers blinde.

XVI

ilest all things in troublous uprore
e,
en busie to suppresse the flame,
couple neede no reskew feare,
e had and liberty to frame
est flight, free from all mens reclame;
t, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
safe conduct, till to end they came.
hey gone yfere, a wanton payre
loosely knit, where list them to re-
re.

XVII

the cruell flames yslaked were,
seeing how his losse did lye,
flames which he had quenecht why-
waves of griefe and gealosye
emplonged was, and drowned nye
rd doole and felonous despight:
wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,
passions that in man may light
nce oppresse, and vex his caytive
t.

XVIII

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before.
At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he reskew mought:
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused
thought.

XIX

At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,
To search her forth where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground: So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her far and
nere,
And every where that he mote understond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were;
And of each one he mett he tidings did inquere.

XX

But all in vaine: his woman was too wise
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple ever to surprise
The jolly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as hee forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hoved close under a forest side, [hide.
As if they lay in wait, or els them selves did

XXI

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize;
And th' other, al yclad in garments light
Discolourd like to womanish disguize,
He did resemble to his lady bright; [sight:
And ever his faint hart much earned at the

XXII

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe:
Till that prickt forth with loves extremity
That is the father of fowle gealosy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet:

XXIII

But it was scornefull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere,
Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay,
And bad before his soveraine Lord appere.
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
And comming him before low louted on the lay.

XXIV

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, 'Thou man of nought, what doest thou here
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?'

XXV

The wretched man at his imperious speach
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said:
'Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a Lady'—There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppresse, [bitternesse.
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of

XXVI

'What Lady, man?' (said Trompart) 'take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye:
Was never better time to shew thy smart
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy.'
That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply.
That bold he sayd; O most redoubted Pere!
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare.'

XXVII

Then sighing sore, 'It is not long,' (saide hee)
'Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,
By treacherous deceipt did me deprive:
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
Which al good knights, that armes doe bear this day,
Are bownd for to revenge, and punish if they

XXVIII

'And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarell then defence of right,
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight:
So shall your glory bee advaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich.'

XXIX

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And sayd; 'Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt
I tread in dust thee and thy money both.
That, were it not for shame'—So turned from him wroth

XXX

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew.
And in his eare him rownded close behinde:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease,
Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd inclinde
Besought him his great corage to appease.
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

XXXI

Big looking like a doughty Duncepere,
At last he thus; 'Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare:
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay!
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard
And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet regard.

XXXII

'And more: I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent
And that vile knight, who ever that he bee,
Which hath thy lady reft and knightly shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dint
The blood hath of so many thousands shed
I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;

xt heven and earth shall hide his
h, [be dedd.'
be shal be fownd, and shortly doen

XXXIII

h man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
ard so spoken were halfe donne,
y thanked him a thousand sith
om death to life him newly wonne.
he Boaster marching brave begonne
steed to thunder furiously,
ven and hell would over-ronne,
world confound with cruelty;
Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV

they three together traveiled,
any a wood and many an uncouth
wife that was far wandered: [way,
wo sought nought but the present

he treasure which he did bewray,
heir eies and harts were wholly sett,
se how they might it best betray;
e howre that first he did them lett
chold, therwith their keene desires
whett.

XXXV

d, as they together far'd,
where Paridell came pricking fast
laine: the which him selfe prepar'd
ith that brave straunger knight a
nture by the way he past. [cast,
ide without his Paragone;
: fleht her bells, her up he cast
e world, and lett her fly alone:
se clogd. So had he served many

XXXVI

Lady, loose at randon lefte,
wood long did walke, and wander

venture, like a forlorne wefte;
y the Satyres her espide
ne withouten groome or guide:
r feake, and with them home her

s housewife ever to abide,
gates, and make them cheese and

as commune good her handeled

XXXVII

he Malbecco has forgott,
dell all were he deare;
Malbecke another lott,
he arrived here,

Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his griefe to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

XXXVIII

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
'I take no keepe of her,' (sayd Paridell)
'She wonneth in the forrest there before.'
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way: whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

XXXIX

'Perdy, nay,' (said Malbecco) 'shall ye not;
But let him passe as lightly as he came:
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld;
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoyld;
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld.'

XL

They all agree, and forward them addresse:
'Ah! but,' (said crafty Trompart) 'weete ye well,
That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend
All travelers: therefore advise ye well
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too soone to evill end.'

XLI

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart; 'You, that are the most oppprest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behynd:
My Lord and I will search the wide forest.'
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoos mynd,
For he was much afraid him selfe alone to fynd.

XLII

'Then is it best,' (said he) 'that ye doe leave
Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety:
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave.'
It pleased; so he did. Then they march forward brave.

XLIII

Now, when amid the thickest woodes they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking Hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forest did with horrour fill.
That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did thrill
With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd.

XLIV

Yet afterwardes, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.
The jolly Satyres, full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She, proude of that new honour which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

XLV

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lusty-hedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
The whiles their Gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

XLVI

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd;
But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With perly deaw, and th' Earthes glooming shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe the sences did invade.

XLVII

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush
That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd
Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his joyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealosy did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them loved well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matin bell.

XLIX

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell
That it was he which by her side did dwell;
And therefore prayd her wake to heare his plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe againe;
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

L

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;
And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;
But he her prayd, for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsel hyde.

LI

he her perswade to leave that lewd
eem life of God and man abhord,
e returne, where all should be renewd
ect peace and bandes of fresh accord,
eceivd againe to bed and bord,
respas ever had beene donne:
t all refused at one word,
o meanes would to his will be wonne,
e emongst the jolly Satyres still to
nne

LII

l her till day-spring he espyde,
vaine; and then turnd to the heard,
d him with hornes on every syde,
downe in the durt, where his hore
rd
y dight, and he of death afeard.
ore the heavens fairest light
e ruddy East was fully reard,
les out of their foldes were loosed
light, [plight.
nongst the rest crept forth in sory

LIII

as he the Prison-dore did pas,
fast as both his feet could beare,
r looked who behind him was,
ly who before: like as a Beare,
ing close amongst the hives to reare
combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
assayling sore his carkas teare,
ly he with life away does fly, [pardy.
, till safe him selfe he see from jeo-

LIV

l he, till he came unto the place
e his treasure he entombed had;
hen he found it not, (for Trompart
urloyned for his maister bad) [bace
reme fury he became quite mad,
away, ran with him selfe away;
so straungely had him seene bestadd,
tart haire and staring eyes dismay,
mbo lake him late escaped sure would
y.

LV

er hilles and over vales he fledd,
wind him on his winges had borne;
c nor bush could stay him, when he
old
le feet, as treading still on thorne:
nd despight, and gealosy, and scorne,
he way him follow hard behynd;
himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
efully forlorne of womankynd,
a Snake, still lurked in his wounded
ynd.

LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still;
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight:
From thence he threw him selfe despiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in living sight.

LVII

But through long anguish and selfe-murdring thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall, [small.
That at the last he found a cave with entrance

LVIII

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion [there
In drery darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cros-cuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

LX

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight;
Where he, through privy griefe and horrour vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is light.

CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;
Findes Scudamour distrest:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
Where loves spoyles are exprest.

I

O HATEFULL hellish Snake! what furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealosy! that turnest love divine
To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

II

O! let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;
Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed Nectar and pure Pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make.

III

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malbecco's hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
From whom the Squyre of Dames was reft whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

IV

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all womankinde,
So he surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly use, all that I ever finde:
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
She was emmoved in her noble minde,
T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

V

No was Sir Satyrane her far behind
But with like fiercenesse did ensew t
Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soon
His former suit, and from them fled
They after both, and boldly bad him
And each did strive the other to outg
But he them both outran a wondrous
For he was long, and swift as any R
And now made better speed t' escape h

VI

It was not Satyrane, whom he did f
But Britomart the flowre of chastity;
For he the powre of chaste hands m
But alwayes did their dread encounte
And now so fast his feet he did apply
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security.
The wood they enter, and search everi
They searched diversely, so both divid

VII

Fayre Britomart so long him follow
That she at last came to a fountaine
By which there lay a knight all wall
Upon the grassy ground, and by him
His haberjeon, his helmet, and his sp
A little off his shield was rudely thro
On which the winged boy in colours
Depeincted was, full easie to be know
And he thereby, where ever it in
showne.

VIII

His face upon the grownd did grove
As if he had beene slombring in the s
That the brave Mayd would not for
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invad
Still as she stood, she heard with
Him grone, as if his hart were peece
And with most painefull pangs to sigh
That pitty did the Virgins hart of pati

IX

At last forth breaking into bitter pl
He sayd; 'O soverayne Lord! that sit

t in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,
st thou such shamefull cruelty
wreaked of thine enimy?
u, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
y justice sleepe and silent ly?
eth then the good and righteous
[no meed?
e find no grace, nor righteousnes

X

lnd grace, and righteousnes reward,
is Amoret in caytive band,
nore bounteous creature never far'd
on the face of living land?
ievenly justice may withstand
full outrage of unrighteous men,
is Busirane with wicked hand
se seven monethes day, in secret den
nd my love so cruelly to pen!

XI

y and my love is cruelly pend
darkenes from the vew of day,
adly torments doe her chast brest
[tway,
harpe steele doth rive her hart in
Scudamore will not denay.
vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound
er ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
wretch to tread upon the ground,
so faire a Lady feeles so sore a
nd!'

XI

huge heape of singults did oppresse
ling soule, and swelling throbs
each
g toung with pangs of drerinesse,
he remnant of his plaintife speach,
layes were come to their last reach:
n she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
into his life to make a breach,
great ruth and terrour she was smit,
ast from her cage the wearie soule
ld flit.

XIII

ping downe she him amoved light;
rewith somewhat starting, up gan
e,
g him behind a stranger knight,
o living creature he mistooke,
t indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
ne againe himselfe disdainfully
th earth with his faire forhead
oke:
e hold Virgin seeing gan apply
ine to his griefe, and spake thus
ready:—

XIV

'Ah gentle knight! whose deepe conceived griefe
Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
Yet, if that hevenly grace some goode reliefe
You send, submit you to high providence;
And ever in your noble hart prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and values confidence:
For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretchednesse.

XV

'Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read what wicked felon so [make.
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle
Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
At least it faire endevour will apply.'
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did
That up his head he reared easily, [goe,
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly.

XVI

'What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price, cannot releeme my deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare:
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

XVII

'There he tormenteth her most terribly
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe:
But yet by torture he would her constraine
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest?'

XVIII

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse
The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
And sayd; 'Sir knight, your cause is nothing
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more; [lesse
For nothing so much pitty doth implore
As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery:
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will, with proofe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

XIX

'Ah! gentlest knight alive,' (sayd Scudamore)
'What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous brest! what couldst thou more,
If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?
O! spare thy happy daies, and them apply
To better boot; but let me die that ought:
More is more losse; one is enough to dy.'
'Life is not lost,' (said she) 'for which is bought [be sought.'
Endlesse renowm, that, more then death, is to

XX

Thus shee at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wend to see what new successe
Mote him befall upon new enterprise.
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
She gathered up and did about him dresse,
And his forwandred steed unto him gott:
So forth they forth yfere make their progresse,
And march not past the mountenaunce of a shott, [did plott.
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they

XXI

There they dismounting drew their weapons
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate, [bold,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd:
'What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
Batteill against the Gods, so we a God invade.

XXIII

'Daunger without discretion to attempt
Inglorious, beastlike is: therefore, Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how he with our foe may come to fight.'
'This is' (quoth he) 'the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;
So mighty be th' enchauntments which t
same do stay.

XXIV

'What is there ells but cease these fruitle
paines,
And leave me to my former languishing?
Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chain
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing.'
'Perdy not so,' (saide shee) 'for shame
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce [th
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised praise for dread to disa

XXV

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost m
Her ample shield she threw before her fa
And her swords point directing forward ri
Assayld the flame; the which eftsoones g
place,
And did it selfe divide with equall space,
That through she passed, as a thonder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth disp
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt:
So to her yold the flames, and did their fo
revolt.

XXVI

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the f
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire, [w
And bad the stubborne flames to yield
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augm
His mighty rage, and with imperious swa
Him forst, (maulgre) his fercenes to relen
And backe retire, all scorcht and pitif
brent.

XXVII

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not p
Then for the burning torment which he f
That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras
Did beat and bounse his head and bres
sore:
The whiles the Championesse now entre
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost
The utmost rowme abounding with all pre
store:

XXVIII

For round about the walls yclothed wer
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silke, so close and
That the rich metall lurked privily,

be hidd from envious eye;
d there, and every where, unwares
elfe and shone unwillingly;
oud Snake, whose hidden snares
greene gras his long bright burn
back declares.

XXIX

e Tapets weren fashioned
ourtraicts, and many a faire feate;
ve, and al of lusty-hed,
y their semblaunt, did entreat:
Cupids warres they did repeate,
attailes, which he whilome fought
e Gods to make his empire great;
uge massacres, which he wrought
kings and kesars into thraldome
ht.

XXX

s writt how often thondring Jove
point of his hart-percing dart,
heavens kingdome, here did rove
disguize, to slake his scalding
;
Ram, faire Helle to pervart,
Bull, Europa to withdraw:
e fearefull Ladies tender hart
eeme to tremble, when she saw
as under her t' obay her servaunts

XXXI

that, into a golden showre
e chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew;
h the roofe of her strong brasen
to her lap an hony dew; [towre
her foolish garde, that litle knew
ipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
that none should enter nor issew:
e watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
God to golden hew him selfe
ard.

XXXII

e turnd into a snowy Swan,
Leda to his lovely trade:
skill! and sweet wit of the man,
daffadillies sleeping made
ing heat her daintie limbes to shade;
roud Bird, ruffling his fethers wyde
g his faire brest, did her invade:
yet twixt her cielids closely spyde
s her he rusht, and smiled at his
.

XXXIII

d it how the Thebane Semelee,
ealous Juno, did require
s his soverayne majestee
s thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Joying his love in likenes more entire:
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put her pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV

Twise was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre:
Once, when he with Asterie did scape;
Againe, when as the Trojane boy so fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

XXXV

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht;
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:
A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.
Whyles thus on earth great Jove these pageaunts playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing thus unto his mother sayd:
'Lo! now the hevens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove to earth is gone.'

XXXVI

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulnesse:
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy just desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

XXXVII

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct;
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet-breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote have lively seene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garlond ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

XXXVIII

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent;
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame:
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And love a Shephards daughter for his dearest Dame.

XXXIX

He loved Isse for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fitt;
Now, like a Lyon hunting after spoile;
Now, like a stag; now, like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

XL

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw: his threeforkt Pyke [stryke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in temewise tyde.

XLI

His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne, [creame
And flame with gold; but the white fomy
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame.
The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame;
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

XLII

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arne hight,
For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre.
On whom he got faire Pegasus, that flit in the ayre.

XLIII

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene
That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,
As he did for Erigone it prove)
That to a Centaure did him selfe transmew;
So proov'd it eke that gratious God of wine,
When for to compasse Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grape decline.

XLIV

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he made meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes, he sore did shreek
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts
Privily moystening his horrid cheeke: [smarts
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide woundes launched through his inner partes.

XLV

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe
Which he had wrought to many others mo.
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedyes
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heven beholdes sad lovers nightly theves.

XLVI

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, knights, and Damsels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short:
And a long bloody river through them rayld
So lively and so like that living sence it fayld.

XLVII

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
There was an Altar built of pretious stone
Of passing valew and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone

, which with his owne light
had with sondry colours dight,
lours then the proud Pavone
asted fan, or Iris bright,
olourd bow she spreds through
ight.

XLVIII

was; and in his cruell fist
and arrowes keene did hold,
shot at random, when him list,
with sad lead, some with pure
[hold.)
are how thou those dartes be-
agon under him did ly,
layle his lefte foot did enfold,
ft was shot through either eye,
rth might draw, ne no man re-

XLIX

ith his feet was written thus,
r of the Gods this bee:
ople in that ample hous
age bowe their humble knee,
itted fowle Idolatree.
sight faire Britomart amazd,
d her wonder satisfie,
and more upon it gazd,
e passing brightnes her fraile
azd.

L

ckward cast her busie eye
secrete of that goodly sted,
thus written she did spye,
oft and oft it over-red,
find what sence it figured:
ere therein or writ or ment,
it thereby discouraged
ing of her first intent,
with bold steps into the next
ent.

LI

hen the former was that roome,
many partes arayd;
rras made in painefull loome,
gold it all was overlayd,
wilde Antickes, which their
layd
fall as they living were. [made,
nonstrous formes therein were
Such as false love doth oft upon him weare;
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth
oft appeare.

LII

And all about the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes.
Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent, [tent.
To shew the victors might and mercilesse in-

LIII

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,
Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she mervaild that no footings trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptinesse
And solemne silence over all that place:
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse [fulnesse.
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with care-

LIV

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and every where, *Be bold*;
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her wel-pointed wepons did about her dresse.

CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted Chamber are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret through charmes decayd.

I

Tho, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:
Nought therewith daunted was her courage
But rather stird to cruell enmity, [prowd,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

II

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III

All suddeinly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore;
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke Stage.

IV

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned:
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V

The noble Mayd still standing all t
And merveild at his straunge intendi
With that a joyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrales making goodly merim
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers in
All which together song full chearefu
A lay of loves delight with sweet con
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orde

VI

The whiles a most delitious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly
That the rare sweetnesse of the melo
The feeble sences wholy did confound
And the frayle soule in deepe deli
drownd:
And, when it ceast, shrill trompets
That their report did far away reboun
And, when they ceast, it gan againe
The whiles the maskers marched fort
aray.

VII

The first was Fansy, like a lovely B
Of rare aspect, and beautie without p
Matchable ether to that ympe of Tro
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup
Or that same daintie lad, which was
To great Alcides, that, when as he dy
He wailed womanlike with many a t
And every wood and every valley wy
He filld with Hylas name; the Nym
Hylas cryde.

VIII

His garment nether was of silke nor
But paynted plumes in goodly order
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest
As those same plumes so seemd he v
That by his gate might easily appea
For still he far'd as dauncing in del

hand a windy fan did beare,
e ydle ayre he mov'd still here and
re.

IX

beside marcht amorous Desyre,
d of ryper yeares then th' other
yne,
at other swayne this elders syre,
im being, commune to them twayne:
nt was disguysed very vayne,
abrodered Bonet sat awry: [strayne,
a his hands few sparks he close did
l he blew and kindled busily,
e they life conceiv'd, and forth in
ies did fly.

X

r him went Doubt, who was yclad
our'd cote of straunge disguyse,
backe a brode Capuccio had,
s dependaunt Albanese-wyse:
akew with his mistrustfull eyes,
y trode, as thornes lay in his way,
e flore to shrinke he did avyse;
broken reed he still did stay
e steps, which shrunck when hard
roon he lay.

XI

a went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged
d [made:
eares skin, that him more dreadfull
ne face was dreadfull, ne did need
horrour to deforme his griesly shade:
h' one hand, and a rusty blade
er was; this Mischiefe, that Mishap:
ne his foes he threatned to invade,
ther he his friends ment to enwrap;
he could not kill he practizd to en-
.

XII

a was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
ht himselfe not safe enough thereby,
each shadow moving too or froe;
wne armes when glittering he did spy
g heard, he fast away did fly,
ale of hew, and winged heeld,
more on Daunger fixt his eye,
om he always bent a brasen shield,
s right hand unarmed fearefully did
eld.

XIII

n went Hope in rancke, a handsome
yd,
foll looke and lovely to behold:
samite she was light arayd,
yre lockes were woven up in gold:
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinckled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire; [coynd,
Her deeds were forged, and her words false
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

XV

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce:
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he stil did peep as forward he did pace.

XVI

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad:
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

XVII

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed;
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

XVIII

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,

And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;
She chearfull, fresh, and full of joyaunce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:
An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in hers an hony-laden Bee.
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

XIX

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two grysie Villeins, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

XX

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

XXI

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:
And those two villeins, which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

XXII

Next after her, the winged God him selfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous.
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde;
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell minde.

XXIII

Of which ful prowd, him selfe up rearing hye
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survay his goodly company;
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right hand d
straine
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did qua
And clapt on hye his coulourd winges t
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he fe
did take.

XXIV

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaun
Shame; [behin
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repe
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and unkin
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinl
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch
scould; [entwi
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce wh
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand
hold: [mea
All three to each unlike, yet all made in o

XXV

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to re
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Ang
stout;
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead;
Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dea
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeaunce; faint Infirmity;
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infam

XXVI

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen wel
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering wemens witt, that none can tel
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell:
All which disguized marcht in masking wis
About the chamber by the Damozell;
And then returned, having marched thrise,
Into the inner rowme from whence they fi
did rise.

XXVII

So soone as they were in, the dore streightw
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened, and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which al this while w
plast
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewed forth, and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
It yaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afo

XXVIII

...rce might not availe, there sleights
...l art
...o use, both fitt for hard emprize:
...om that same roome not to depart
...ow next shee did her selfe avize,
...at same Maske againe should forth
...ize.
...owe next appeard with joyous cheare,
...hem to their daily exercize:
..., as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
...s secret staml that day for to outweare.

XXIX

...t day she outwore in wandering
...ing on that Chambers ornament,
... againe the second evening
...ered with her sable vestiment, [blent:
...ith the worlds faire beautie she hath
...hen the second watch was almost past,
...sen dore flew open, and in went
...stomart, as she had late forecast,
... of ydle showes, nor of false charmes
...ghast.

XXX

...se as she was entred, rownd about
...t her eies to see what was become
...hose persons which she saw without:
... they streight were vanisht all and some;
...g wight she saw in all that roome,
...at same woefull Lady, both whose hands
...ounden fast, that did her ill become,
...r small waste girt rownd with yron bands
... brasen pillour by the which she stands.

XXXI

...er before the vile Enchaunter sate,
...g straunge characters of his art:
...ving blood he those characters wrate,
...ally dropping from her dying hart,
...g transfixed with a cruell dart;
... perforce to make her him to love.
...ho can love the worker of her smart?
...sand charmes he formerly did prove,
...usand charmes could not her stedfast
...hart remove.

XXXII

...as that virgin knight he saw in place,
...cked bookes in hast he overthrew,
...ring his long labours to deface;
...ercely running to that Lady trew,
...drous knife out of his pocket drew,
...hich he thought, for villeinous despight,
... tormented bodie to embrew:
...e stout Damzell, to *him leaping light,*
...ssed hand withheld, and maistered his
...ight.

XXXIII

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herselfe, his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest,
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

XXXIV

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead: next stroke him should have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy. For else her paine
Should be remedilesse; sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee: [see:
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to

XXXV

And to him said: 'Thou wicked man, whose
For so huge mischiefe and vile villany [meed
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed;
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state:
This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly.'
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong his date:

XXXVI

And, rising up, gan streight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse.
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horrour gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
And, all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about:
Yet all that did not her dismaied make, [dout:
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about

Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

XXXVIII

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;
And every part to safety full sownd,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord.
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be unbownd
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd.

XXXIX

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying; 'Ah noble knight! what worthy meede
Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde.'

XL

But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,
Said: 'Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,
For many labours more then I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene.
Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
Insted thereof, know that your loving Make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.'

XLI

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wightes she loved best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages oppprest.
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe [relest,
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

XLII

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, whi
She saw so rich and royally arayd, [e
Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismay
Thence forth descending to that perlous pon
Those dreadfull flames she also found delay
And quenched quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scor

XLIII

More easie issew now then entrance late
She found; for now that fained dreadfull flas
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted ga
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same.
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pas
Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud d frame
To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrie was.

XLIV

But when the Victoresse arrived there
Where late she left the pensife Scudamore
With her own trusty Squire, both full of fea
Neither of them she found where she them le
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore:
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spirit
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new fright.

XLV

But he, sad man, when he had long in dre
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good spee
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames d burne;
And therefore gan advize with her old Squi
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse d mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilest here doe respire.

THE FOURTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

I

gged forhead, that with grave foresight
ingdomes causes and affaires of state,
er rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite
sing love as I have done of late,
gnifying lovers deare debate;
h fraile youth is oft to follie led,
false allurement of that pleasing baite,
tter were in vertues discipled,
ith vaine poemes weeds to have their
ncies fed.

II

nes ill judge of love that cannot love,
eir frosen hearts feele kindly flame:
they ought not thing unknowne
eprove,
rall affection faultlesse blame
lt of few that have abusd the same;
f honor and all vertue is [of fame,
ote, and brings forth glorious flowres
owne true lovers with immortall blis,
ed of them that love, and do not live
misse.

III

who so list looke backe to former ages,
ll to count the things that then were
lonne, [sages,
nd that all the workes of those wise
ve exploits which great Heroës wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply, [deny
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well

IV

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my soveraigne Queene,
In whose chast brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene.
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive, I weene,
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from
heaven blest.

V

Which that she may the better deigne to
heare,
Do thou, dred infant, Venus dearling dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awfull Majestie remove.
Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from above,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage
soften, [lesson often,
That she may hearke to love, and reade this

CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

I

rers sad calamities of old
any piteous stories doe remaine,
ne more piteous ever *was ytold*
hat of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimels unworthie paine
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had beene writ.

II

For from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight she never joyed day;
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

III

For that same vile Enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man,
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill-hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was showen;
And there the Ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

IV

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterve
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve:
And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limbe that touched her did quake;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

VI

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her lives Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his justly that all freely dealth.
Nathlesse her honor, dearer then her life,
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth.

Die had she lever with Enchanters knife
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wi

VII

Thereto her feare was made so much
greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd;
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better
And maske her wounded mind, both did
sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gess
For other-whiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and other-whiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow
some excesse.

VIII

His will she feard; for him she surely thoug
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more by that he lately wrough
When her from deadly thraldome he redeem
For which no service she too much esteemed
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle di
honor
Made her not yeeld so much as due she deem
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her
honor.

IX

It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovel
Dame,
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire th
shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that he
Which had no love nor lemman there in sto
Should either winne him one, or lye without t
dore.

X

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to justifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth;
But for the present did her anger shrowd,
And sayd, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have
both.

XI

So foorth they went, and both together giusted
But that same younker soone was over
throwne,

le repent that he had rashly lusted
g unlawfull, that was not his owne:
ce he seemed valiant, though un-
owne,
no lesse was courteous then stout,
w to salve, that both the custome
owne
t, and yet that Knight not locked out;
m'd full hard t' accord two things so
r in dout.

XII

eschall was cal'd to deeme the right:
he requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
to her allow'd, as to a Knight
her win and free from chalenge set:
traight to her was yeelded without let.
nce that strange Knights love from
im was quitted,
n'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
Knight might justly be admitted;
should be out shut, sith all of loves
ere fitted.

XIII

hat, her glistring helmet she unlaced;
loft, her golden lockes, that were up-
ound
a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
e a silken veile in compasse round
er backe and all her bodie wound:
the shining skie in summers night,
ime the dayes with scorching heat
bound,
ted all with lines of firie light,
prodigious seemes in common peoples
ight.

XIV

when those Knights and Ladies all
bout
her, all were with amazement smit,
ery one gan grow in secret dout
and that, according to each wit: [it;
nought that some enchantment faygned
hat Bellona in that warlike wise
appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
hat it was a maske of strange disguise:
rsely each one did sundrie doubts de-
ise.

XV

at young Knight, which through her
entle deed
that goodly fellowship restor'd,
nasand thankes did yeeld her for her
need,
ubbly overcommen, her ador'd.
hey all their former strife accord;
e fayre Amoret, *now freed from feare,*
nake affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare.

XVI

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And grieffull pittie privately bemone.
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

XVII

Lo! thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space:
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

XVIII

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew:
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

XIX

Her name was Até, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state,
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

XX

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound

Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same may easily out-win:
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

XXI

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters
Altars defyld, and holy things defast; [plast;
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

XXII

There was the signe of antique Babylon;
Of fatall Thebes; of Rome that raigned long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his Princes five
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive.

XXIII

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell;
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell;
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell;
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which made them strive.

XXIV

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith forgoe;
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall;
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall:
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh *and greene.*

XXV

Such was her house within; but all
The barren ground was full of wicked
Which she her selfe had sowen all abo
Now growen great, at first of little see
The seedes of evill wordes and factious
Which, when to ripenesse due they arre,
Bring foorth an infinite increase, that
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious j
The which most often end in bloudshed warre.

XXVI

And those same cursed seedes doe als
To her for bread, and yeeld her living
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadl
That she may sucke their life, and drin blood,
With which she from her childhood h
For she at first was borne of hellish br
And by infernall furies nourished;
That by her monstrous shape might e

XXVII

Her face most fowle and filthy was to
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes in
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth
That nought but gall and venim compre
And wicked wordes that God and man o
Her lying tongue was in two parts div
And both the parts did speake, and bo tended;
And as her tongue so was her hart dis
That never thoght one thing, but dou was guided.

XXVIII

Als as she double spake, so heard she
With matchlesse eares deformed and d
Fild with false rumors and seditious t
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light repo
And as her eares, so eke her feet were
And much unlike; th' one long, the othe
And both misplast; that, when th' one yode,
The other backe retired and contrarie

XXIX

Likewise unequall were her handes tw
That one did reach the other pusht aw
That one did make the other mard aga
And sought to bring all things unto d
Whereby great riches, gathered manie
She in short space did often bring to n
And their possessours often did dismay

studie was and all her thought
might overthrow the things that
cord wrought.

XXX

her malice did her might surpas,
th' Almightie selfe she did maligne,
man so mercifull he was,
all his creatures so benigne,
er selfe was of his grace indigne;
s worlds faire workmanship she tride
ast confusion to bring,
great golden chaine quite to divide,
ch it blessed Concord hath together
e.

XXXI

s that hag which with Duessa roade;
ring her in her malitious use
good knights, was, as it were, her
er borrowed beautie to abuse: [baude
gh, like withered tree that wanteth
yce,
nd crooked were, yet now of late
and fragrant as the floure-deluce
become, by chaunge of her estate,
de full goodly joyance to her new-
und mate.

XXXII

ir, he was a jollie youthfull knight
e great sway in armes and chivalrie,
indeed a man of mickle might;
e was Blandamour, that did descrie
e mind full of inconstancie:
r himselfe he fitted had right well
o companions of like qualitie,
e Duessa, and false Paridell, [tell.
ether were more false full hard it is to

XXXIII

hen this gallant with his goodly crew
rre espide the famous Britomart,
ight adventurous in outward vew,
s faire paragon, his conquests part,
ing nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
lled with delight, and jesting sayd;
ere, Sir Paridel, for your desart
ke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
e that ye want a fellow for your ayd.'

XXXIV

at the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:
when as Paridel more plaine beheld,
n heart he like affection fond,
ndfull how he late by one was feld
d those armes and that same scutchion
weld,
small lust to buy his love so deare,
wered; 'Sir, him wise I never held,
That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill
reare.

XXXV

'This knight too late his manhood and his
might
I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love that soone is lost.'
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
'Take then to you this Dame of mine,' (quoth
hee)
'And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee.'
So forth he fiercely prickt that one him scarce
could see.

XXXVI

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receave
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Him selfe he did of his new love deceave;
And made him selfe thensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to
dallie.

XXXVII

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And, finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horsebacke and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth convayd:
And all the way, with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

XXXVIII

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them
new:
Whom when as Blandamour approching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe
renew.

XXXIX

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
The God of love with wings displayed wide
Whom mortally he hated evermore,

Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That, through the bruses of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

XL

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake:
'Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And justifie my cause on yonder knight.'
'Ah! Sir,' (said Paridell) 'do not dismay
Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right.'

XLI

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed:
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan him selfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became themselves did scarsly weete.

XLII

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes.
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And, mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes:

XLIII

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle:
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

XLIV

Which when as Blandamour beheld, he sayd;
'False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
And foule advantage this good Knight dismayd,
A Knight much better then thy selfe behight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in pl
This day to wreake the dammage by the
Such is thy wont, that still when any
Is weakned, then thou doest him overr
So hast thou to thy selfe false honou
wonne.'

XLV

He little answer'd, but in manly hear
His mightie indignation did forbeare;
Which was not yet so secret, but some
Thereof did in his frouning face appea
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which dot
An hideous storme, is by the Northern
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe s
But that it all the skie doth overcast
With darknes dred, and threatens all t
to wast.

XLVI

'Ah gentle knight!' then false Dues
'Why do ye strive for Ladies love so
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendl
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish eve
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, there
That she, your love, list love another k
Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the mo
For Love is free, and led with selfe del
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or

XLVII

So false Duessa; but vile Atè thus:
'Both foolish knights! I can but la
That strive and storme with stirre out
For her, that each of you alike doth lo
And loves another, with whom now s
In lovely wise, and sleepes, and spo
playes;
Whilest both you here with many a cu
Sweare she is yours, and stirre up bloudi
To win a willow bough, whilest other
the bayes.

XLVIII

'Vile hag!' (sayd Scudamour) wh
thou lye,
And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to s
'Fond knight,' (sayd she) 'the thing th
this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the s
'Then tell,' (quoth Blandamour) 'and f
blame:
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who so it
'I saw' (quoth she) 'a stranger kilight,
name
I wote not well, but in his shield he be
(That well I wote) the heads of many
speares;

XLIX

m have your Amoret at will;
kisse; I saw him her embrace;
sleepe with her all night his fill;
nights; and manie by in place
nt were to testifie the case.'
m as Scudamour did heare, his heart
l with inward griefe: as when in
ce
an strikes a stag with shivering dart,
astonisht stands in middest of his
rt.

L

Sir Scudamour when this he heard,
ad he to speake for great dismay,
on Glaucè grim; who woxe afeard
e for the words which she heard say,
rue she wist them by assay.
damour, whenas he did espie [wray,
nge of cheere that anguish did be-
full blithe, as he had got thereby,
thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI

creant,' (sayd he) 'the fruitlesse end
ine boast, and spoile of love misgot-
n, [shend,
' the name of knight-hood thou dost
rue lovers with dishonor blotten:
s not rooted well will soone be rotten.'
false knight,' (then false Duessa
rde) [gotten;
hy life, that love with guile hast
where ever thou do go or ryde,
of ladies all, and of all knights de-
le!'

LII

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè slaine:
But, being past, he thus began amaine:
'False traitour squire! false squire of falsest knight! [abstaine,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge
Whose Lord hath done my love this foule despight? [might?
Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in my

LIII

'Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust!
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.'

LIV

The aged Dame, him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare; nathlesse, as needo required,
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe; so did at last forbeare.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;
Paridell for her strives:
They are accorded: Agapè
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

I

AND of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton,
sand furies, and from thence out
rowen
world to worke confusion,
it all on fire by force unknowen,
d discord; whose small sparkes once
owen
t a God or godlike man can slake;
was Orpheus, that, when strife was
owen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His silver Harpe in hand and shortly friends them make:

II

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That, when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas
The outrage of his furious fit relented.

Such Musicke is wise words, with time concented,
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive:
Such as that prudent Romane well invented,
What time his people into partes did rive.
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

III

Such us'd wise Glaucè to that wrathfull knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet Blandamour with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they unwise, and warelesse of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought
Through that false witch, and that foule aged drevill;
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

IV

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie Knight
That had a goodly Ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight:
It was to weete the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

V

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
After each beautie that appeard in sight,
Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent:
'Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you joyous merriment?'

VI

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine, [all:
List not to hearke, but made this faire denyGaine!'
'Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
This now be yours; God send you better
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

VII

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sa
Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay;
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray:
'Lo! sluggish Knight, the victors happie pr
So fortune friends the bold:' whom Parid
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had spe
well.

VIII

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the ed
Having so peerelesse paragon ygot: [deem
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did w
With humblest suit that he imagine meet,
And all things did devise, and all things d
That might her love prepare, and liking t
theretoo.

IX

She, in regard thereof, him recompenst
With golden words and goodly countenaun
And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light g
glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dallia
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wha
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most foole in what
seem'd most wise.

X

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft.
That though therein himselfe he thought to p
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false sprig
Which that same witch had in this forme
Was so expert in every subtile slight, [gu
That it could overreach the wisest eard
wight.

XI

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity:
So blind is lust false colours to descry.
But Atè soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity [
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII

meanes thereto she prickt him
[speaches,
membrance of those spightfull
nion of his owne more worth,
ounting of like former breaches
ir friendship, as that Hag him
n his passion is allayd, [teaches:
, and new occasion reaches;
ne, as they together way'd,
n open chalenge, and thus boldly

XIII

ull Blandamoure! too long I beare
ongs thou doest me day by day:
st thou, when we friendship first
weare,
at was, that every spoyle or pray
lly be shard betwixt us tway.
y part then of this Ladie bright,
v selfe thou takest quite away?
efore therein to me my right,
for thy wrong as shall fall out in

XIV

wroth thereat was Blandamour,
is bitter answere to him make:
Paridell! that fayrest floure
ather faine, and yet no paines
dst take:
easie will I her forsake;
er wonne, this hand shall her defend.'
they gan their shivering speares to
e,
points at eithers breast to bend,
each to have bene ever others frend.

XV

steedes with so untamed forse
hem both to fell avenges end,
their speares with pitilesse remorse
hield and mayle and haberjeon did
d,
ir flesh a grisely passage rend,
the furie of their owne affret
horse and man to ground did send;
ng still awhile, both did forget
is present stownd in which their
were set,

XVI

two warlike Brigandines at sea,
droms weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
together on the watry lea,
me ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse
might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder.
They which from shore behold the dreadfull
sight [der,
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thon-
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted
wonder.

XVII

At length they both upstarted in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves awhile did gaze;
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
And, drawing both their swords, with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did hew.

XVIII

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce have rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did
rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was
sprent, [gore;
And all their armours staynd with bloudie
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice, and so sore
Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

XIX

And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then Ladies cause release:
With which vaine termes so much they did them move,
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

XX

There they, I weene, would fight untill this day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,

That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate.

XXI

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken;
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken:
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them conjur'd by some well knowen token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

XXII

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell.
'Ah gentle Knights!' (quoth he) 'how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell?'
'Fond Squire,' full angry then sayd Paridell,
'Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?'
He looked backe, and, her avizing well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

XXIII

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight:
'Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell.
Long may you live in health and happie state!'
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew:
'And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this Ladie, present in your vew,
Have rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.'

XXV

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake:
'Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take!'
'Not one,' (quoth he) 'but many doe partake
Herein; as thus: It lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell, [wo
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseem

XXVI

'But, when as she her selfe was lost and gon
Full many knights, that loved her like dea
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each whe
A solemne feast, with publike turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladi
are to bring:

XXVII

'And of them all she, that is fayrest found
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those Knights, who is most stout
Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard. [grou
Since therefore she her selfe is now your wa
To you that ornament of hers pertaines
Against all those that chalenge it to gard
And save her honour with your ventrous paines
That shall you win more glory than ye he
find gaines.'

XXVIII

When they the reason of his words had hea
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves rega
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne in o
With all their force, and battell strong to wa
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fo
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save th
alone.

XXIX

So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weathe
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyl
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure; [sur
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts ma

XXX

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights that lincked rode in lovely wise
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his mak
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose ma

of that discomfitt crew,
speedie pace did after them

XXXI

nowe approched nigh at hand,
doughtie, as they did appeare,
Squire afore, to understand
y be: who, viewing them more

e newes, that those same weare
west Knights in Faery lond,
Ladies their two lovers deare;
mbell, and stout Triamond,
and Cambine linckt in lovely

XXXII

antique stories tellen us,
foes the fellonest on ground,
ade the dreddest daungerous
lling trumpet did resound;
heir acts be no where to be found,
med Poet them compyled
numbers and Heroicke sound,
well of English undefyled,
mall teadroll worthie to be fyled.

XXXIII

Time that all good thoughts doth weare,
f noblest wits to nought out-
nonument hath quite defaste,
world of threasure endlesse deare,
ste have enriched all us heare.
the cankerworme of writs,
se rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
re, with workes of heavenly wits
ourd, and brought to nought by
its?

XXXIV

O most sacred happie spirit!
bours lost may thus revive,
m thee the meede of thy due

st ever whilest thou wast alive,
ad in vaine yet many strive:
; but, through infusion sweete
spirit which doth in me survive,
the footing of thy feete.
y meaning so I may the rather

XXXV

ister was fayre Canacee,
learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
everie science that mote bee,
ret worke of natures wayes;
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes;
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and birds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chast of life, yet lov'd of Knights and Lords.

XXXVI

Full many Lords and many Knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly governement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes affrayd,

XXXVII

So much the more as she refusd to love,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour, in this wise.

XXXVIII

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring-dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That, of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

XXXIX

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did bleed.

XL

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all;
That dread thereof and his redoubted might

Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

XLI

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Agapè, whose children werne
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

XLIII

These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature:
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

XLV

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the
As she sate carelesse by a cristall f
Combing her golden lockes, as seem
And unawares upon her laying hol
That strove in vaine him long to
stood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is t
Got these three lovely babes, that
champions bold.

XLVI

Which she with her long fostred in
Till that to ripenesse of mans state
Then shewing forth signes of th
blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood
Seeking adventures where they ani
Which when their mother saw, she
Their safetie; least by searching dan
And rash provoking perils all abou
Their days mote be abridged thr
corage stout.

XLVII

Therefore desirous th' end of all t
To know, and them t' enlarge wit
tent,
By wondrous skill and many hidde
To the three fatall sisters house sh
Farre under ground from tract of li
Downe in the bottome of the deepe
Where Demogorgon, in dull darkn
Farre from the view of gods and he
The hideous Chaos keepes, thei
dwelling is.

XLVIII

There she them found all sitting r
The direfull distaffe standing in th
And with unwearied fingers drawin
The lines of life, from living knowl
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whil
By griesly Lachesis was spun with
That cruell Atropos eftsoones undi
With cursed knife cutting the twis
Most wretched men, whose dayes
thrids so vaine!

XLIX

She, them saluting, there by them
Beholding how the thrids of life th
And when at last she had beheld h
Trembling in heart, and looking pal
Her cause of comming she to tell b
To whom fierce Atropos: 'Bold Fay
Come see the secret of the life of m
Well worthie thou to be of Jove ac
And eke thy childrens thrids to
burst!'

L

sore affrayd, yet her besought
r boone, and rigour to abate,
ht see her childrens thrids forth
it,
e measure of their utmost date
ined by eternall fate:
o graunting shewed her the same.
ne saw, it did her much amate
hrids so thin as spiders frame,
short, that seemd their ends out
y came.

LI

gan them humbly to intreate
m longer out, and better twine,
r lives might be prolonged late:
s thereat gan to repine,
Fond dame, that deem'st of things
e
ne, that they may altred bee,
'd at pleasure for those impes of
!
what the Fates do once decree,
gods can chaunge, nor Jove him
an free!'

LII

e' (quoth she) 'the terme of each
life
may lessened nor enlarged bee,

Graunt this; tnd it one or a knife with fate with
His line, which is the eldest of the
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the nex.
And, when the next shall likewise ended be,
That both their lives may likewise be annext
Unto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

LIII

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd:
But unto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, what ever them befell.

LIV

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall,
Which much augmented all their other praise;
And now, t'increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they joyned all:
Upon which ground this same great battell grew,
Great matter growing of beginning small,
The which, for length, I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.

I

e wretched men so much desire
ir dayes unto the utmost date,
rather wish them soone expire,
e miserie of their estate,
id perills which them still awate,
n like a boate amid the mayne,
oure they knocke at deathes gate?
happie seemes, and least in payne,
gh his end as he that most doth
e.

II

his Fay I *hold but fond and vaine,*
u seeking for her children three

Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whilest they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee;
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their chevalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

III

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight.
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:

[illegible] hat wi[illegible] wight
[illegible] upon this world to shine,
[illegible] heavens window shewed light,
[illegible] like Champions, all in armour shine,
[illegible] bled were in field the chalenge to define.

IV

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe judges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that [day:
And on the other side, in fresh aray,
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage
That could her purchase with his lives adventur'd gage.

V

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd;
And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd.
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

VI

Which doen, the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his chalenge to abet:
Gainst whom Sir Priamond, with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

VII

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

VIII

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce.
Much was he grieved with that gracele[illegible] chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fe[illegible]
But wondrous paine, that did the more [illegible] haunce
His haughtie courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes the[illegible] more to swell.

IX

With that, his poynant speare he fierce ave[illegible] tred
With doubled force close underneath his shi[illegible]
That through the mayles into his thigh it [illegible] tred,
And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upre[illegible]
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is sour[illegible]
At puffe of every storme doth stagger he[illegible] and theare.

X

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espi[illegible]
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in [illegible]
The mortall point most cruelly empight; [illegible]
Where fast infixed, whilest he sought by sli[illegible]
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde: with which de[illegible] pight
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake
And charging him afresh thus felly him be[illegible] spake.

XI

'Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee tak[illegible]
The meede of thy mischalenge and abet.
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgive the det.'
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him [illegible] bow.

XII

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon lef[illegible]
The other halfe, behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his headpeece Cambell fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget clef[illegible]
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an e[illegible] of strife.

XIII

ie ghost assoyld from fleshly band
s others wont, directly fly
rest in Plutoes grisly land;
yre did vanish presently,
ged was into a starre in sky;
gh traduction was eftsoones derived,
is mother prayd the Destinie,
other brethren that survived,
he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

XIV

when on ground his brother next be-
eld,
sad and sorie for so heavy sight,
s unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
her stir'd to vengeance and despight,
secret feeling of his generous spright,
ercely forth the battell to renew,
version of his brothers right;
alenging the Virgin as his dew,
was soone addrest: the trompets fresh-
ly blew.

XV

that they both together fiercely met,
at each ment other to devoure;
ith their axes both so sorely bet,
neither plate nor mayle, where as their
powre [stowre,
felt, could once sustaine the hideous
ed were like rotten wood asunder;
t through their rifts the ruddie bloud
did showre,
e did flash, like lightning after thunder,
ld the lookers on attonce with ruth and
wonder.

XVI

hen two Tygers prickt with hungers rage
y good fortune found some beasts fresh
spoyle,
ich they weene their famine to asswage,
ine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,
uell battell twixt themselves doe make,
s neither lets the other touch the soyle,
ther saleignes with other to partake:
elly these Knights strove for that Ladies
sake.

XVII

many strokes, that mortally were ment,
hiles were enterchaunged twixt them
two;
hey were all with so good wariment
rded, or avoyded and let goe,
still the life blood fearelesse of her foe;
Diamond, disdeigning long delay
hatfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with
mighty sway.

XVIII

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent:
But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent;
For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent;
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right
foot did slyde.

XIX

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long that hart to him doth
lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it
defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse
might [ereth flight.
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarse recov-

XX

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill bower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that
stower,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly
slept.

XXI

They which that piteous spectacle beheld
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eft;
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

XXII

It left; but that same soule which therein
dwelt
Streight entring into Triamond him fild
With double life and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild

With point of steele that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest; [prest.
Who, him affronting soone, to fight was readie

XXIII

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene;
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight:
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might, [dight.
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him

XXIV

All was through vertue of the ring he wore;
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

XXV

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
But sharpely him assayld, and sore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

XXVI

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes:
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent;
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erst now backward to retrate.

XXVII

Like as the tide, that comes fro th' Ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly cours
And makes it seeme to have some other sours
But when the floud is spent, then backe again
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gain
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soverains

XXVIII

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seeme
Yet victors both them selves alwayes esteeme
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stoo

XXIX

But Cambell still more strong and great grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperis
Through that rings vertue, that with vigo new
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherish
And all his wounds, and all his bruses gu risht; [toy
Like as a withered tree, through husban
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in th soyle.

XXX

Through which advantage, in his streng he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous migh
That through the seame, which did his ha berk close,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do, that lose the living spright,
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

XXXI

But nathelesse, whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard
And fresh assayld his foe: who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost h seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard;
Till, having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike, and save himse from teene.

XXXII

beneeforth more warily he fought,
are the Stygian gods t' offend,
on so fast, but rather sought
s save, and daunger to defend,
nl labour both in vaine to spend.
mond perceiving weened sure
hint toward the battels end,
e should not long on foote endure,
ich did to him the victorie assure.

XXXIII

ull blith eftsoones his mightie hand
on high, in mind with that same
end of all that did withstand:
abell seeing come was nothing slow
o save from that so deadly throw:
instant reaching forth his sweard
meath his shield, that scarce did
v,
as he his hand to strike upreard,
-pit full, that through both sides
wound appeard.

XXXIV

lint direfull stroke kept on his way,
g heavie on Cambelloes crest,
n so hugely that in swowne he lay,
head an hideous wound imprest:
nad it not happily found rest
rim of his brode-plated shield,
nave cleft his braine downe to his
t.
once fell dead upon the field,
o other seemd the victorie to yield.

XXXV

hen as all the lookers-on beheld,
od sure the warre was at an end;
e rose, and Marshals of the field
he listes, their armes away to rend;
ee gan wayle her dearest frend.
ly they both upstarted light,[blend,
ut of the swownd, which him did
breathing now another spright,
y each assayling gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI

le they then continued in that wize,
hen the battell had begonne:
ounds, wards, weapons, all they did
ise,
ar'd to ward, or perill shonne,
th to have the battell donne;
ared life to save or spill, [wonne,
f them did winne, ne which were

So wearie both of fighting had their till,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long
safetie ill.

XXXVII

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
Confusd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theatres oftimes annoyes.

XXXVIII

Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment:
Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pace,
Towards them driving, like a storme out sent,
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devize.

XXXIX

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
And therein sate a Ladie, passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
And, with her beautie, bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater share.

XL

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtill wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other:
Who understanding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which causd so deadly smart.

XLI

And as she passed through th' unruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,

For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould:
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

XLII

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd,
Like to the rod which Maias sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound:
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim upfild.

XLIII

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devized by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

XLIV

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Jove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drincke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

XLV

Much more of price and of more gratious powre,
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise:
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce,
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

XLVI

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Coch she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile,
First to her brother, whom she loved deare
That so to see him made her heart to quak
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull che
Made her to change her hew, and hidden i
t' appeare.

XLVII

They lightly her requit, (for small deligh
They had as then her long to entertaine)
And eft them turned both againe to fight:
Which when she saw, downe on the blo
plaine [amai
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan s
Amongst her teares immixing prayers me
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From blouddy strife, and blessed peace to se
By all that unto them was deare, did t
beseeke.

XLVIII

But when as all might nought with t
prevaile, [wa
Shee smote them lightly with her powr
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of t
hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did sta
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully
traught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier ba
Her golden cup to them for drinke she rau
Whereof, full glad for thirst, ech drunk
harty draught;

XLIX

Of which so soone as they once tasted ha
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst, from feare of treason fr
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of thi
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great marvaile bri
They all gan shout aloud, that all the hea
rings.

L

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descende
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
Where when she saw that cruell war so en
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amen
And, entertaining her with curt'sies meet
Profest to her true friendship and affec
sweet.

LI

Thus when they all accorded goodly wer
The trumpets sounded, and they all aro

o depart with glee and gladsome
ere.
ulike champions both together chose
rd to march, themselves there to
pose:
: Cambina, taking by her side
nacee, as fresh as morning rose,
: Coch remounting, home did ride,
of all the people and much glori-
le.

LII

Where making joyous feast theire daies they
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife, [spent
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were to each other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were, [elswhere)
That since their dayes such lovers were not found

CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

I

i fals, (as here it earst befell)
rtall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
nds profest are chaungd to foemen
ll:
e of both, of both their minds depends,
end of both likewise of both their
itie, that of no ill proceeds [ends:
xcasion, with th' occasion ends;
ndship, which a faint affection breeds
regard of good, dyes like ill grounded
eds.

II

ell (me seemes) appeares, by that of
ite
'ambell and Sir Triamond befell,
y this, that now a new debate
twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
ch by course befals me here to tell:
ving those two other Knights espide
ig afore, as ye remember well,
th their Squire to have them both des-
ride, [side.
those masked Ladies riding them be-

III

ecke returning told, as he had seene,
ey were doughtie knights of dreaded
ame,
se two Ladies their two loves unseene:
erefore wisht them without blot or
lame
hem passe at will, for dread of shame.
ndamour full of vainglorious spright,
ber stird by his discordfull Dame,
em gladly would have prov'd his might,
t he yet was sore of his late lucklesse
ght.

IV

Yet nigh approching he them fowle be-
pake,
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont: so weening way to make
To Ladies love, where so he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so
sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse them selves
afore: [bore.
For evill deedes may better then bad words be

V

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange adventures, all the way they
rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most
excell.

VI

To which folke-mote they all with one con-
sent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought ex-
cellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth they did espy
One in bright armes, with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply:
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have
represt.

VII

Which th' other seeing gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance:
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce,
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the Lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend, that he some-wher to-fore had eide.

VIII

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne:
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize:
Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone despize;

IX

And said, 'Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight:
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her may her have by right:
But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.'

X

That offer pleased all the company:
So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight;
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to justifie his right.

XI

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize:
And Atè eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

XII

But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest:
'Brave Knights and Ladies, certes, ye
wrong
To stirre up strife, when most us needeth
That we may us reserve both fresh and
Against the Turneiment which is not long:
When who so list to fight may fight his
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the
still.'

XIII

They all agreed: so, turning all to game
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on
way.
And all that while, where so they rode or
That masked Mock-knight was their sport
play.
Till that at length, upon th' appointed day
Unto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh
Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie
Assembled for to get the honour of that

XIV

There this faire crewe arriving did divide
Them selves asunder: Blandamour with
Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze
The rest themselves in troupes did else
Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with
linckt attone.

XV

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not
Which drawing softly forth out of the
He open shewd, that all men it mote
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth
marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the
It was the same which lately Florimel had

XVI

The same aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious
That all men threw out vowes and wishes
Thrise happie Ladie, and thrise happie

l that could so goodly riches gaine,
of the peril worthy of the paine.

XVII

e the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
eat speare, such as he wont to wield,
ing forth from all the other band
, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
im selfe all ready for the field.
m there singled from the other side
knight that well in armes was skild,
many a battell oft bene tride,
ncheval the bold, who fiersly forth
ride.

XVIII

ly they both together met,
r could the others force sustaine:
e Buls, that strive the rule to get
heard, meete with so hideous maine,
rebutted tumble on the plaine:
o champions to the ground were

maze they both did long remaine,
ir hands their idle troncheons held,
ther able were to wag, or once to
.

XIX

hen the noble Ferramont espide,
forth in ayd of Satyran;
gainst Sir Blandamour did ride
he strength and stifnesse that he can.
ore strong and stiffely that he ran,
more sorely to the ground he fell,
heape were tumbled horse and man:
e rescue forth rode Paridell;
kewise with that same speare he eke
quell.

XX

Braggadocchio seeing had no will
greatly to his parties ayd,
turne were next; but stood there
l,
at seemed doubtfull or dismayd.
nond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
ept forth and raught away his speare,
ch so sore he Ferramont assaid,
e and man to ground he quite did
are, upreare.
her could in hast themselves againe

XXI

o avenge Sir Devon him did dight,
no better fortune then the rest:
likewise he quickly downe did smight,
him Sir Douglas him addrest,
And after him Sir Palimord forth prest:
But none of them against his strokes could stand,
But, all the more, the more his praise increst:
For either they were left uppon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

XXII

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene, then in so bad a stead.

XXIII

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abrode,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found;
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

XXIV

With that, at him his beam-like speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele, for mischiefe first ordained,
And having now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarse he him upheld from falling in a swound.

XXV

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine;
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine:
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell:
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the bell.

XXVI

The morrow next the Turney gan anew:
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond,
Unable he new battell to darraine,
Through grievaunce of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe he found.

XXVII

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame:
The shield and armes, well knowne to be the same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne; and so went forth to fight.

XXVIII

There Satyrane Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great joy and jolity,
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX

They up againe them selves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords them selves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.

XXX

So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein *feare,*
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue
That, ere him selfe he had recovered
So sore he sowst him on the compast
That forced him to leave his loftie s
And rudely tumbling downe under h
feete fell.

XXXI

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from
For to have rent his shield and arme
That whylome wont to be the victor
When all unwares he felt an hideous
Of many swords that lode on him di
An hundred knights had him enclose
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray,
All which at once huge strokes on
pound, [o
In hope to take him prisoner, where

XXXII

He with their multitude was nought
But with stout courage turnd upon
And with his brondiron round about
Of which he dealt large almes, as di
Like as a Lion, that by chaunce doth
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and
In royall heart disdaining to be thra
But all in vaine: for what might one
They have him taken captive, though
him sore.

XXXIII

Whereof when newes to Triamond wa
There as he lay, his wound he soone
And starting up streight for his armou
In vaine he sought, for there he foun
Cambello it away before had got.
Cambelloes armes therefore he on hi
And lightly issewd forth to take his
There he in troupe found all that war
Leading his friend away, full sorie to

XXXIV

Into the thickest of that knightly p
He thrust, and smote downe all tha
tweene,
Caried with fervent zeale: ne did he
Till that he came where he had Cam
Like captive thral two other Knights
There he amongst them cruell havoc
That they, which lead him, soone enfor
To let him loose to save their proper
Who, being freed, from one a weapo
takes.

XXXV

With that he drives at them with
might,
Both in remembrance of his friends la
And in revengement of his owne desp
So both together give a new allarum

w the battell wexed warme.
o greedy Wolves doe breake by force
rd, farre from the husband farme,
and ravine without all remorse;
e two through all the field their
enforce.

XXXVI

ey followd on their bolde emprize,
ts sound did warne them all to rest;
th one consent did yeeld the prize
d and Cambell as the best.
nd to Cambell it relest,
ll it to Triamond transferd,
ing t' advance the others gest.
is praise before his owne preferd:
doome was to another day differd.

XXXVII

ay came, when all those knightes
e
were their deedes of armes to shew.
eedes that day were shewed plaine:
e, bove all the other crew,
us worth declared in all mens view,
e first he to the last endured:
h some while Fortune from him
drew,
re his honour he recured, [sured.
nwearied powre his party still as-

XXXVIII

ere Knight that ever thought of
s, [knowen;
his utmost prowesse there made
their many wounds and carelesse
nes, [strowen,
d speares, and swords all under
d shields, was easie to be showen.
ht ye see loose steeds at randon
e.
klesse riders late were overthrowen;
s make hast to helpe their Lords
onne. [wonne;
e Knights of Maidenhead the better

XXXIX

there entered on the other side
r knight, from whence no man could
disguise, full hard to be descride:
armour was like salvage weed
ly mosse bedight, and all his steed
n leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
e wight; and thereto well agreed
which on his ragged shield was writ,
eame finesse, shewing secret wit.

XL

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight:
That was to weet the stout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And overbore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so sore that none him life behote.

XLI

Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven Knights, one after other as they came:
And, when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe what ever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous affright.

XLII

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize,
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguize
It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight;
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight.
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of might.

XLIII

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chased all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

XLIV

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Artegall, in middest of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his Umbriere
So sore, that tombling backe he downe did slyde
Over his horses taile above a stryde;
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe:
Which Cambell seeing much the same envyde,

And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

XLV

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t' avenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore,
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

XLVI

Full many others at him likewise ran,
But all of them likewise dismounted were;
Ne certes wonder, for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
And overthrew what ever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved.

XLVII

Like as in sommers day, when ragi
Doth burne the earth and boyled ri
That all brute beasts, forst to refrain
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded lie,
And, missing it, faine from themsel
All travellers tormented are with pa
A watry cloud doth overcast the sk
And poureth forth a sudden shoure
That all the wretched world re again.

XLVIII

So did the warlike Britomart resto
The prize to knights of Maydenhea
Which else was like to have ben bore
The prayse of prowesse from them
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan
And bad them leave their labours toyle
To joyous feast and other gentile pl
Where beauties prize shold win th spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe wil a whyle.

CANTO V.

The Ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour, comming to Cares House,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

I

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath joyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall privitie,
For either doth on other much relie.
For he, me seemes, most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

II

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,
The controverse of beauties soveraine grace;
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe con
Which Ladies ought to love, and se obtaine.

III

That girdle gave the vertue of cha
And wivehood true, to all that did i
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her midd
But it would loose, or else asunder t
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont re
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed
What time she usd to live in wively
But layd aside when so she usd her lo

IV

Her husband Vulcan whylome for
When first he loved her with heart e
This pretious ornament, they say, di
And wrought in Lemnd with unque

wards did for her loves first hire
her, for ever to remaine,
to bind lascivious desire,
affections streightly to restraine;
rtue it for ever after did retaine.

V

e one day, when she her selfe disposd
her beloved Paramoure,
of warre, she from her middle loosd,
ehind her in her secret bowre
ian mount, where many an howre
the pleasant Graces wont to play.
rimell, in her first ages flowre,
red by those Graces, (as they say)
ght with her from thence that goodly
t away.

VI

elly belt was Cestus hight by name,
r life by her esteemed deare.
r then, if that to winne the same
Ladies sought, as shall appeare:
lesse she was thought that did it
re.
by this their feast all being ended,
, which thereto selected were,
Martian field adowne descended
this doutfull case, for which they
contended.

VII

was question made, which of those
ights
ly turneyd had the wager wonne:
s it judged, by those worthie wights,
rane the first day best had donne:
t ended, having first begonne.
d was to Triamond behight,
e sav'd the victour from fordonne:
ell victour was in all mens sight,
aishap he in his foemens hand did
ht.

VIII

rd dayes prize unto that straunger
night, [speare,
l men term'd Knight of the Hebene
mart was given by good right;
with puissant stroke she downe did
are
age Knight that victour was whileare.
the rest which had the best afore,
he last unconquer'd did appeare;
is deemed best. To her therefore
est Ladie was adjudgd for Paramore.

IX

reat greatly grudged Arthegall,
h repynd, that both of victors meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall.
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

X

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright, [light.
That daz'd the eyes of all as with exceeding

XI

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

XII

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face:
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see as here he might have sought

XIII

At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face, discovered, plainely did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display,
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

XIV

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,

Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see,
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

XV

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard this Idole was to be ared,
That Florimell her selfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

XVI

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame;
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

XVII

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

XVIII

Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
'Alas! for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest.
Fie on the man that did it first invent
To shame us all with this *Ungirt unblest!*
Let never Ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly shent.'

XIX

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdles pow
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie,
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrie
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

XX

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that judged it:
And she her selfe adjudged to the Knight
That bore the Hebene speare, as worne fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light [dere
For that strange Dame, whose beauties
She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertu government.

XXI

Whom when the rest did see her to refu
They were full glad, in hope themselves t her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly mu
But, after that, the judges did arret her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better
That was the Salvage Knight: but he gone,
In great displeasure that he could not ge
Then was she judged Triamond his one)
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other n

XXII

Tho unto Satyran she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly m
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grud
And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that which decreed
To single combat with Sir Satyrane:
Thereto him Atè stird, new discord to m taine.

XXIII

And eke, with these, full many Knights
She through her wicked working did ince
Her to demaund and chalenge as their ri
Deserved for their perils recompense. [h
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thra
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne sens:
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed

XXIV

xceeding wroth was Satyran;
with Satyran was Blandamour;
with Blandamour was Erivan;
m both Sir Paridell did loure.
ther stird up strifull stoure,
were new battell to darraine.
profest to be her paramoure, [taine;
d with speare and shield it to main-
powre, ne reasons rule, mote them
traine.

XXV

oublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
cast how to appease the same,
cord them all this meanes deviz'd:
midst to set that fayrest Dame,
each one his chalenge should dis-
me,
mselfe his right would eke releasse:
e to whom she voluntarie came,
without disturbance her possesse:
the love that comes alone with
lingnesse.

XXVI

agreed: and then that snowy Mayd
e middest plast among them all;
er gazing wisht, and vowd, and
yd,
e Queene of beautie close did call,
unto their portion might befall.
n she long had lookt upon each one,
she wished to have pleasd them all,
Braggadochio selfe alone
of her accord, in spight of all his
e.

XXVII

hen they all beheld they chaft, and
g'd,
nigh mad for very harts despight,
revenge their willes they scarce
wag'd: [might;
ught from him her to have reft by
ffer made with him for her to fight.
ought car'd for all that they could
y,
eir words as wind esteemed light,
t place he thought it there to stay,
tly from thence that night her bore
ay.

XXVIII

hich remaynd, so soone as they per-
iv'd
was gone, departed thence with speed,
ew'd them, in mind her to have
av'd
ght unworthie of so noble meed.

In which poursuit how each one did succeede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of Britomart it here doth neede
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

XXIX

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lov'd, making blind love her guide.
Unluckie Mayd, to seeke her enimie!
Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto her selfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie!

XXX

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle.
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent:

XXXI

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Atè kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst,
For ought that Glaucè could or doe or say.
For, aye the more that she the same rehearst,
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day, [defray.
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote

XXXII

So as they travelled, the drouping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest, [stowre.
And shrowd their persons from that stormie
Not farre away, not meet for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest,

XXXIII

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

XXXIV

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and grisly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

XXXV

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made;
Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds invade.

XXXVI

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
About the Andvile standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest [sore:
From heaping stroakes which thereon soused
All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he which was the last the first did farre exceede.

XXXVII

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon
The which in Lipari doe day and nig
Frame thunderbolts for Joves
threate.
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would
So huge his hammer, and so fierce
That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it
And rend asunder quite, if he
strive.

XXXVIII

Sir Scudamour there entring much
The manner of their worke and weari
And, having long beheld, at last enq
The cause and end thereof, but all in
For they for nought would from th
refraine,
Ne let his speeches come unto their
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew
Like to the Northern winde, that
heare: [belle
Those Pensifenesse did move; and S

XXXIX

Which when that warriour saw, h
more,
But in his armour layd him down to
To rest he layd him downe upon the
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the best)
And thought his wearie limbs to hav
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull
Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to
That needed much her weake age to
After so long a travell which them
tire.

XL

There lay Sir Scudamour long while
When gentle sleepe his heavie ey
close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place
Where better seem'd he mote himself
And oft in wrath he thence againe u
And oft in wrath he layd him downe
But wheresoever he did himselfe disp
He by no meanes could wished ease
So every place seem'd painefull,
changing vaine.

XLI

And evermore, when he to sleepe d
The hammers sound his senses did m
And evermore, when he began to wi
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his rest

sleepe to settle in his brest:
he night the dogs did barke and
le
house, at sent of stranger guest:
he crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
iking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

XLII

y fortune any litle nap
eavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
ne of those villeins him did rap
eadpeece with his yron mall;
s soone awaked therewithall,
y started up as one affrayd,
e him suddenly did call:
es he out of sleepe abrayd,
y musing long on that him ill apayd.

XLIII

e muzed, and so long he lay,
e last his wearie sprite, opprest
y weaknesse, which no creature may
resist, gave place to kindly rest,
s senses did full soone arrest:
soundest sleepe his dayly feare
raine gan busily molest,
him dreame those two disloyall were:
, that day most minds, at night doe
t appeare.

XLIV

t the wicked carle, the maister Smith,
red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt; that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

XLV

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did passe
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then up he rose, like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

XLVI

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared;
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared:
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over spent,
Shall breath it selfe awhile after so long a went.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

I

quall torment to the griefe of mind
ng anguish hid in gentle hart,
feeds it selfe with thoughts unkind,
isheth her owne consuming smart?
dicine can any Leaches art
h a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
to none her maladie impart?
the wound that Scudamour did gride,
Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve provide.

II

ving left that restlesse house of Care,
day, as he on his way did ride,
melancholie and sad misfare
misconceipt, all unawares espide
An armed Knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

III

Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voide his course: at which so suddain case
He wondred much. But th' other thus can say:
'Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day!'

IV

Whereto thus Scudamour: 'Small harme it were
For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?'
'Certes,' (sayd he) 'ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright,
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use.'

V

'Then this, Sir Salvage Knight,' (quoth he) 'areede:
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne.'
'This other day' (sayd he) 'a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When ever he this way shall passe by day or night.'

VI

'Shame be his meede,' (quoth he) 'that meaneth shame!
But what is he by whom ye shamed were?'
'A stranger knight,' sayd he, 'unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He, in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare:
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, and ever since withheld.'

VII

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd: 'Now, by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath done to noble knights, that many makes dread:

VIII

'For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie

The sacred pledge which in his faith was le
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie:
The which ere long full deare he shall abi
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought serv
It shall not fayle when so ye shall it need.'
So both to wreake their wrathes on Brito
agreed.

IX

Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre a
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spy
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge ar
Whom, when they nigh approcht, they pla
descryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour: 'Sir Sal
knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requi
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure
right.'

X

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull spe
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approching ne
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gat
To dight, to welcome him well as she can
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse
man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together
devise.

XI

But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft aventring his steele-headed launc
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance
require:
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great am
ment.

XII

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly bl
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert gl
Whom without perill he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he
made
To give him ground, (so much his f
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst whic
armes avayled,

XIII

hey coursed here and there, it chaunst
her wheeling round, behind her crest
he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
her backe, the which it fairely blest
le mischance; ne did it ever rest,
r horses hinder parts it fell;
rting deepe so deadly it imprest,
te it chynd his backe behind the sell,
ight on foote her algates did compell:

XIV

the lightning brond from riven skie,
out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
idfull force falles on some steeple hie;
ittring downe, it on the church doth
ince,
s it all with terrible mischance,
o whit dismayd her steed forsooke,
ing from her that enchaunted launce,
sword and shield her soone betooke;
ewithall at him right furiously she
ooke.

XV

usly she strooke in her first heat.
ith long fight on foot he breathlesse
s,
him forced backward to retreat,
d unto her weapon way to pas:
ging rigour neither steele nor bras
y, but to the tender flesh it went,
r'd the purple bloud forth on the
as;
his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
ll his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI

th, when as he saw her hastie heat
d panting breath begin to fayle,
ugh long sufferance growing now
ore great,
is strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
huge strokes as thicke as showre of
ayle,
ning dreadfully at every part,
thought her soule to disentrayle.
ll hand! and thrise more cruell hart,
rkst such wrecke on her to whom thou
earest art!

XVII

yron courage ever could endure
e such outrage on so faire a creature;
his madnesse thinke with hands im-
ure
so goodly workmanship of nature,
The maker selfe resembling in her feature!
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischiefe framd for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

XVIII

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed,
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

XIX

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, whiche in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore,
But somewhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

XX

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

XXI

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme, benumbd with secret feare,
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground; as if the steele had sence,
And felt some ruth or seuge his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

XXII

And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horrour did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

XXIII

Nathelesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand:
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But, die or live, for nought he would upstand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great injurie.

XXIV

Which when as Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd;
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That peerelesse paterne of Dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide:
And, turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

XXV

But Glaucè, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce a whyle;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they were.

XXVI

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with sternesse and stout majestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

XXVII

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold:
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnaunce bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would have missayd.

XXVIII

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
Him thus bespake: 'Certes, Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.'

XXIX

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-string tremble,
For sudden joy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

XXX

When Glaucè thus gan wisely all upknit:
'Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mervaile nought
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hetherto
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo
Feared in vaine, sith meanes, ye see, the wants thereto.

XXXI

'And you, Sir Artegall, the salvage knight
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans

red you anew in second fight:
e they have conquerd sea and land,
it selfe, that nought may them
tand.
h be rebellious unto love,
owne of knighthood, and the band
ds derived from above, [move.
knit with vertue, never will re-

XXXII

faire Ladie knight, my dearest
gour of your wrathfull will,
ere better turn'd to other flame;
out remembrance of all ill,
your grace; but so that he fulfill
which ye shall to him empart:
aven must passe by sorrowes hell.'
inly blushed Britomart,
close smyling joy'd in secret hart.

XXXIII

e not make love so suddenly,
' affection of her hart to draw
other so quite contrary:
modest countenance he saw
rave, and full of princely aw,
anging fancie did refraine,
houghts to lawfull bounds with-
; [faine,
e passion grew more fierce and
nbborne steede whom strong hand
d restraine.

XXXIV

mour, whose hart twixt doubtfull
hope hung all this while suspence,
his Amoret to heare
ll newes and sure intelligence,
spake: 'But, Sir, without offence
est you tydings of my love,
, sith you her freed fro thence
aptived long, great woes did prove;
ye left I may her seeke, as doth
ve.'

XXXV

hus Britomart: 'Certes, Sir knight,
her become, or whether reft,
nto you aread a right:
at time I from enchaunters theft
n which ye her all hopelesse left,
y'd from perill and from feare,
re from villenie her kept:
s there wight to me more deare
e unto whom I *more true love did*

XXXVI

'Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld,
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay:
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray:
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare,
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.'

XXXVII

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare, [mayd
Till Glauce thus: 'Faire Sir, be nought dis-
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare;
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd: [affrayd,'
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst

XXXVIII

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare: so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright,
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight:
'Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have;
But comfort take; for, by this heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave, [reave,'
Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her

XXXIX

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was:
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir Artegall:
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

XL

In all which time Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart; [dart,
Which, being whylome launcht with lovely
More eath was new impression to receive;
How ever she her payned with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceive.

XLI

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent. [pour'd,
At last, through many vowes which forth he
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

XLII

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound,
And unto her his congee came to take;
But her therewith full sore displeasd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert:
No longer space thereto he did desire, [expire.
But till the horned moone three courses did

XLIV

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, how ever malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeased.
So, early in the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient [ri
Mongst Knights when on adventures they
Save that she algates him a while accompani

XLV

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affra
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make;
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

XLVI

At last, when all her speeches she had spen
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind:
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by he
did set.

XLVII

Backe to that desert forrest they retvred,
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where in
quired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fat
Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore, I here will stay
Untill another tyde that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The Squire her loves; and, being blam'd,
His dayes in dole doth lead.

I

GREAT God of love, that with thy cruell darts
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of Kings and Keasars to thy service bound;
What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lanchedst long
afore, [more
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily

II

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell,
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart

artyrest with sorow and with smart,
ge forrests and in deserts wide
ears and Tygers taking heavie part,
ten comfort and withouten guide,
ise is to hears the perils which she tride.

III

ne as she with that brave Britonesse
that Turneyment for beauties prise,
avel'd long: that now for wearinesse,
the way and warlike exercise,
rough a forest ryding did devise
t, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
avis sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
mart, after long tedious toyle,
d her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

IV

hiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
through the wood, for pleasure or for
eed;
addenly behind her backe she heard
hing forth out of the thickest weed,
e she backe could turne to taken heed,
awares her snatched up from ground:
she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
ritomart heard not the shrilling sound,
where through weary travel she lay
sleeping sound.

V

to weet a wilde and salvage man;
a no man, but onely like in shape,
e in stature higher by a span;
growne with haire, that could awhape
dy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
liv'd all on ravin and on rape
and beasts: and fed on fleshly gore,
gne whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips
afore.

VI

eather lip was not like man nor beast,
e a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
ich he wont the relickes of his feast
ull spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
ver it his huge great nose did grow,
readfully empurpled all with bloud;
lowne both sides two wide long eares
did glow, [stood,
ught downe to his waste when up he
great then th' eares of Elephants by
Indus flood.

VII

ast was with a wreath of yvie greene
about, ne other garment wore,
his haire was like a garment seene;
his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red,
But certes was with milke of Wolves and Tygres fed.

VIII

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to-rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray, [day.
Which many a knight had sought so many a
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

IX

For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but, when she felt
Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh
And eft gan into tender teares to melt. [swelt,
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horrour where she
She almost fell againe into a swound, [dwelt,
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

X

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: 'Ah, wretched wight!
That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight.'

XI

'Aye me!' (said she) 'where am I, or with whom?
Emong the living, or emong the dead?
What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread?'
'Unhappy mayd' (then answer'd she), 'whose dread
Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine: but he in hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

XII

'This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive;
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chast, when ever in his powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwardes themselves doth cruelly devoure.

XIII

'Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men [sheene,
Divide their works, have past through heven
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine, and eaten clene:
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one.'

XIV

'Ah, dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,'
(Quoth she) 'of all that ever hath bene knowen!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?'
'To tell' (quoth she) 'that what ye see, needs not; [got!
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man for-

XV

'But what I was it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree;
That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
With guilefull love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to have laine,

XVI

'But for his meannesse and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

XVII

'Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

XVIII

'But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought
For in that place where I him thought to find
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as wind
Where yet untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia.'

XIX

'Ah, sad Æmylia!' (then sayd Amoret)
'Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what devise or wit
Hast thou in all this time, from him unknowne
Thine honor sav'd, though into thraldom throwne?' [man hope
'Through helpe' (quoth she) 'of this old wo-
I have so done, as she to me hath showne;
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.'

XX

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone,
Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the cave; and rolling thence the stone
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight him selfe unto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket should beginne.

XXI

Which when as fearefull Amoret perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly Gelt whose wits are reaved
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his shamefull villany:
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:

he flies, and farre afore him goes,
the thornes and thickets pricke her
der toes.

XXII

ge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she
es,
eapes them all, like Robucke light,
ugh the thickest makes her nighest
ies;
nore, when with regardfull sight
ag backe espies that griesly wight
g nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
s her feare a spur to hast her flight:
t then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
the Thracian Nimphes in salvage
se.

XXIII

she fled, and so he follow'd long;
aide for her on earth appeares,
heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
th pity of her plenteous teares.
l Belphebe with her peares,
y Nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
ing then the Libbards and the Beares
lld woods, as was her wonted joy,
sloth that oft doth noble mindes
oy.

XXIV

ll, as oft it fals in chace,
of them from other sundred were;
same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
s same cursed caytive did appeare
that faire Lady full of feare:
he her quite overtaken had;
he her away with him did beare
arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
is grenning laughter mote farre off
rad.

XXV

rery sight the gentle Squire espying
to crosse him by the nearest way,
that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
assailes with all the might he may;
not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
his craggy club in his right hand
him selfe, and saves his gotten pray:
t bene right hard him to withstand,
he was full light and nimble on the
nd.

XXVI

the villaine used craft in fight;
when the Squire his javelin shooke,
his Lady forth before him right,
her body, as a buckler, broke
ance of his intended stroke:
chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great
delight.

XXVII

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike,
forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht
amaine, [bestaine.
That all her silken garments did with bloud

XXVIII

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarse the Squire his hand could once up-
reare,
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes
to beare.

XXIX

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, raunging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did
heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide:
Whom when that theefe approching nigh es-
pide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instru-
ment.

XXX

Whom seeing flie she speedily poursewed
With winged feete as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde.
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,

That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

XXXII

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft:
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there overflowne seemd like a sodaine flood.

XXXIII

Thence forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound,
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

XXXIV

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed, [feare;
Yet trembling every joynt through former
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

XXXV

Thence she them brought toward the place where late
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret:
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eves wiping the deawy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get;
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to *be seene.*

XXXVI

Which when she saw with sodaine gl
eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof wa
With deepe disdaine and great indigni
That in her wrath she thought them bo
thrild
With that selfe arrow which the Carle h
Yet held her wrathfull hand from ve
sore:
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beh
'Is this the faith?' she said—and said
But turnd her face, and fled away for ev

XXXVII

He seeing her depart arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe re
And follow'd fast; but, when he came
He durst not nigh approch, but kept a
For dread of her displeasures utmost
And evermore, when he did grace en
And framed speaches fit for his behoo
Her mortall arrowes she at him did th
And forst him backe with fowle disl
retreat.

XXXVIII

At last, when long he follow'd had
Yet found no ease of griefe nor hope o
Unto those woods he turned backe ag
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy
Where hardly eye mote see bright beav
For mossy trees, which covered all wi
And sad melancholy: there he his cabi

XXXIX

His wonted warlike weapons all he b
And threw away, with vow to use no
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell s
Ne ever word to speake to woman mo
But in that wildernesse, of men forlor
And of the wicked world forgotten qu
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull
So on him selfe to wreake his follies o
spight.

XL

And eke his garment, to be thereto
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with o
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out daint
He let to grow and grisely to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly uns
That in short time his face they overg
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uneath

XLI

ontinued in this carefull plight,
r wearing out his youthly yeares,
ilfull penury consumed quight,
pined ghost he soone appeares:
ood then that wilde forrest beares,
rinke there did he ever tast
ing water tempred with his teares,
is weakened body so to wast,
f all mens knowledge he was worne
ast.

XLII

day, by fortune as it fell,
deare Lord Prince Arthure came
; way,
ventures where he mote heare tell:
e through the wandring wood did
pide this Cabin far away, [stray,
rew, to weet who there did wonne;
herein some holy Hermit lay,
sort of sinfull people shonne,
ne woodman shrowded there from
ching sunne.

XLIII

there he found this wretched man
is daies in dolour and despaire,
gh long fasting woxen pale and wan,
owen with rude and rugged haire;
t his owne dear Squire he were,
i knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
range wight, whom he had seene no
re,
im gan into speach to fall,
much his plight, that liv'd like out-
thrall.

XLIV

speach he aunswered no whit,
still mute, as if he had beene dum,
f sence did shew, ne common wit,
h griefe and anguishe overcum,
And unto every thing did aunswere mum:
And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his sake.

XLV

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

XLVI

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
How he the name of one engraven had
Which likly was his liefest love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bestad,
Which was by him BELPHEBE rightly rad.
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

XLVII

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe:
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace,
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

I

d the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
this gentle Squire did happen late,
displeasure of the mighty is
th it selfe more dread and desperate;
ht the same may calme ne mitigate,
the tempest doe thereof delay
erasunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

II

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,

He ever tasted; but with penaunce sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay:

III

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Do·e
To come where he his dolors did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

IV

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyld, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perst the hearts of Tigres and of Beares.

V

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Without dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI

Upon a day as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she him did shew:
Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.

All unawares the bird, when she did
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings
And flew away as lightly as the win
Which sodaine accident him much d
And looking after long did mark w
she straid.

VIII

But when as long he looked had in
Yet saw her forward still to make he
His weary eie returnd to him againe
Full of discomfort and disquiet pligh
That both his juell he had lost so lig
And eke his deare companion of his
But that sweet bird departing flew f
Through the wide region of the wa
Untill she came where wonned his faire.

IX

There found she her (as then it did
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sw
After late wearie toile which she ha
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd h
There she alighting fell before her f
And gan to her her mournfull plaint
As was her wont, thinking to let he
The great tormenting griefe that for
Her gentle Squire through her displ
pertake.

X

She, her beholding with attentive e
At length did marke about her purp
That precious juell, which she forme
Had knowne right well, with colour
drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her
With ready hand it to have reft awa
But the swift bird obayd not her be
But swarv'd aside, and there againe
She follow'd her, and thought againe i

XI

And ever, when she nigh approcht,
Would flit a litle forward, and then
Till she drew neare, and then againe
So tempting her still to pursue the p
And still from her escaping soft awa
Till that at length into that forrest w
She drew her far, and led with slow
In th' end she her unto that place di
Whereas that wofull man in languor

XII

Eftsoones she flew unto his feareless
And there a piteous ditty new deviz
As if she would have made her unde
His sorrowes cause, to be of her des

n she saw in wretched weedes dis-
d,
glih deform'd and meiger face,
late risen from his grave agryz'd,
im not, but pittied much his case,
it were in her to doe him any grace.

XIII

holding at her feet downe fell,
e ground on which her sole did tread,
the same with water which did well
moist eies, and like two streames
ead;
no word, whereby she might aread
er wight he was, or what he ment;
e daunted with her presence dread,
ruefull lookes unto her sent,
gers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV

more his meaning she ared,
ed much at his so selcouth case;
persons secret seemlyhed
d that he had beene some man of
e,
fortune did his hew deface;
mov'd with ruth she thus bespake:
ll man, what heavens hard disgrace,
f cruell wight on thee vwrake,
liked life, doth thee thus wretched
e?

XV

, then none may it redresse or blame,
powre we all are subject borne:
ll wight, then fowle rebuke and
ne
hat have so cruell thee forlorne!
ugh inward griefe or wilfull scorne
e, then better doe advise:
ose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
of his Creator doth despise,
not use his gifts for thanklesse nig-
ise.'

XVI

he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,
e silence which he long had pent,
ng inly deepe, her thus bespake:
re they all themselves against me
t:
, first author of my languishment,
ny too great felicity,
with a cruell one consent
ay daies in *dolefull misery,*
me loath this life, still longing for
e.

XVII

'Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight [bred:
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
He may redresse, and me restore to light!'
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

XVIII

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endlesse world did wander wide, [scride.
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him de-

XIX

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate:
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that hapless wound
With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore astound.

XX

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case in which those Ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew,
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew,
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone anew.

XXI

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell?
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,

And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much when all those
signes he fond.

XXII

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know what Virgin did them thence unbind,
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, when as nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did
No service lothsome to a gentle kind, [reare,
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them
from feare.

XXIII

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And entring in found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts en-
tyre.

XXIV

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse;
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
And wickedly backbite: Her name men
Sclaunder call.

XXV

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due
praise deprive.

XXVI

Her words were not, as common words are
ment,
T'expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
From inward parts, with ca[illegible] ind,
And breathed forth with blast of b
Which passing through the eares w
the hart,
And wound the soule it selfe with
For, like the stings of aspes tha
smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and

XXVII

Such was that Hag, unmeet to
guests,
Whom greatest Princes court woul
But neede, that answers not to all
Bad them not looke for better enter
And eke that age despysed nicenes
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely
Which them to warlike discipline d
And manly limbs endur'd with litle
Against all hard mishaps and fortun
fare.

XXVIII

Then all that evening (welcomme
And chearelesse hunger) they toget
Yet found no fault, but that the Ha
And rayle at them with grudgefull
For lodging there without her owne
Yet they endured all with patience
And unto rest themselves all onely
Regardlesse of that queane so base
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly

XXIX

Here, well I weene, when as these
red
With misregard, that some rash-wit
Whose looser thought will lightly b
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme
For thus conversing with this noble
Sith now of dayes such temperance
And hard to finde, that heat of youthf
For ought will from his greedie pleas
More hard for hungry steed t' abst
pleasant lare.

XXX

But antique age, yet in the infanci
Of time, did live then like an innoce
In simple truth and blamelesse chas
Ne then of guile had made experim
But, void of vile and treacherous int
Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine
Then loyall love had royall regimen
And each unto his lust did make a l
From all forbidden things his liking
draw.

XXXI

The Lyon there did with the Lamb
And eke the Dove sate by the Fan

of other feared fraud or tort,
n safe securitie abide,
n perill of the stronger pride: [old,
the world woxe old, it woxe warre
f it hight) and, having shortly tride
nes of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
d of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

XXXII

ountie, which was made to represent
at Creatours owne resemblance bright,
ose of lawlesse lust was lent,
de the baite of bestiall delight:
ire grew foule, and foule grew faire in
ight: [man,
t, which wont to vanquish God and
de the vassall of the victors might;
d her glorious flowre wex dead and
an,
and troden downe of all that over-ran.

XXXIII

w it is so utterly decayd,
y bud thereof doth scarse remaine,
re plants, preserv'd through heavenly
yd,
e Court doe hap to sprout againe,
ith her drops of bountie Soveraine,
rom that goodly glorious flowre pro-
eed, [straine,
of the auncient stocke of Princes
onely remnant of that royall breed,
noble kind at first was sure of heavenly
eed.

XXXIV

one as day discovered heavens face
ll men with darknes overlight,
ntle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
wzie humour of the dampish night,
themselves unto their journey dight.
they yode, and forward softly paced,
em to view had bene an uncouth sight,
the way the Prince on footpace traced,
dies both on horse, together fast em-
raced.

XXXV

as they thence departed were afore,
amefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
ollow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
iling theefe, them whores; that much
did vexe
le hart: thereto she did annexe
imes and facts, such as they never ment,
ose two Ladies much asham'd did wexe:
re did she pursue her lewd intent,
l'd and *rag'd, till she had all her poyson*
vent.

XXXVI

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare,
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone which passed straunger at him threw:
So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting which in her tongs end grew.

XXXVII

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire Amoret that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes which sore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

XXXVIII

At length they spide where towards them with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie:
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
Ryding upon a Dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew:

XXXIX

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysnous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Basiliske, of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth convay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

XL

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire;
But none of them (so fast away he flew)

Him overtooke before he came in vew:
Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

XLI

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke represt:

XLII

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head before the harme came neare:
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare: [downe
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne.

XLIII

Whereat the Prince full wrath his strong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And, sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV

But, when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might;
But, ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight
Did shun the proofe thereof, and it avoyded light.

XLV

But, ere his hand he could recure agai
To ward his bodie from the balefull st
He smote at him with all his might and
So furiously that, ere he wist, he foun
His head before him tombling on the g
The whiles his babling tongue did y
plieme
And curse his God that did him so con
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudies
His soule descended downe into the
reame.

XLVI

Which when that Squire beheld, he w
glad
To see his foe breath out his spright it
But that same dwarfe right sorie see
sad,
And howld aloud to see his Lord there
And rent his haire and scratcht his
paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inq
Of all the accident there hapned plain
And what he was whose eyes did fla
All which was thus to him declared
Squire.

XLVII

'This mightie man,' (quoth he) 'wh
have slaine,
Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was
And by his strength rule to himselfe d
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force ad
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudi
Ne hostes of men with banners brode
But by the powre of his infectious sigh
With which he killed all that came wi
might.

XLVIII

'Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he
Ne was there man so strong, but he
bore;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her bro
Unto his bay, and captived her thoug
For most of strength and beautie his
Was spoyle to make, and wast the
nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts a
entire.

XLIX

'Therefore Corflambo was he cald a
Though namelesse there his bodie
lie;

he left one daughter that is hight
Poeana, who seemes outwardly
s ever yet saw living eie:
her vertue like her beautie bright,
as faire as any under skie:
she given is to vaine delight,
too loose of life, and eke of love too
ht.

L

it fell, there was a gentle Squire
'd a Ladie of high parentage;
is meane degree might not aspire
h so high, her friends with counsell
d her from such a disparage: [sage
whose hart to love was wholly lent,
s hands could not redeeme her gage,
ely following her first intent,
with him to wend, gainst all her
ends consent.

LI

rt themselves they pointed time and
ce:
when he according did repaire,
mishap and disaventrous case
nst: instead of his Æmylia faire,
nts sonne, that lies there on the laire
see heape, him unawares there caught;
ismayd through mercilesse despaire
ched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
e remaines, of all unsuccour'd and
sought.

LII

vants daughter came upon a day
prison, in her joyous glee,
he thrals which there in bondage lay:
the rest she chaunced there to see
ly swaine, the Squire of low degree;
she did her liking lightly cast,
ed him her paramour to bee:
to day, she woo'd and prayd him fast,
is love him promist libertie at last.

LIII

ough affide unto a former love,
his faith he firmely ment to hold,
g not how thence he mote remove,
nat meanes which fortune did unfold,
nted love, but with affection cold,
er grace his libertie to get:
im still detaines in captive hold,
least if she should him freely set,
l her shortly leave, and former love
rget.

LIV

much *favour she to him hath hight*
e rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.

LV

'Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went; where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reveale,
And told his Dame her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee,
For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI

'Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who, through the likenesse of my outward
Being likewise beguiled in her thought, [hew,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t' eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad did not gaine say nor strive,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dongeon drive.

LVII

'There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie,
But him the more agreev'd I found thereby:
For all his joy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse,
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

LVIII

'But I with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and mis-
thought
Of our like persons, eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet, over-ruld at last, he did to me agree.

LIX

'The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his Ladies bowre:
Insteed of whom forth came I, Placidas,

And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
There with great joyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire Pœana I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to mee.

LX

'Which I, that was not bent to former love
As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
And after promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd
To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI

'Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me convay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away.

LXII

'Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathemore w
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pr
But have perforce him hether brougl
Thus as they talked, loe! where nig
Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull thr
may,
In presence came, desirous t'understa
Tydings of all which there had hapn
land.

LXIII

Where soone as sad Æmylia did es
Her captive lovers friend, young Pla
All mindlesse of her wonted modesti
She to him ran, and him with streigl
Enfolding, said; 'And lives yet Am
'He lives,' (quoth he) 'and his Æmy
'Then lesse,' (said she) 'by all t
pas,
With which my weaker patience fortu
But what mishap thus long him fro
removes?'

LXIV

Then gan he all this storie to renew
And tell the course of his captivitie,
That her deare hart full deepely ma
And sigh full sore to heare the miser
In which so long he mercilesse did li
Then, after many teares and sorrowe
She deare besought the Prince of ren
Who thereto did with readie will co
And well perform'd; as shall appea
event.

CANTO IX.

The Squire of low degree, releast,
Æmylia takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many Knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

I

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet:
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured bind.

II

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them l
presse,
And them with maystring discipline d
Through thoughts aspyring to eterna
For as the soule doth rule the earthly
And all the service of the bodie fram
So love of soule doth love of bodie pa
No lesse then perfect gold surmo
meanest brasse.

III

All which who list by tryall to assa
Shall in this storie find approved plai
In which these Squires true friendsl
did sway
Then either care of parents could, reb

f fairest Ladie could constraine;
ch Pœana were as faire as morne,
his trustie squire with proud disdaine
riends sake her offred favours scorne,
her selfe her syre of whom she was
orne.

IV

ter that Prince Arthur graunted had
strong succour to that gentle swayne,
r long time had lyen in prison sad;
dvise how best he mote darrayne
erprize for greatest glories gayne.
dlesse tyrants tronke he reard from
ound,
ing ympt the head to it agayne,
usuall beast it firmely bound,
e it so to ride as it alive was found.

V

d he take that chaced Squire, and layd
e ryder, as he captive were, [ayd,
e his Dwarfe, though with unwilling
the beast that did his maister beare,
s castle they approched neare; [ward,
hen the watch, that kept continuall
ning home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
ing downe, the gate to him unbard:
raight the Prince ensuing in together
d.

VI

id he find in her delitious boure
Pœana playing on a Rote
ing of her cruell Paramoure,
ing all her sorrow to the note,
ad learned readily by rote;
the sweetnesse of her rare delight
ce halfe rapt began on her to dote;
r him bethinking of the right,
nwares attacht, and captive held by
ght.

VII

being forth produc'd, when she per-
ved
deare sire, she cald to him for aide;
of him no aunswere she received,
im sencelesse by the Squire upstaide,
ed well that then she was betraide:
she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
same Squire of treason to upbraide:
vaine: her plaints might not prevaile,
there was to reskue her, he none to
ile.

VIII

oke he that same Dwarfe, and him
upeld
nto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee.

IX

Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
And Placidas, they both unto him ran.
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan:
That faire Pœana, them beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were loth.

X

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case, [seene
She, though full oft she both of them had
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likenesse of their face:
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.

XI

And eke the Prince, when as he them avized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne, seene somewhere,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skill or errour were.
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he:
So did the other Knights and Squires which them did see.

XII

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong, [sure,
In which he found great store of hoorded threa-
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure:
Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

XIII

And, for more joy, that captive Lady faire,
The faire Peana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frollicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee;
But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with griefe entire,
For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

XIV

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat:
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better priefe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life.
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

XVI

From that day forth in peace and joyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private jarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state:
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

XVII

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde, [rest,
These paires of friends in peace and setled
Him selfe, whose minde did travell as with *chylde*
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former quest:
And, taking leave of all, with him did bear
Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII

Feare of her safety did her not constraine;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond:
But now in feare of shame she more did stond
Seeing her selfe all solv succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond,
Whose will her weakenesse could no way presse, [exces
In case his burning lust should breake

XIX

But cause of feare, sure, had she none at
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loves dispersed diversly,
Yet neither showed to other their hearts privi

XX

At length they came whereas a troupe Knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseemed
That which of them was best mote not deemed.
These foure were they from whom false Flori
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paris

XXI

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no leasu
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measu
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleas
Would change his liking, and new Lem prove;
But Paridell of love did make no threasure
But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to lo

XXII

But those two other, which beside them stoo
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;

the while beheld their wrathfull
ode,
ired at their impacable stoure,
e they never saw till that same houre
ull strokes each did at other drive,
on load with all their might and
wre,
every dint the ghost would rive
eir wretched corses, and their lives
prive.

XXIII

n Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
of his deare love by Neptune hent,
th the winds out of his hidden threa-
sea to wreake his fell intent; [sure
aking forth with rude unruliment
foure parts of heaven doe rage full sore,
the deepes, and teare the firmament,
he world confound with wide uprore,
ead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV

f their discord and so fell debate
the love of that same snowy maid,
they had lost in Turneyment of late;
king long to weet which way she
raid, [braide
e together, where, through lewd up-
nd Duessa, they fell out;
one taking part in others aide
ll conflict raised thereabout, [doubt:
angerous successe depended yet in

XXV

netimes Paridell and Blandamour
er had, and bet the others backe;
s the others did the field recoure,
his foes did worke full cruell wracke:
her would their fiendlike fury slacke,
more their malice did augment;
uneath they forced were, for lacke
h, their raging rigour to relent,
themselves for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI

gan they change their sides, and new
arts take;
idell did take to Druons side,
despight which now forth newly brake
Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
ndamour to Claribell relide:
fresh gan former fight renew. [tide,
n two Barkes, this caried with the
th the wind, contrary courses sew,
and tide doe change, their courses
ange anew.

XXVII

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan
As if but then the batteil had begonne; [fare,
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did
spare, [sponne,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell
fomen bee.

XXVIII

Thus they long while continued in fight;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them
wonne.

XXIX

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood [ire,
They from them selves gan turne their furious
And cruell blades, yet steeming with whot
bloud,
Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit.

XXX

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone:
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two them selves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

XXXI

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove.

From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast:
So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

XXXII

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
Divided them, how ever loth to rest;
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

XXXIII

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

XXXIV

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

XXXV

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T' asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise:
At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat:

XXXVI

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
To weet faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them d[illegible] poyled,
And also of their private loves beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft:
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyl[illegible]
And shew'd that she had not that Lady ref[illegible]
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liki[illegible] left.

XXXVII

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replie[illegible]
'Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to bla[illegible]
To rip up wrong that battell once hath trie[illegible]
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the love of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise ever yeeld[illegible]
That of their loves choise they might freel[illegible] clame,
And in that right should by all knights [illegible] shielde[illegible]
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wron[illegible] fully have wielded.'

XXXVIII

'And yet' (quoth she) 'a greater wrong m[illegible] maines:
For I thereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse pain[illegible]
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!'
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus said[illegible]
'Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where ever she be straid[illegible]
Through many perils wonne, and many fo[illegible] tunes waide.

XXXIX

'For from the first that her I love profest,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howr[illegible]
I never joyed happinesse nor rest;
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo.'

XL

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake:
'Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies love: past perils we[illegible] apay.'

XLI

:he rest him likewise to require,
mart did him importune hard
n him that paine: whose great desire
:o satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd;
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus Temple is describ'd;
And lovers life forth set.

I

he it said, what ever man it sayd,
: with gall and hony doth abound;
e one be with the other wayd,
r dram of hony therein found
of gall doth over it redound:
:o true by triall have approved;
: the day that first with deadly wound
t was launcht, and learned to have
ved, [moved.
joyed howre, but still with care was

II

:t such grace is given them from above,
the cares and evill which they meet
ight at all their setled mindes remove,
ne, gainst common sence, to them most
weet;
ng in their martyrdome unmeet.
iat ever yet I have endured
as naught, and tread downe under feet,
my love at length I rest assured,
disloyalty she will not be allured.

III

were to tell the travell and long toile
h which this shield of love I late have
vonne,
rchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
irder may be ended, then begonne:
ce ye so desire, your will be donne.
:arke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
d mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
ugh sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
he paine thereof much greater then the
fee.

IV

t time the fame of this renowmed prise
rst abroad, and all mens eares possest,
ng armes *then taken, gan avise*
ne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts
are bold)
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

V

'So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame,
Much more then that which was in Paphos
built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory
spilt.

VI

'And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize [faire,
With curious Corbes and pendants graven
And, arched all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke
guize.

VII

'And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong:
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights,
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient
rights.

VIII

'Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a piller placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced;
Blessed the man that well can use his blis:
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

IX

'Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

X

'Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated.
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine:
Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield with me did it retaine.

XI

'So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges utter gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
I cald, but no man answred to my clame:
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII

'That was to weet the Porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backeward bent,
Therein resembling Janus auncient
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not *appeare.*

XIII

'On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate that none her might espy;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly:
Through which some lost great hope unheedily
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpitied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

XIV

'Me when as he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide,
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate:
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

XV

'But by no meanes my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I recken may:
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the workmans will.

XVI

'Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate.
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide;
But in the Porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine entrie would.

XVII

'His name was Daunger, dreaded over-all.
Who day and night did watch and duely warde
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

XVIII

doughty warriours, often tride
perils to be stout and bold,
he sternnesse of his looke abide;
as they his countenance did behold,
int, and feele their corage cold.
ne other, that in hard assaies
ds knowne, and litle count did hold,
ugh gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
y stouping low, or stealing of the
s.

XIX

ough meanest man of many moe,
disdaining unto him to lout,
etweene his legs, so in to goe,
im to assault with manhood stout,
beat him in, or drive him out.
advauncing that enchaunted shield,
ay might I gan to lay about:
en he saw, the glaive which he did
ld
rthwith t'avale, and way unto me
ld.

XX

entred, I did backeward looke,
f harme that might lie hidden there;
his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
e deformed fearefull, ugly were,
his former parts did earst appere:
d, murther, treason, and despight,
y moe lay in ambushment there,
to entrap the warelesse wight
d not them prevent with vigilant
sight.

XXI

aving past all perill, I was come
e compasse of that Islands space;
h did seeme, unto my simple doome,
pleasant and delightfull place
troden was of footings trace:
at nature by her mother-wit
ne in earth, and forme of substance
e,
e; and all that nature did omit,
ng second natures part supplyed it.

XXII

e, that is of count, in greenewood
est Juniper to Ceder tall, [growes,
in field, that daintie odour throwes,
es his branch with blossomes overall,
was planted, or grew naturall:
of man so coy and curious nice,
mote find to please it selfe withall;
could wish for any queint device,
it *present was, and did fraile sense*
tice.

XXIII

'In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.

XXIV

'Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low looking dales, disloignd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

XXV

'And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes:
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praysing their god, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI

'All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content.
But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent,
Which loved not as these for like intent,
But on chast vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.

XXVII

'Such were great Hercules and Hyllus deare
Trew Jonathan and David trustie tryde
Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare
Pylades and Orestes by his syde;

Myld Titus and Gesippus without peyde;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever:
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

XXVIII

'Which when as I, that never tasted blis
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankely there their loves desire possesse;
Whilest I, through paines and perlous jeopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronnesse:
Much dearer be the things which come through hard distresse.

XXIX

'Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Where as my love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

XXX

'Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that which that wise King of Jurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th' Almightles see;
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

XXXI

'I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her *gowne* [adowne.
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low

XXXII

On either side of her two young men stood
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in their debate.

XXXIII

'Nathlesse that Dame so well them temperd both,
That she them forced hand to joyne in hand
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might
That her commaundment he could not withstand
But bit his lip for felonous despight, [spight.
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasant sight.

XXXIV

'Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship true:
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did shew:
For strength and wealth and happinesse she
And strife and warre and anger does subdew
Of litle much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV

'By her the heaven is in his course contained
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almightie maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands:
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quite
But that she holds them with her blessed hands
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI

'By her I entring half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pas
But Hatred would my entrance have [strayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speare
Him from his wicked will uneath retrayned

ake his malice did empeach,
roughly past the perill of his

XXXVII

most Temple thus I came,
g all with frankensence I found
sing from the altars flame.
dred marble pillors round
high was reared from the ground,
h crownes, and chaynes, and gir-
gay, [pound,
d pretious gifts worth many a
d lovers for their vowes did pay;
ground was strow'd with flowres
h as May.

XXXVIII

d Altars round about were set,
with their sacrifices fire,
he steme thereof the Temple swet,
l in clouds to heaven did aspire,
a bore true lovers vowes entire:
hundred brasen caudrons bright,
joy and amorous desire,
hich was to a damzell hight;
Priests were damzels in soft linnen
t.

XXXIX

the midst the Goddesse selfe did
l
tar of some costly masse,
stance was uneath to understand:
pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
more rare and pretious to esteeme,
ect, and like to christall glasse,
was not, if one did rightly deeme;
faire and brickle, likest glasse did
e.

XL

shape and beautie did excell
oles which the heathen adore,
g that, which by surpassing skill
make in Paphos Isle of yore,
h that wretched Greeke, that life
re,
love: yet this much fairer shined,
with a slender veile afore;
er feete and legs together twyned
a snake, whose head and tail were
combyned.

XLI

e why she was covered with a vele
to know, for that her Priests the
e
es knowledge labour'd to concele:
was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She syre and mother is her selfe alone, [none.
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other

XLII

'And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

XLIII

'And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Loves constrayning
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill

XLIV

'"Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and al the world shews joyous cheare.

XLV

'"Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres;
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

XLVI

'"Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food;

The Lyons rore; the Tygres loudly bray;
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood [desire.
To come where thou doest draw them with
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII

'"So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre;
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre:
Thou art the root of all that joyous is:
Great God of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse!"

XLVIII

'So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hye.

XLIX

'The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obayed all the best.
Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at raudon, after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

L

'And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet Cherefulnesse was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare, [chaced,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

LI

'And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints against their offence.

LII

'Thus sate they all around in seemely rai
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sat,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the gras stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning fa
Hath to the gloomy world itselfe bewray'd:
That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
Shyning with beauties light and heaven vertues grace.

LIII

'Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan th
And wade in doubt what best were to donne;
For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undone
Which with so strong attempt I had begon
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast fe
Which Ladies love, I heard, had never wo
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped ne
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up reare.

LIV

'Thereat that formost matrone me blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over bold;
Saying, it was to Knight unseemely shame
Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.
To whom I thus: "Nay, but it fitteth best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold
For ill your goddesse services are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest."

LV

'With that my shield I forth to her show,
Which all that while I closely had conceld
On which when Cupid, with his killing bo
And cruell shafts, emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I, which all t while
The pledge of faith, her hand, engaged held

d within the weedie soyle,
ie would forgoe so glorious

LVI

upon the Goddesse face
xt, for feare of her offence;
aw with amiable grace
and favour my pretence,
d with more confidence;
for nicenesse nor for envy

hem all forth led her thence
and like astonisht staring,
d on her not one of all them

LVII

yd, and often me besought,
tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles; but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe:
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same Ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII

'No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure:
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my love I thence did wend.'
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinells former wound is heald,
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the Sea-gods all.

I

ttie! that I have thus long
dlie languishing in payne:
ay! that I have doen such

rimell in bands remayne,
love, and in sad thraldomes
[free
nlesse some heavenly powre her
t yet appearing playne,
is like captiv'd to bee;
hinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

II

ou to remember, how erewhile
eus, missing to his mind
ove to win by wit or wile,
a dongeon deepe and blind,
haynes her cruelly did bind,
y her to his bent to draw:
either gifts nor graces kind
nind could move at all he saw,
er to compell by crueltie and

III

bottome of an hūge great rocke
was, in which her bound he left,
ron barres, nor brasen locke,
ard from force, or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have reft:
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway,
Old Styx the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray, [abide,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night that did no houres divide.

V

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah! who would her despyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

VI

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use. But when as nought,
She saw, could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the seagods surgeon hight,)
Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII

So well that Leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his harts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall:
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

VIII

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed,
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now, at last relenting, she to him was wed.

IX

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade;
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

X

Helpe, therefore, O! thou sacred imp of Jove
The nourseling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare
Helpe me to tell the names of all those fa
And all those Nymphes, which then assem
were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their
abodes.

XI

First came great Neptune, with his three
mace,
That rules the Seas and makes them rise or
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his Diademe imperiall:
And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all
As with a robe, with her owne silver hair
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian
for her prepaire.

XII

These marched farre afore the other crew
And all the way before them, as they wen
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew
For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they
rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the Sea-gods, which to themselves
claime
The powre to rule the billowes, and the w

XIII

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fa
And Glaucus, that wise southsayes underst
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which beca
A God of seas through his mad mothers hi
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers freend
Great Brontes; and Astræus, that did sha
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend:
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still
tend;

XIV

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysnor; and Caïcus strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And fairo Euphœmus, that upon them gro
As on the ground, without dismay or dre
Fierce Eryx: and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tr
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie h

XV

There also some most famous founders w
Of puissant Nations which the world poss

of Neptune, now assembled here:
yges, even th' auncientest;
s renowmd above the rest;
d Aon, and Pelasgus old;
s, Phoenix, and Agenor best;
ie Albion, father of the bold
e people which the Britaine Islands

XVI

n the sonne of Neptune was,
he proofe of his great puissance,
Albion did on dry-foot pas
all, that now is cleeped France,
ith Hercules, that did advance
ish all the world with matchlesse
ght;
his mortall part by great mischance
ae: but that which is th' immortall
right [was dight.
, and to this feast with Neptunes seed

XVII

at doe I their names seeke to reherse,
ll the world have with their issue fild?
they all in this so narrow verse
ed be, and in small compasse hild?
n record them that are better skild,
w the moniments of passed age;
hat needeth shall be here fulfild,
ae some part of that great equipage
from great Neptune do derive their
arentage.

XVIII

ame the aged Ocean and his Dame
hys, th' oldest two of all the rest;
the rest of those two parents came,
afterward both sea and land possest;
hich Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
proceed, then which none more up-
ight,
sincere in word and deed profest;
oide of guile, most free from fowle de-
pight, [right,
im selfe, and teaching others to doe

XIX

o he was expert in prophecies,
ld the ledden of the gods unfold;
which, when Paris brought his fa-
ous prise,
e Tindarid lasse, he him fortold
r all Greece with many a champion
old
fetch againe, and finally destroy
Priams towne. So wise is Nereus old,
well skild; nathlesse he takes great joy
es amongst the wanton Nymphs to
port and toy.

XX

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth
frame; [skie;
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie:
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood;
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may
be withstood;

XXI

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge River, which doth beare his
name [same,
Of warlike Amazons, who doe possesse the

XXII

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold!
And shame on you, O men! which boast your
strong [bold,
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, O Britons! most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,
The which, for sparing litle cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse
gaines.

XXIII

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was Arion crownd;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas ftom Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

XXIV

So went he playing on the watery plaine;
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome
came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient
Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;

Of Drayton

Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her
way could see.

XXV

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names
were hight [which pained
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames,
Them selves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble
plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe
alway.

XXVI

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Joy to you both, ye double nourserie
Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most
glorify.

XXVII

But he their sonne full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew, [glas,
On which the waves, glittering like Christall
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or trew:
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to Joves pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant;
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly re-
siant.

XXIX

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little Rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;
And the still Darent, in whose water
Ten thousand fishes play and decke
sant streame.

XXX

Then came his neighbour floods wh
him dwell,
And water all the English soile throu
They all on him this day attended w
And with meet service waited him a
Ne none disdained low to him to lout
No, not the stately Severne grudg'd
Ne storming Humber, though he look
But both him honor'd as their princi
And let their swelling waters low be
fall.

XXXI

There was the speedy Tamar, which
The Cornish and the Devonish confin
Through both whose borders swiftly
glides,
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth th
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands
mines.
But Avon marched in more stately pa
Proud of his Adamants with which h
And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous
And Bristow faire, which on his w
builded hath.

XXXII

And there came Stoure with terrible
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on h
That doth his course through Blandfo
direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in sea
Next him went Wylibourne with passe
That of his wylinesse his name doth t
And of him selfe doth name the shire t
And Mole, that like a housling Mole do
His way still under ground, till Th
overtake.

XXXIII

Then came the Rother, decked all wit
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to
And Sture, that parteth with his
floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Souther
And Clare and Harwitch both doth be
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwi
And with him brought a present joyfu
Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, th
they Ruffins call.

XXXIV

Next these the plenteous Ouse came f
land,
By many a city and by many a towre

y rivers taking under-hand
waters as he passeth downe,
the Were, the Grant the Sture, the
werne, [flit,
oth by Huntingdon and Cambridge
ar Cambridge, whom as with a
owne
adorne, and is adorn'd of it [wit.
ny a gentle Muse and many a learned

XXXV

r him the fatall Welland went,
d sawes prove true (which God for-
l)
rue all Holland with his excrement,
see Stamford, though now homely hid,
e in learning, more then ever did
e or Oxford, Englands goodly beames
to him the Nene downe softly slid;
tamus Trent, that in him selfe en-
mes [streames.
rty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry

XXXVI

ese came Tyne, along whose stony
ncke
naine Monarch built a brasen wall,
note the feebled Britons strongly
ncke
he Picts that swarmed over-all,
t thereof Gualsever they doe call:
de, the limit betwixt Logris land
my: And Eden, though but small,
stainde with bloud of many a band
and English both, that tyned on his
rand.

XXXVII

me those sixe sad brethren, like for-
me,
dome were (as antique fathers tell)
iant Knights of one faire Nymphe
orne,
d in noble deedes of armes excell,
ned there where now Yorke people
vell; [might,
, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of
ale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
s a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
elly, and in the river drowned quight.

XXXVIII

t not long ere Brutus warlicke sonne,
them aveng'd, and the same date,
e proud Humber unto them had donne,
l dome repayd on his owne pate:
e selfe same river, where he late
ched them, *he drowned him againe,*
'd the river of his wretched fate

Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still
remaine.

XXXIX

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus
hall.

XL

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all according their degree
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage cuntreis thorough which
they pace.

XLI

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught
to weep.

XLII

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great Gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire Nimph Rheusa wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This Gyant found her and by force deflowr'd:
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth
powrd [scowrd.
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis

XLIII

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters
gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossepontè boord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord

To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his devided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood,
With many more whose names no tongue can tell:
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them befell.

XLV

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver, sprinckled here and theare appeare,
With glittering spangs that did like starres
And wav'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainely wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

XLVI

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

XLVII

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane,
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding traine;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day:
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepard her way.

XLVIII

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are.
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto, milde Eucratè, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweete Endorè, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glaucè, and Galene glad.

XLIX

White hand Eunica, proud Dynamene,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
Lightfoote Cymothoë, and sweete Melitè,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agavè, Poris, and Nesæa,
With Erato that doth in love delite,
And Panopæ, and wise Protomedæa, [thro
And snowy neckd Doris, and milkewhite Gala

L

Speedy Hippothoë, and chaste Actea,
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage,
Euagorè, and light Pontoporea,
And she that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas, when they do sorest rage,
Cymodocè, and stout Autonoë,
And Neso, and Eionè well in age,
And, seeming still to smile, Glauconomè,
And she that hight of many heastes Polynome.

LI

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wresta;
Laomedia like the christall sheene;
Liagorè much praisd for wise behests;
And Psamathè for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo, Eupompè, and Themistè just;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Euarna, and Menippè true in trust,
And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.

LII

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assignd
To rule his tides, and surges to uprere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde. [wa
And yet, besides, three thousand more ther
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phœb kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appea
And all mankinde do nourish with their wate clere.

LIII

The which, more eath it were for mortal wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on h

hard, then thinke to reckon
e that these, which I descry,
t this great solemnity:

And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodoce;
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin for love of Florimell
In languor wastes his life:
The Nymph, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife.

I

endlesse worke have I in hand,
eas abundant progeny,
ll seede farre passeth those in

e which wonne in th' azure sky:
re eath to tell the starres on hy,
dlesse seeme in estimation,
nt the Seas posterity:
the floods in generation,
ir numbers, and so numberlesse
ation.

II

he antique wisards well invented
of the fomy sea was bred,
seas by her are most augmented:
exceeding fry which there are fed,
as sholes which may of none be red.
me not if I have err'd in count
Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred;
their numbers do much more sur-
t, count.
same were there which erst did re-

III

rere there, and many other more,
es and nations were too long to tell,
house they fild even to the dore;
ey all in order, as befell,
eir degrees disposed well.
rest was faire Cymodoce,
of unlucky Marinell,
with her came, to learne and see
of the Gods when they at banquet

IV

was halfe mortall, being bred
ire, though of immortall wombe,
ot with immortall food be fed,
eternall Gods to bancket come;
brode, and round about did rome
building of that uncouth place,
unlike *unto his earthly home:*
e to and fro by chaunce did trace,
im befid a disaventrous case.

V

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull griefe,
Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from
the maine:

VI

'Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares when none is nigh to
heare,
Yet, hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life de-
light.

VII

'Yet loe! the seas, I see, by often beating
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble
weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he
heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII

'And when my weary ghost, with griefe out-
worne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest.'
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart oppprest;

And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

IX

'Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long:
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love him selfe alone.

X

'But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare love beloved be:
And if he should through pride your doome undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me;
One prison fittest is to hold us two.
So had I rather to be thrall then free:
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

XI

'But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me.
So ever loose, so ever happy be!
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee.'
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of her smart.

XII

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus sonne, that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle
That made him stoupe, till he did him
Then gan he make him tread his step
And learne to love by learning lovers rew.

XIV

Now gan he in his grieved minde de
How from that dungeon he might her
Some while he thought, by faire and wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discha
But then he fear'd his mothers former
Gainst womens love, long given him
Then gan he thinke, perforce with a targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to co
But soone he gan such folly to forthink

XV

Then did he cast to steale her thenc
And with him beare where none of h know:
But all in vaine, for-why he found no
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did fl
And though unto his will she given
Yet without ship or bote her thence t
He wist not how her thence away to
And daunger well he wist long to there.

XVI

At last, when as no meanes he could
Backe to him selfe he gan returne the
That was the author of her punishme
And with vile curses and reprochfull
To damne him selfe by every evil nam
And deeme unworthy of love or lif
That had despisde so chast and faire
Which him had sought through tro long strife,
Yet had refusde a God that her ha

XVII

In this sad plight he walked here an
And romed round about the rocke in
As he had lost him selfe he wist not
Oft listening if he mote her heare agai
And still bemoning her unworthy pai
Like as an Hynde, whose calfe is falne
Into some pit, where she him heares co
An hundred times about the pit side
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereav

XVIII

And now by this the feast was th ended,
And every one gan homeward to re

eing, Marinell was sore offended
departure thence should be so short,
his love in that sea-walled fort.
he not his mother disobay,
ttending in full seemly sort,
h amongst the many all the way,
the way did inly mourne, like one
ray.

XIX

turned to his mothers bowre,
y silence, far from wight,
cord the lamentable stowre,
his wretched love lay day and night
are sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
ht whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
worldly thing he tooke delight;
food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
t, and mourn'd, and languisht and
me did weepe.

XX

short space his wonted chearefull hew
, and lively spirits deaded quight:
s-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
wney armes had lost their knowen
ight,
thing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
, that lenger he note stand upright,
is bed was brought, and layd above,
efull ghost, unable once to stirre or
ove.

XXI

when his mother saw, she in her mind
nbled sore, ne wist well what to weene;
d by search nor any meanes out find
et cause and nature of his teene,
y she might apply some medicine;
ang day and night did him attend,
urn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
griev'd her more that she it could not
end:
n helplesse evill double griefe doth lend.

XXII

could she read the roote of his disease,
ne what mister maladie it is,
y to seeke some meanes it to appease.
d she thinke, but most she thought
mis,
at same former fatall wound of his
re by Tryphon was not throughly
ealed,
dy rankled under th' orifis:
d she thinke, that which he most con-
ealed, [vealed.
re it was, *which in his hart lay unre-*

XXIII

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

XXIV

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale; who still her answered, there was nought.

XXV

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo, King of Leaches, brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

XXVI

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve;
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did mieve;
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

XXVII

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of Nymphes she thought she need not care,

But promist him, what ever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine.
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd;
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

XXIX

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Majestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell Tyrant, had presumpteously
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

XXX

To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus:
'Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us;
For death t' adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole Soveraine.
Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plaine,
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought.'

XXXI

To whom she answer'd: 'Then, it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie
It to replevie, and my sonne reprive.
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.'

XXXII

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
Under the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaunding Proteus straight t' enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankfulnesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall;
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

XXXIII

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell:
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well;
For she all living creatures did excell;
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad
And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.

XXXIV

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Ahorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection:
As withered weed through cruell winters tine
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

XXXV

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his body beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE FIFTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

I

s I with state of present time
ge of the antique world compare,
mans age was in his freshest prime,
first blossome of faire vertue bare;
ldes I finde twixt those, and these
hich are,
through long continuance of his course,
as the world is runne quite out of square
e first point of his appointed sourse;
ng once amisse growes daily wourse
nd wourse:

II

om the golden age, that first was
amed,
ag earst become a stonie one;
n themselves, the which at first were
amed
ly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
r transformed into hardest stone;
behind their backs (so backward
red)
rowne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:
hen those may any worse be red,
o that ere long will be degendered.

III

ne then blame me, if in discipline
e and of civill uses lore,
t forme them to the common line
nt dayes, which are corrupted sore,
he antique use which was of yore,
ood was onely for it selfe desyred,
men sought their owne, and none no
nore;
ustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
nple Truth did rayne, and was of all
dmyred.

IV

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was
hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is
right;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
Ne wonder; for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was
pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

V

For who so list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first
tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares:
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames
feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore:

VI

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent
horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite
him borne
Into the great Nemæan lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at randon rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe
move,

And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other Spheres:
For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

VIII

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
Which in Star-read were wont have best insight,
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth West,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright:
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

IX

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull t
sound;
Peace universall rayn'd mongst men an
And all things freely grew out of the
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne
And to all people did divide her
heasts:

X

Most sacred vertue she of all the res
Resembling God in his imperiall migh
Whose soveraine powre is herein n
prest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth
And all his workes with Justice hath
That powre he also doth to Princes le
And makes them like himselfe in
sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to e
And rule his people right, as he doth
mend.

XI

Dread Soverayne Goddesse, that doe
est sit
In seate of judgement in th' Almighti
And with magnificke might and wondr
Doest to thy people righteous doome
That furthest Nations filles with awfu
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thr
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great justice, praysed over-all,
The instrument whereof loe! here th
gall.

CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in Justice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed;
He doth avenge on Sanglier
His Ladies bloud embrewed.

I

Though vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe entreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat:
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitful rancknes did deface.

II

Such first was Bacchus, that with
might
All th' East, before untam'd, did over-
And wrong repressed, and establisht ri
Which lawlesse men had formerly ford
There Justice first her princely rule beg
Next Hercules his like ensample shewe
Who all the West with equall conquest
And monstrous tyrants with his clu
dewed:
The club of Justice dread with kingly
endewed.

III

he of whom I have to tell,
of true Justice, Arteгall:
ately mote remember well)
ture, which did then befall,
perill forth did call;
ccour a distressed Dame
tyrant did unjustly thrall,
eritage, which she did clame,
ng hand withhold; Grantorto
name.

IV

Lady, which Irena hight,
ry Queene her way addresse,
laynıng her afflicted plight,
ht of gratious redresse.
e Queene, that mightie Em-

s to aide all suppliants pore,
Princes to be Patronesse,
l to right her to restore;
r he seem'd best skild in right-
e.

V

in Justice was upbrought
cradle of his infancie,
depth of rightfull doome was

ea with great industrie,
on earth she lived mortallie:
orld from his perfection fell
nd foule iniquitie,
nongst earthly men did dwell,
ules of justice them instructed

VI

ugh the world she walked in this

he found this gentle childe
peres playing his childish sport;
fit, and with no crime defilde,
with gifts and speaches milde
her. So thence him farre she
t
om companie exilde. [raught,
e nourisled him till yeares he
discipline of justice there him

VII

him taught to weigh both right
rong
lance with due recompence,
o measure out along
the line of conscience,
eeds with rigour to dispence;
ich, for want there of mankind,
in to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

VIII

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When so he list in wrath lift up his steely brand,

IX

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heaven: Chrysaor it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when Jove those Gyants quelled:

X

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame;
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave, where so it came,
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shard.

XI

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space [found,
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we doe see
The heavens bright-shining baudricke to en-chace;
And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
And next her selfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

XII

But when she parted hence she left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend

Alwayes to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe what ever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfould.

XIII

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to needs,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which oppresst
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed:
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

XIV

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that Dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

XV

'Ah! woe is me, and well-away!' (quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke),
'That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke,
But that I should die guiltie of the blame
The which another did, who now is fled with shame.'

XVI

'Who was it then,' (sayd Artegall) 'that wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew.'
'A knight,' (said he) 'if knight he may be thought
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre love, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in companie
This luckless Ladie which now here doth headlesse lie.

XVII

'He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me, but I did it
So did the Ladies both, as may be kn
But he, whose spirit was with pride u
Would not so rest contented with his
But, having from his courser he
throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse mi
And on his steed her set to beare h
sight.

XVIII

'Which when his Ladie saw, she follo
And on him catching hold gan loud t
Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to di
With that his sword he drew all wrat
And at one stroke cropt off her h
scorne,
In that same place whereas it now d
So he my love away with him hath b
And left me here both his and mine
to morne.'

XIX

'Aread' (sayd he) 'which way the
make?
And by what markes may he be known
'To hope' (quoth he) 'him soone to
That hence so long departed, is but
But yet he pricked over yonder plain
And, as I marked, bore upon his shie
By which it's easie him to know aga
A broken sword within a bloodie fiel
Expressing well his nature which
did wield.'

XX

No sooner sayd, but streight he afte
His yron page, who him pursew'd s
As that it seem'd above the ground
For he was swift as swallow in her fl
And strong as Lyon in his lordly mi
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sangliér, (so cleeped was that Kn
Whom at the first he ghessed by his
And by the other markes which of
he tooke.

XXI

He bad him stay, and backe with h
Who, full of scorne to be commaunde
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo
And streight at him with all his forc
Who mov'd no more therewith, then
rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones

a leaping lent him such a knocke,
e ground he layd him like a sence-
blocke.

XXII

e could him selfe recure againe,
iron paw he seized had;
he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
him selfe unwist so ill bestad,
e could not wag: Thence he him

a beast appointed to the stall:
whereof the Lady sore adrad,
to fly for feare of being thrall;
r quickly stayd, and forst to wend
ail.

XXIII

the place they came, where Artegall
me carefull Squire did then abide,
gan him to demaund of all
twixt him and that Squire betide:
sterne countenance and indignant
e
ere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
ruser thereuppon defide;
r he did shed that Ladies blond,
away his love, but his owne proper
d.

XXIV

the Squire perceive him selfe too
ke
re his defiaunce in the field,
r chose his challenge off to breake,
pprove his right with speare and
ld,
guilty chose himselfe to yield:
all by signes perceiving plaine
was not which that Lady kild,
strange Knight, the fairer love to
e,
about by sleight the truth thereout
traine;

XXV

; 'Now sure this doubtfull causes
r but by Sacrament be tride, [right
gulele, or by blooddy fight,
rhaps mote fall to either side;
lease that I your cause decide,
may all further quarrell end,
sweare my judgement to abide.'
ey both did franckly condiscend,
doome with listfull eares did both
nd.

XXVI

en,' (sayd he) 'ye both the dead
y,
the living Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright:
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penaunce that same Ladies head,
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead.'

XXVII

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the Lady to be slaine;
But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,
When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive, then to him selfe be shared dead;
And rather then his love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head:
True love despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

XXVIII

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved;
'Not so, thou Squire,' (he sayd) 'but thine I deeme
The living Lady, which from thee he reaved,
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne, that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame,
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abrode your shame.'

XXIX

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast,
Until that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore
For his great justice, held in high regard,
And as his Squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard;
But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
But leaving him forth on his journey far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regiment.

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies, drownes Lady Munera,
Does race her castle quight.

I

Nought is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceedes.

II

To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforse,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

III

For this was Dony, Florimels owne Dwarfe,
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare:
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemniz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

IV

'Within three daies,' (quoth he) 'as I do here,
It will be at the Castle of the Strond;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her service so as I am bond:
But in my way, a little here beyond,
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fo
That makes all men for feare that pas
to shonne.'

V

'What mister wight,' (quoth he) 'a
far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such har
'He is' (said he) 'a man of great defe
Expert in battell and in deedes of arm
And more emboldned by the wicked d
With which his daughter doth him s
port;
Having great Lordships got and goodly
Through strong oppression of his powr
By which he still them holds, and kee
strong effort.

VI

'And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth
For never wight he lets to passe that
Over his Bridge, albee he rich or poor
But he him makes his passage-penny
Else he doth hold him backe or beat a
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guiz
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage d
wray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteo
But he him selfe uppon the rich dot
nize.

VII

'His name is hight Pollente, rightly
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth overg
And makes them subject to his mighty
And some by sleight he eke doth und
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight
Which is but narrow, but exceeding l
And in the same are many trap-fals pi
Through which the rider downe d
through oversight.

VIII

'And underneath the same a river flo
That is both swift and dangerous dee
all;
Into the which whom so he overthrow
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fa

lfe through practise usuall,
nto the floud, and there assaies
ed through his sodaine fall,
d man he equally dismaies,
th them drownes, or trayterous-
s.

IX

he take the spoile of them at

ghter brings, that dwels thereby;
comes doth take, and therewith
her wicked threasury, [fill
ith wrongs hath heaped up so hy
rinces she in wealth exceedes,
all the countrey lying ny
enue of her plenteous meedes:
is Munera, agreeing with her

X

e is full faire, and rich attired,
hands and silver feete beside,
ords have her to wife desired,
all despiseth for great pride.'
life,' (savd he) 'and God to guide,
ay will I this day betake,
Bridge whereas he doth abide:
thither lead.' No more he spake,
ard forthright his ready way did

XI

ace he came within a while,
s Bridge he ready armed saw
awayting for some spoile:
y to the passage gan to draw,
them came with scull all raw,
money did of them require,
the custome of their law: 'hire;'
aunswerd wroth, 'Loe! there thy
it word him strooke, that streight
expire.

XII

the Pagan saw he wexed wroth,
him selfe unto the fight addrest,
rtegall behinde: so both
with ready speares in rest.
midst, whereas they brest to brest
, a trap was letten downe to fall
: streight leapt the Carle unblest,
g that his foe was falne withall;
well aware, and leapt before his

XIII

both together in the floud,
other tyrannously flew;
water cooled their whot bloud,
them kindled choler new:

But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe
bestrad.

XIV

Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
There they together strove and struggled long
Either the other from his steede to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his griple strong [hong.
For any thing wold slacke, but still upon him

XV

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
In the wide champian of the Ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage,
they rore,
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome above the surges hore.
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome
uprore.

XVI

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sownd.
So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force
to pas.

XVII

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side;
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well trained, and throughly
tride:
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare him selfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his
flight.

XVIII

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,

* This seems - marked - in Mitchell's Ed.

He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him dight.

XIX

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned;
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within just compasse pen.

XX

That done, unto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside,
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

XXI

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

XXII

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
Uppon the Castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw, [wrought,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

XXIII

But, when as yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodl
And causde great sackes with endles
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the Castle w
That she might win some time, thos bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold
But he was nothing mov'd nor therewithall:

XXIV

But still continu'd his assault the u
And layd on load with his huge yro
That at the length he has yrent the
And made way for his maister to ass
Who being entred, nought did then
For wight against his powre them reare.
Each one did flie; their hearts bega
And hid them selves in corners here a
And eke their dame halfe dead did self for feare.

XXV

Long they her sought, yet no wh they finde her,
That sure they weend she was escap
But Talus, that could like a lime-hou her,
And all things secrete wisely could l
At length found out whereas she hid
Under an heape of gold. Thence he
By the faire lockes, and fowly did ar
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall him selfe her seemeles did rew.

XXVI

Yet for no pitty would he change t
Of Justice, which in Talus hand did
Who rudely hayld her forth without
Still holding up her suppliant hands
And kneeling at his feete submissive
But he her suppliant hands, those hand
And eke her feete, those feete of silve
Which sought unrighteousnesse, an sold, [then
Chopt off, and nayld on high that a

XXVII

Her selfe then tooke he by the sclen
In vaine loud crying, and into the fl
Over the Castle wall adowne her cas
And there her drowned in the durty
But the streame washt away her guil
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he to
The spoile of peoples evil gotten goo
The which her sire had scrap't by h crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it

XXVIII

all that Castle quite he raced,
he sole of his foundation,
hewen stones thereof defaced,
note be no hope of reparation,
r thereof to any nation.
when Talus throughly had per-
ned,
undid the evill fashion,
customes of that Bridge refourmed;
e, unto his former journey he re-
ned:

XXIX

hey measur'd mickle weary way,
length nigh to the sea they drew;
s they did travell on a day,
efore them, far as they could vew,
people gathered in a crew;
t assembly they did much admire,
here the like resort they knew.
them they coasted, to enquire
g so many nations met did there
re.

XXX

y beheld a mighty Gyant stand
ke, and holding forth on hie
eat paire of ballance in his hand,
h he boasted, in his surquedrie,
e world he would weigh equallie,
had the same to counterpoys;
hereof he weighed vanity,
s ballaunce full of idle toys:
mired much of fooles, women, and
.

XXXI

hat he would all the earth uptake
e sea, divided each from either:
ie of the fire one ballaunce make,
th' ayre, without or wind or wether:
ld he ballaunce heaven and hell
ther,
at did within them all containe,
ose weight he would not misse a
er:
what surplus did of each remaine,
to his owne part restore the same
ine:

XXXII

he sayd, they all unequall were,
ncroched upon others share;
sea (which plaine he shewed there)
the earth; so did the fire the aire;
rest did others parts empaire,
re realmes and nations run awry.
he undertooke for to repaire,
they were formed anuciently,
ngs would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony-crocke;
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare.

XXXIV

'Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
For ere thou limit what is losse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poyse of every part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth overflow
Or faile thereof, so much is more then just to trow.

XXXV

'For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right:
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

XXXVI

'Such heavenly justice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound,
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found;
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.'

XXXVII

'Thou foolishe Elfe,' (said then the Gyant wroth)
'Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea it selfe doest thou not plainely see
Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
And th' earth it selfe how daily its increast
By all that dying to it turned be:

Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least?

XXXVIII

'Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
And make them levell with the lowly plaine;
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.'

XXXIX

'Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,'
Then answered the righteous Artegall, [sight?
'Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

XL

'Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
How ever gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

XLI

'They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine,
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh Kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subjects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away,
For all we have is his: what he list doe, he may.

XLII

'What ever thing is done by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.

In vaine therefore doest thou now take
To call to count, or weigh his workes
Whose counsels depth thou canst n
stand;
Sith of things subject to thy daily v
Thou doest not know the causes
courses dew.

XLIII

'For take thy ballaunce, if thou be
And weigh the winde that under hea
blow;
Or weigh the light that in the East
Or weigh the thought that from m
doth flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst
Weigh but one word which from thy
fall:
For how canst thou those greater secr
That doest not know the least thing of
Ill can he rule the great that cannot
small.'

XLIV

Therewith the Gyant much abashe
That he of little things made reckoni
Yet the least word that ever could b
Within his ballaunce he could way
'Which is' (sayd he) 'more heavy
weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else t
He answered that he would try it st
So he the words into his ballaunce th
But streight the winged words out o
launce flew.

XLV

Wroth wext he then, and sayd th
were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well
But he could justly weigh the wrong
'Well then,' sayd Artegall, 'let it be
First in one ballance set the true asi
He did so first, and then the false he
In th' other scale; but still it downe
And by no meane could in the weighty
For by no meanes the false will with
be wayd.

XLVI

'Now take the right likewise,' sayd
'And counterpeise the same with
wrong.'
So first the right he put into one sca
And then the Gyant strove with
strong
To fill the other scale with so much
But all the wrongs that he therein c
Might not it peise; yet did he labow

[illegible], and chauf'd, and proved every way:
[illegible] the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

XLVII

[illegible]hich when he saw he greatly grew in rage,
[illegible] almost would his balances have broken;
[illegible] Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
[illegible] said, 'Be not upon thy balance wroken,
[illegible] they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
[illegible] in the mind the doome of right must bee:
[illegible] so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
[illegible] care must be the ballance, to decree
[illegible] judge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

XLVIII

[illegible] set the truth and set the right aside,
[illegible] they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
[illegible] put two wrongs together to be tride,
[illegible] two falses, of each equall share,
[illegible] then together doe them both compare;
[illegible] truth is one, and right is ever one.'
[illegible] did he; and then plaine it did appeare,
[illegible]ther of them the greater were attone;
[illegible] right sate in the middest of the beame alone.

XLIX

[illegible] he the right from thence did thrust away,
[illegible] it was not the right which he did seeke,
[illegible] rather strove extremities to way,
[illegible] one to diminish, th' other for to eeke;
[illegible] of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
[illegible]om when so lewdly minded Talus found,
[illegible]proching nigh unto him, cheeke by cheeke,
[illegible] shouldered him from off the higher ground,
[illegible]d, down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

L

[illegible]ke as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
[illegible]on a rocke with horrible dismay,
[illegible] shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
[illegible]d spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
[illegible]es make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray,
[illegible] downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
[illegible]s battred ballances in peeces lay,
[illegible]s timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
[illegible] was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

LI

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation:
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation.
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

LII

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo:
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew:
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

LIII

But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay:
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew.

LIV

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him throughout.

CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies sights.

I

After long stormes and tempests overblowne
The sunne at length his joyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oftimes despeire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

II

Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore:
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.

III

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

IV

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell, [terpriz'd
And with him sixe knights more, which entTo chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others
cell.

V

The first of them was hight Sir Orim
A noble Knight, and tride in hard ass
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse pra
The third was Brunell, famous in his
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding migh
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely lay
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted K
All sixe well-seene in armes, and p
many a fight.

VI

And them against came all that list t
From every coast and countrie under s
None was debard, but all had leave th
The trompets sound, then all together
Full many deeds of armes that day were
And many knights unhorst, and many
ded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne
But all that day the greatest prayse re
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds
sounded.

VII

The second day, so soone as morrow li
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they
And there all day continew'd cruell fig
With divers fortune fit for such a game
In which all strove with perill to winn
Yet whether side was victor note be gh
But at the last the trompets did procla
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men
rest.

VIII

The third day came, that should due
lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike c
Together met of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of arme
shew,

ough the thickest like a Lyon flew,
off helmes, and ryving plates asonder,
ery one his daunger did eschew:
oly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
men stood amaz'd, and at his might
id wonder.

IX

hat on earth can alwayes happie tand?
ater prowesse greater perils find.
he past amongst his enemies band,
ey have him enclosed so behind,
o meanes he can himselfe outwind:
w perforce they have him prisoner aken;
v they doe with captive bands him bind;
r they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
some succour had in time him overaken.

X

tun'd, whylest they were thus ill east,
gall into the Tilt-yard came,
aggadochio, whom he lately met
e way with that his snowy Dame:
when he understood by common fame
ril hap to Marinell betid,
h was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
ight that boaster prayd, with whom e rid, [hid.
ge his shield with him, to be the better

XI

h he went, and soone them over-hent,
hey were leading Marinell away;
e assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
st the burden of their prize to stay.
ere an hundred knights of that array,
h th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
er stayd behind to gard the pray:
ere long the former fiftie bet,
m the other fiftie soone the prisoner st.

XII

ke he brought Sir Marinell againe;
having quickly arm'd againe anew,
th together joyned might and maine,
fresh on all the other crew:
with sore havocke soone they overhrew,
ced quite out of the field, that none them durst his head to perill shew.
they left Lords of the field alone:
inell by him was rescu'd from his one.

XIII

Which when he had performd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore,
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by those.

XIV

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield,
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

XV

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

XVI

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely speaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

XVII

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele:
Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,

With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell her selfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise;
But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

XIX

As when two sunnes appeare in the asure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene.

XX

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well advewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said; 'Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

XXI

'That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell:
But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell.
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stird this day;
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest *sway*
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

XXII

'But this the sword which wrought these cruell stounds, [bear
And this the arme the which that shield did
And these the signs' (so shewed forth his wounds)
'By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.'
For proofe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

XXIII

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashful shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her fairé blushing face,
As roses did with lilies interlace;
For of those words, the which that beare threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom when as all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse did shew.

XXIV

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streight-way, so soone as both together met,
Th' enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her waste wrought.

XXV

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

XXVI

Which when as all that present were behold
They stricken were with great astonishment
And their faint harts with senselesse horror queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment

ted was in his despeyring mood,
e a lifelesse corse imnoveable he
ood.

XXVII

tegall that golden belt uptooke,
ch of all her spoyle was onely left;
was not hers, as many it mistooke,
rimells owne girdle, from her reft
he was flying, like a weary weft,
ast foule monster which did her com-
ell
s great; which he unbuckling eft
el to the fayrest Florimell,
und about her tender wast it fitted
ell.

XXVIII

any Ladies often had assayd
heir middles that faire belt to knit;
ny a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
o none of all their loynes would fit,
rimell about her fastned it.
wer it had, that to no womans wast
skill or labour it would sit,
that she were continent and chast,
would lose or breake, that many had
disgrast.

XXIX

st thus they busied were bout Flori-
nell,
astfull Braggadochio to defame,
ron, as by fortune then befell,
from the thickest preasse of people
came, [clame;
ne good steed, which he had stolne, to
one hand seizing on his golden bit,
h' other drew his sword; for with the
same
at the thiefe there deadly to have smit:
ad he not bene held, he nought had
fayld of it.

XXX

of great hurly-burly moved was
bout the hall for that same warlike
horse;
aggadochio would not let him pas,
uyon would him algates have perforse,
pprove upon his carrion corse.
troublous stirre when Artegall per-
ceived,
h them drew to stay th' avengers forse,
an inquire how was that steed bereaved,
er by might extort, or else by slight
deceaved?

XXXI

all that piteous storie, which befell
that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine,
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine;
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his right.

XXXII

Which Artegall well hearing, (though no more
By law of armes there needs ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,)
Yet, further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
'If that' (said Guyon) 'may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.'

XXXIII

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hed-stall tooke;
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

XXXIV

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore, (so was he hight,)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see:
And, when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed
That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd;
'Lo there! Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd,
And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned.'
But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That judgement so unjust against him had ordayned.

XXXVI

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word
To have revenged that his villeny;
And thrise did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby:
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, 'Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you that are our judge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see.'

XXXVII

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment:
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent,
Then from him reft his shield, and it renverst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

XXXVIII

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie;
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours that true knig
shame,
And armes dishonour with base villan
From all brave knights be banisht with d
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good
with blame.

XXXIX

Now when these counterfeits were th
Out of the fore-side of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane dis
All gan to jest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knig
Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of bra
He them abused through his subtill sli
And what a glorious shew he made
their sights.

XL

There leave we them in pleasure and
Spending their joyous dayes and
And taking usurie of time fore-past,
With all deare delices and rare delight
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely kn
And turne we here to this faire furrow
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sp
That, when as time to Artegall shall te
We on his first adventure may him
send.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive:
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprive.

I

Whoso upon him selfe will take the skill
True Justice unto people to divide,
Had needs have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers justice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might;
For powre is the right hand of Justice truely hight.

II

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judg
wise,
And with their might beat downe lic
Which proudly did impugne her senten
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yro
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here w
to say.

III

Who having lately left that lovely pa
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bon
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre
With whom great feast and goodly g
fond,
Departed from the Castle of the Stron

is adventures first intent,
r agree he taken had in hond:
with him for his assistance went,
great yron groome, his gard and
rmment.

IV

m, as he did passe by the sea shore,
st to come whereas two comely
ires,
ren, whom one wombe together bore,
l up with different desires,
trove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
beside two seemely damzells stood,
nes seeking to asswage their ires;
aire words, but words did little good,
sharpe threats, but threats the more
east their mood.

V

before them stood a Coffer strong
l on every side with iron bands,
g to have suffred mickle wrong,
being wreckt uppon the sands,
arried farre from forraine lands.
at for it these Squires at ods did
[hands;
against them selves their cruell
ore those Damzells did forestall
us encounter, and their fiercenesse

VI

ly fixt they were with dint of sword
iles doubtfull proofe their rights to
nd their fury would afford, [try,
to them Fortune would justify:
hey both in readinesse thereby
he combate with cruell intent,
legall, arriving happily,
while their greedy bickerment,
ad questioned the cause of their
sent.

VII

the elder did this aunswere frame:
ete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
our sire, Milesio by name,
ly bequeath his lands in fee,
ls, which ye there before you see
in sea; of which the one appeares
little Mount of small degree,
great and wide, ere many yeares,
ame other Isle, that greater bredth
r beares.

VIII

ct of time, that all things doth
ay, [spare,
devouring Sea, that naught doth
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire,
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have joyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

IX

'Then did my younger brother, Amidas,
Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
And former livelod fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope streight way,
Who, taking her from me, his owne love left astray.

X

'She, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved:
But see how much her purpose was deceaved!
Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of her, [weaved,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she
She chaunst unwares to light uppon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

XI

'The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life, though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,)
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last uppon mine Isle did rest.

XII

'Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
Did her espy, and through my good endevour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore [her,
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save
She then, in recompence of that great favour
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,

Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

XIII

'Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained,
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought:
But this same other Damzell since hath fained
That to her selfe that threasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way:
But whether it be so or no, I can not say.

XIV

'But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my love, (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may.'

XV

So having sayd, the younger did ensew:
'Full true it is what so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne uppon his strand;
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes and perfect good espiall: [deniall.'
Therefore it ought be rendred her without

XVI

When they thus ended had, the Knight began:
'Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.'
'Unto yourselfe,' said they, 'we give our word,
To bide that judgement ye shall us afford.'
'Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword;
And then you shall my sentence understand.'
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

XVII

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd:
'Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withho
day?'
'What other right,' (quoth he) 'shou
esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay
'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'an
deeme, [should
That what the sea unto you sent yo

XVIII

Then turning to the elder thus he say
'Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be sh
Your brothers threasure, which from
strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well know
By what right doe you claime to
owne?' [e
'What other right,' (quoth he) 'shou
But that the sea hath it unto me throw
'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'an
deeme, [should
That what the sea unto you sent yo

XIX

'For equall right in equall things doth
For what the mighty Sea hath once po
And plucked quite from all possessors
Whether by rage of waves that never r
Or else by wracke that wretches hath d
He may dispose by his imperiall might
As thing at randon left, to whom he li
So, Amidas, the land was yours first hi
And so the threasure yours is, Braci
right.'

XX

When he his sentence thus pronounce
Both Amidas and Philtra were displea
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad
And on the threasure by that judg
seased,
So was their discord by this doome app
And each one had his right. Then Ar
When as their sharpe contention he had
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him did call.

XXI

So as he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce
To whom when he approched neare in
(An uncouth sight) he plainely then de
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands as ready fight.

XXII

e midst of them he saw a Knight,
his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
about his necke an halter tight,
for the gallow-tree prepard:
s covered, and his head was bar'd,
ie was uneath was to descry;
full heavy heart with them he far'd,
the soule, and groning inwardly,
d womens hands so base a death
id sly.

XXIII

like tyrants mercilesse, the more
his miserable case,
rviled, and reproched sore
r taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
as Artegall, arriv'd in place,
what cause brought that man to
y.
d about him gan to swarme apace,
n him their cruell hands to lay,
e wrought unwares some villanous
y.

XXIV

as soone aware of their ill minde,
ng backe deceived their intent:
h him selfe did shame on woman-
le
r hand to shend, he Talus sent
on them their follies hardyment:
few sowces of his yron flale
all their troupe incontinent,
them home to tell a piteous tale
ine prowesse turned to their proper
s.

XXV

same wretched man, ordayned to

behind them, glad to be so quit:
tooke out of perplexitie,
ur of fowle death for Knight unfit,
then losse of life ydreaded it;
restoring unto living light,
t unto his Lord, where he did sit
all that womanish weake fight;
ne as he beheld he knew, and thus
ight:

XXVI

ine! haplesse man, what make you
e? [tion,
ou lost your selfe and your discre-
in this wretched case ye were?
e yeelded you to proude oppression
is powre, that boast of mens sub-
ion?
hat other deadly dismall day
you by heavens hard direction

That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead your selfe unto your owne
decay?'

XXVII

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he him selfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus: 'Most haplesse well ye may
Me justly terme, that to this shame am
brought, [day:
And made the scorne of Knighthod this same
But who can scape what his owne fate hath
wrought? [thought.'
The worke of heavens will surpasseth humaine

XXVIII

'Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate [crimes.
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?'
'Then sith ye needs' (quoth he) 'will know
my shame,
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my
blame.

XXIX

'Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to
And after fame and honour for to hunt, [try,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many
done be dead.

XXX

'The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And, wooed him by all the waies she could:
But when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights; which now
she doth fulfill.

XXXI

'For all those Knights, the which by force
or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes: And then with
threat

Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII

'But if through stout disdaine of manly mind
Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand:
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a Knight.'

XXXIII

'How hight that Amazon?' (sayd Artegall)
'And where and how far hence does she abide?' [call,
'Her name' (quoth he) 'they Radigund doe
A Princesse of great powre and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it prieved.'

XXXIV

'Now sure,' (said he) 'and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to Knights doth show.
Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would empaire.'

XXXV

With that, like one that hopelesse was depryv'd
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway,
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she Radegone.

XXXVI

Where they arriving by the watchm
Descried streight; who all the city w
How that three warlike persons did a
Of which the one him seem'd a Kn
armed,
And th' other two well likely to have
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse r
And like a sort of Bees in clusters sw
Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe lik
Came forth into the rout, and them
began.

XXXVII

And now the Knights, being arrived
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in;
And at the Porter, skorning them so
Threw many threats, if they the to
win,
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin
Which when as Radigund there c
heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth
She bad that streight the gates should be
And to them way to make with weap
prepard.

XXXVIII

Soone as the gates were open to then
They pressed forward, entraunce t
made;
But in the middle way they were yme
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, whi
staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens prid
Then all that rout uppon them rudely
And heaped strokes so fast on every si
And arrowes haild so thicke, that the
not abide.

XXXIX

But Radigund her selfe, when she esp
Sir Terpin, from her direfull doome ac
So cruell doale amongst her maides di
T' avenge that shame they did on him
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely
That to the ground him quite she ove
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no
knew.

XL

Soone as she saw him on the ground
vell,
She lightly to him leapt; and in his

e setting, at his head did levell.
ce her wrath on him to wreake
empt, that did her judg'ment

re hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
kasse of some beast too weake,
over, and a while doth pause
itteous beast pleading her plain-
se.

XLI

as Artegall in that distresse
held, he left the bloudy slaugh-

wam, and runne to his redresse:
ying fiercely fresh, he raught
[her;
troke, that it of sence distraught
ot it warded warily,
d her mother of a daughter:
all the powre she did apply
agger oft, and stare with ghastly

XLII

agle, in his kingly pride
h his wide Empire of the aire
brode sailes, by chaunce hath

which hath seized for her share
owle that should her feast pre-

l force he flies at her bylive,
souce, which none enduren

quarrey he away doth drive,
griping pounce the greedy prey
re.

XLIII

she her sence recover'd had,
wards him her selfe gan dight,
eful wrath and sdeignfull pride
d;
she suffred such despight:
could joyne hand with him to

aides about her flockt so fast,
disparted them, maugre their

r troupes did far asunder cast;
e rest the fight did untill evening

XLIV

hile that mighty yron man
range weapon, never wont in

vext, and courst, and overran,
ir bowes, and did their shooting

That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before
him flie.

XLV

But when as daies faire shinie-beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
And gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight;
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be convayed in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safetty
Together with Sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of jeopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disaventerous sight.

XLVIII

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse;
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd:
'Goe, damzell, quickly, doe thy selfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse.
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yeester day drove us to such distresse:
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field whether hath greater might.

XLIX

'But these conditions doe to him propound:
That if I vanquisbe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,

What ever he shall like to doe or say.
Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array, [it
And beare with you both wine and juncates fit,
And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall
hungry sit.'

L

The Damzell streight obayd, and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;
Where, sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding
ment:

Where that same Damzell lowdly him
And shew'd that with his Lord
emparlaunce make.

LI

So he them streight conducted to h
Who, as he could, them goodly well
Till they had told their message word
Which he accepting well, as he coul
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'si
And gave them gifts and things
delight.
So backe againe they homeward t
But Artegall him selfe to rest did d
That he mote fresher be against
daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdewd by guile:
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

I

So soone as day forth dawning from the
East [withdrew,
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens
And earely calling forth both man and beast
Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Them selves thereto preparde in order dew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to
dight.

II

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses
taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham; but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele; and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore;
Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,

As the faire Moone in her most full a
That to the Moone it mote be lik
respect.

IV

So forth she came out of the citty
With stately port and proud magni
Guarded with many Damzels that
Uppon her person for her sure defen
Playing on shaumes and trumpets,
hence
Their sound did reach unto the heav
So forth into the field she marched
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pi
Her to receive, till time they sho
the fight.

V

Then forth came Artegall out of hi
All arm'd to point, and first the
enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell
And countenaunce fierce, as hav
bent her
That battells utmost triall to advent
The Lists were closed fast, to barre
From rudely pressing to the middle
Which in great heapes them circled
Wayting how Fortune would res
daungerous dout.

VI

The Trumpets sounded, and the fie
With bitter strokes it both began a

ncounter on him ran
ge, as if she had intended
t the very heart have rended:
d like tempests often tride,
ſhaw him selfe right well de-

ag'd, the more he did abide;
foynd, she lasht, she laid on
de.

VII

dowes he bore, and her forbore,
it to win advantage new;
ueltie increased more,
owre faild, her courage did ac-

, he gan fiercely her pursew.
h that to his cunning feat
mettall seeketh to subdew,
eles it mollifide with heat,
i yron sledge doth strongly on

VIII

riegall upon her lay,
an yron andvile beene,
fire, bright as the sunny ray,
ely armes were flashing seene,
e ye would her surely weene;
hield so well her selfe she warded
d daunger of his weapon keene,
while her life she safely garded;
helpe from her against her will
ed.

IX

trenchant blade at the next

hield he shared quite away,
side it selfe did naked show,
th unto daunger opened way.
moved with the mightie sway
roke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
eedie Beare unto her pray,
rpe Cemitare at him she flew,
ng downe his thigh the purple
orth drew.

X

gan to triumph with great boast,
d that chaunce which him misfell,
e she gotten had almost,
ull speaches, fitting with her well;
t hart gan inwardly to swell
tion at her vaunting vaine,
strooke with puissaunce fearefull

shield she warded it againe,
ed all to peeces round about the

XI

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke.
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

XII

But, when as he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

XIII

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard, [apart,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

XIV

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

XV

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill, [flight,
Whose other wing, now made unmecte for
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine.

XVI

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre:
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield;
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

XVII

So was he overcome; not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he justly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall and service her afford:
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned.

XVIII

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke:
But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse stars did lowre,
She caused to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it just t' obay.

XX

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap a napron whit
Instead of Curiets and bases fit for fi

XXI

So being clad she brought him from
In which he had bene trayned many
Into a long large chamber, which wa
With moniments of many Knights d
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she caused his armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his s
And broke his sword, for feare of furthe
With which he wont to stirre up l alarmes.

XXII

There entred in he round about him
Many brave knights, whose names
he knew,
There bound t' obay that Amazons p
Spinning and carding all in comely
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncom
But they were forst, through penurie
To doe those workes to them appoin
For nought was given them to sup o
But what their hands could earne by linnen twyne.

XXIII

Amongst them all she placed him
And in his hand a distaffe to him ga
That he thereon should spin both flax
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a womans slave.
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes des
And thereto did himselfe right well b
Her to obay, sith he his faith had pli
Her vassall to become, if she him fight.

XXIV

Who had him seene imagine mote
That whylome hath of Hercules bene
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile t
For his huge club, which had subdew
So many monsters which the world
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of
In which, forgetting warres, he onely
In combats of sweet love, and with tresse toyed.

XXV

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the
band,
With which wise Nature did them
T' obay the heasts of mans well-rul

ile and reason they withstand
icentious libertie:
omen wisely understand,
borne to base humilitie,
vens them lift to lawfull sove-

XXVI

g while contin'd Artegall,
Radigund with true subjection,
s noble heart did gall
ans tyrannous direction,
ve had of life or death election:
sen, now he might not chaunge.
time the warlike Amazon,
g fancie after lust did raunge,
secret liking to this captive
e.

XXVII

oncealing in her covert brest,
end of lover's carefull plight;
t so thoroughly digest,
d in her wounded spright,
ed her both day and night:
not thereto yeeld free accord
wly vassall of her might,
vant make her soverayne Lord:
pride that she such basenesse
hord.

XXVIII

greater still her anguish grew,
orne handling of her love-sicke

ore she strove it to subdew.
till augmented her owne smart,
de the wound of th' hidden dart.
long she struggled had in vaine,
ope, and her proud mind convert
sance of loves mightie raine,
at for grace that had procur'd
ne.

XXIX

in secret she did call
andmayd, whom she most did

d: 'Clarinda, whom of all
ith I thee fostred first,
e that I untimely must
tryall in my greatest need.
I that the heavens unjust,
happie freedome, have agreed
looser life, or my last bale to

XXX

he turn'd her head, as halfe
h,
sh which in her visage rose

And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose;
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning thus began againe:
'This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose, [paine;
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.'

XXXI

'Ah! my deare dread,' (said then the faithfull Mayd) [withhold,
'Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold:
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?'
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

XXXII

'Clarin,' (said she) 'thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subjected hath to my unequall might.
What right is it, that he should thraldome find
For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

XXXIII

'Bound unto me but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malitious mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

XXXIV

'Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas, [bee,
Loe! here this ring, which shall thy warrant
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,

That in and out thou mayst have passage free,
Goe now, Clarinda: well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even love himselfe to
love entise.'

XXXV

The trustie Mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
Give her great comfort and some hard content,
So, from her parting, she thenceforth did
labour
By all the meanes she might to curry favour
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved:
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marks-whits of his hart she rived,
And with wide-glancing words one day she
thus him proved.

XXXVI

'Unhappie Knight! upon whose hopelesse
state
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy juster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
To thinke how this long death thou mightest
disinherit.'

XXXVII

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave.
Both which to barre he with this answere met [her:
'Faire Damsell, that with ruth (as I perceave)
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your
detter.

XXXVIII

'Yet, weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare:
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast.'

XXXIX

'But what so stonie minde,' (sh
plyde)
'But if in his owne powre occasion
Would to his hope a windowe ope
And to his fortunes helpe make re
'Unworthy sure' (quoth he) 'of be
That will not take the offer of goo
And she purrew, if he attaine it m
Which speaches she applying to th
Of her intent, this further purpo
shope.

XL

'Then why doest not, thou ill adv
Make meanes to win thy libertie f
And try if thou by faire entreatie
Move Radigund? who, though sh
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet th
home
Of Beares and Tygres, nor so salva
As that, albe all love of men she s
She yet forgets that she of men wa
And sooth oft seene, that proudest
love hath blynded.'

XLI

'Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred
(Sayd he) 'nor obstinate disdainef
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill
For well I may this weene by that
That she a Queene, and come of Pri
Both worthie is for to be sewd unt
Chiefely by him whose life her law
And eke of powre her owne doome
And als' of princely grace to be inc
to.

XLII

'But want of meanes hath bene
let
From seeking favour where it doth
Which if I might by your good offi
I to your selfe should rest for ever
And readie to deserve what grace I
She feeling him thus bite upon the
Yet doubting least his hold was but
And not well fastened, would not
strayt,
But drew him on with hope fit leasur

XLIII

But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedl
hooke
She thus oft times was beating off a
Through slipperie footing fell into t
And there was caught to her confus
For, seeking thus to salve the Ama
She wounded was with her deceipts
And gan thenceforth to cast affecti

close in her beguiled hart,
ll through pittie of his causelesse

XLIV

she not disclose her fancies wound,
selfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
ny other wight on ground,
er mistresse shold have knowledge
selfe it secretly retayned [gayned;
closet of her covert brest,
hereby her tender hart was payned:
vt fit time she weened best,
did dissemble her sad thoughts un-

XLV

her Ladie, calling her apart,
aund of her some tydings good,
her loves successe, her lingring
rt.
she gan at first to change her mood,
w'd, and halfe confused stood;
y she it overpast, so soone
face had wypt to fresh her blood:
e tell her all that she had donne,
e wayes she sought his love for to
e wonne:

XLVI

that he was obstinate and sterne,
er offers and conditions vaine;
e taught with any termes to lerne
esson as to love againe:
would he in penurious paine,
ridged dayes in dolour wast,
es love or liking entertaine.
ion was, both first and last,
was her thrall, his hart was freely
t.

XLVII

hen the cruell Amazon perceived,
storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
ell despight which she conceived,
orned of a base-borne thrall,
did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
he vow'd, with many a cursed threat,
herefore would him ere long forstall.
when calmed was her furious heat,
'd that threatfull mood, and mildly
entreat:

XLVIII

ow is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
ay compasse this our enterprize?
we to lose so long employed paines,
er shame t' abide so great misprize,
h he dares our offers thus despize:
is guilt the *greater may appeare,*
my grations mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him
more neare.

XLIX

'Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromist that may him per-
swade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the Gods themselves are mylder
made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie arme:
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made
stoupe with harme.

L

'Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
For I him find to be too proudly fed:
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied:
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide;
And let what ever he desires be him denide.

LI

'When thou hast all this doen, then bring me
newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use;
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover.'
So she departed full of griefe and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her:
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall re-
maine.

LII

There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray;
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull
call
Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall.

LIII

As a bad Nurse, which, fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture sterv'd;

Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which herld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

LIV

For, comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gayned,
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade;
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade:
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore;
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

LV

And, more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie;
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,

Promist, if she would free him from th
He would, by all good means he might,
such grace.

LVI

So daily he faire semblant did her sh
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceipfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind
But rather how she mote him faster ty
Therefore unto her mistresse most unk
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her Dame his freed
denye.

LVII

Yet thus much friendship she to him d
That his scarse diet somewhat was am
And his worke lessened, that his lo
grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discom
That she with him mote be the more
Thus he long while in thraldome t
mayned,
Of both beloved well, but litle freede
Untill his owne true love his freedome
Which in an other Canto will be h
tayned.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

I

Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill:
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he, at first or last, was trapt in womens snare.

II

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved:
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmely was engraved,

That no new loves impression ever co
Bereave it thence: such blot his
blemish should.

III

Yet his owne love, the noble Britoma
Scarse so conceived in her jealous tho
What time sad tydings of his balefull
In womans bondage Talus to her brou
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was
For, after that the utmost date assyn
For his returne she waited had for nou
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull my
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fanci
to fynde.

IV

Sometime she feared least some hard
Had him misfalne in his adventurous
Sometime least his false foe did him e
In traytrous traine, or had unwares o

she did her troubled mynd molest,
tly afflict with jealous feare,
e new love had him from her possest:
he was, since she no ill did heare,
of him so ill; yet could she not for-
ire.

V

ile she blam'd her selfe; another
yle
ondemn'd as trustlesse and untrew:
, her griefe with errour to beguyle,
d to count the time againe anew,
re she had not counted trew:
s, but dayes; for weekes that passed
re, [more few;
last monethe, to make them seeme
she reckned them, still drawing neare,
r did seeme a moneth, and every
neth a yeare.

VI

n as yet she saw him not returne,
ght to send some one to seeke him
;
she found so fit to serve that turne,
me selfe, to ease her selfe of dout.
deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Knights, to seeke her errant Knight;
againe resolv'd to hunt him out
loose Ladies lapped in delight:
both Knights envide, and Ladies
did spight.

VII

when as she long had sought for ease
place, and every place thought best,
no place that could her liking please,
window came that opened West,
which coast her love his way addrest:
king forth, shee in her heart did find
ne fancies working her unrest;
her winged thoughts, more swift then
nel,
unto her love the message of her mind.

VIII

s she looked long, at last she spide
ming towards her with hasty speede.
nd she then, ere him she plaine de-
tide,
was one sent from her love indeede;
en he nigh approcht, shee mote arede
was Talus, Artegall his groome:
her heart was fild with hope and
ede;
d she *stay till he in place could come,*
o meete him forth to know his tidings
ame.

IX

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun:
'And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once: and hath he lost or wun?'
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence;
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then him selfe it spake.

X

Till she againe thus sayd: 'Talus, be bold,
And tell what ever it be, good or bad, [hold.'
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth
To whom he thus at length: 'The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
My Lord, your love, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.'
'Ay me,' (quoth she) 'what wicked destinie!
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?'

XI

'Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,
But by a Tyrannesse,' (he then replide)
'That him captived hath in haplesse woe.'
'Cease, thou bad newes-man! badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide:
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.'
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell;
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII

There she began to make her monefull plaint
Against her Knight for being so untrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
And evermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

XIII

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last.
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment. [threw
A while she walkt, and chauft; a while she
Her selfe uppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singults few

XIV

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shrickes for fell despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this Ladies fit in her loves fond accusing.

XV

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd?

XVI

'Ah wellaway!' (sayd then the yron man)
'That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo.'
'Sayd I not then' (quoth shee), 'erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?'

XVII

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
All which when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe attone;
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

XVIII

So forth she rode uppon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide.
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside, [hide
But still right downe; and in her thought did
The falsenesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch blent.

XIX

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete, toward the even-tide,
A Knight that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine:
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant that no evill ment.

XX

He comming neare gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wise
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guise,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despise,
She would her selfe displease; so him requite
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light.

XXI

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee:
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought
That gave none other place. Which when hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cause empeach.

XXII

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request,
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest:
Where soone arriving they received were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best;
For he, their host, them goodly well did cheare
And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare.

XXIII

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest;
But she ne would undressed be for ought,

ier armes, though he her much be-
ght:
id vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
rlike weedes, till she revenge had
ought
wrong uppon a mortall foe;
he would sure performe, betide her
le or wo.

XXIV

when their Host perceiv'd, right dis-
ntent
he grew, for feare least by that art
d his purpose misse, which close he
ent:
ng leave of her he did depart.
l that night remained Britomart,
, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe
ieved, [start
ring the least twinckling sleepe to
eye, which th' heart mote have re-
ved; [reprieved:
e least appear'd, her eyes she streight

XXV

ilty eyes,' (sayd she) 'the which with
ayle
t at first betrayd, will ye betray
now too, for which a little whyle
not watch? false watches, wellaway!
hen ye did watch both night and day
ur losse; and now needes will ye
eepe?
have made my heart to wake alway,
ll ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather
eepe [yee waking keepe.'
ke of your nights want, that should

XXVI

id she watch, and weare the weary
ight
full plaints that none was to appease;
lking soft, now sitting still upright,
ry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
-lids sad, but watcht continually,
ithout her dore in great disease:
a Spaniell wayting carefully
y should betray his Lady treacherously.

XXVII

time the native Belman of the night,
t that warned Peter of his fall,
gs his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight,
ould their mindes up to devotion call,
ard a wondrous noise below the hall:
ninely the bel, where she should lie,
se trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could
it spie.

XXVIII

With sight whereof she was dismayd right
sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment;
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull
stound [about her bound.
She quickly caught her sword, and shield

XXIX

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight:
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of
night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

XXX

But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Where ever in the darke he could them spie,
That here and there like scattred sheepe they
lay:
Then, backe returning where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

XXXI

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly
burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede,
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede;
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in
hart.

XXXII

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight;
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could
finde,

*Macbeth; Fool Bellman.

And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

XXXIII

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes;
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile:
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

XXXIV

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine:
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

XXXV

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family;
And, comming down to seeke them where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond.
They all were fled for feare; but whether, nether kond.

XXXVI

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steede; and thereon mounting light
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous Bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.

Streight was the passage, like a ridge, [th
That, if two met, the one mote needes

XXXVII

There they did thinke them selves on wreake;
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the
These vile reproches gan unto her spea
'Thou recreant false traytor, that with
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of th
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy
But with thy bloud thou shalt appe spright
Of Guizor by thee slaine, and murdred

XXXVIII

Strange were the words in Britomarti
Yet stayd she not for them, but forwar
Till to the perillous Bridge she came; an
Talus desir'd that he might have prepa
The way to her, and those two losels s
But she thereat was wroth, that for de
The glaunsing sparkles through her glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery lig
Likes coles that through a silver Cense kle bright.

XXXIX

She stayd not to advise which way to
But putting spurres unto her fiery beas
Thorough the midst of them she way did
The one of them, which most her wra creast,
Uppon her speare she bore before her h
Till to the Bridges further end she past
Where falling downe his challenge he r
The other over side the Bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deat

XL

As when the flashing Levin haps to li
Uppon two stubborne oakes, which st neare
That way betwixt them none appeares in
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth t
Th' one from the earth, and through t doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth
So did the Championesse those two there
And to their sire their carcasses left to

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I

ie on earth more sacred or divine,
and men doe equally adore,
same vertue that doth right define:
vens themselves, whence mortal men
plore
their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous
t Jove, who doth true justice deale
eriour Gods, and evermore
containes his heavenly Common-
ale: [reveale,
whereof to Princes hearts he doth

II

refore did the antique world invent
ice was a God of soveraine grace,
unto him and temples lent,
enly honours in the highest place;
m great Osyris, of the race
Ægyptian Kings that whylome were,
ed colours shading a true case;
Osyris, whilest he lived here,
t man alive and truest did appeare.

III

was Isis; whom they likewise made
e of great powre and soverainty,
r person cunningly did shade
of Justice which is Equity,
I have to treat here presently.
se temple when as Britomart
hee with great humility
in, ne would that night depart;
mote not be admitted to her part.

IV

e received was in goodly wize
Priests, which duely did attend
e rites and daily sacrifize,
n linnen robes with silver hemd;
their heads, with long locks comely
md,
e rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
hat Isis doth the Moone portend;
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne:
For that they both like race in equall justice
runne.

V

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze
her fill.

VI

Thence forth unto the Idoll they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Uppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold;
To shew that she had powre in things divine:
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did
enfold.

VII

One foote was set uppon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the Goddesse; whom when Brito-
mart
Had long beheld, her selfe uppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

VIII

To which the Idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining:
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And joyous light the house of Jove forsooke;

Which when she saw her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste.

IX

For other beds the Priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides upon the cold hard stone,
T' enure them selves to sufferaunce thereby,
And pond rebellious flesh to mortify:
For by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life, that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine, they say, is blood,
Even the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine:
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

XI

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the Gods againe.
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe.

XII

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight:
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senceless sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

XIII

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those Priestes guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That even she her selfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and joyed to behold
Her selfe adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

XIV

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Upon the ground; which, kindled privily,
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

XV

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy storm
And gaping greedy wide did streight devour
Both flames and tempest: with which growne great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse power,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat.
But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

XVI

Tho turning all his pride to humilesse meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke;
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth sight.

XVII

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie:
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mas;
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

XVIII

But by the change of her unchearefull look
They might perceive she was not well in plight,

pensivenesse to heart she tooke:
s one of them, who seem'd in

atest and the gravest wight,
e: 'Sir Knight, it seemes to me
h evill rest of this last night,
r much dismayd ye be; [see.'
change of cheare is easie for to

XIX

yd she) 'sith ye so well have

passion of my pensive mind,
ke the same from you to hide;
ares unfolde, in hope to find
guide me out of errour blind.'
th he) 'the secret of your hart
dy vow which me doth bind,
est counsell to impart
all require my comfort in their

XX

e to declare the whole discourse
sion which to her appeard,
her minde it had recourse.
en he unto the end had heard,
ke faint-hearted man he fared
t astonishment of that strange

g locks up-standing, stifly stared
ed with some dreadfull spright:
heavenly fury, thus he her be-

XXI

Virgin, that in queint disguise
nes doest maske thy royall blood,
perillous emprize,
thou weene, through that dis-
hood,
tate from being understood?
immortall Gods ought hidden

linage, and thy Lordly brood,
sire lamenting sore for thee,
love forlorne in womens thral-
ee.

XXII

ereof, and all the long event,
e in this same dreame discover;
Crocodile doth represent
Knight that is thy faithfull
in all just endever: [lover,
Crocodile Osyris is,
is feete doth sleepe for ever;
clemence oft, in things amis,
ose sterne behests and cruell
of his.

XXIII

'That Knight shall all the troublous stormes
asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the just heritage [deare:
Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And joyne in equall portion of thy realme;
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of
thy dreame!'

XXIV

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward;
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their Goddesse brought.
Then taking leave of them, she forward went
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV

Whereof when newes to Radigund was
brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought;
But fild with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see:
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them
forth to hold.

XXVI

So there without the gate, (as seemed best)
She caused her Pavilion be pight;
In which stout Britomart her selfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Uppon their wall good watch and ward did
keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Had doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did
peepe.

XXVII

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty
crest

Did forth issue all ready for the fight:
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

XXVIII

But ere they reared hand the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fone,
To serve her so as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound;
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

XXIX

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated;
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they hated.

XXX

As when a Tygre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay,
And therefore, loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the Lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it have where ever she it fond.

XXXI

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death [should grow.

XXXII

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said: 'This token beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so dear
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gre
Which spitefull words she, sore engrie
heare, [prov
Thus answer'd: 'Lewdly thou my lo
Who shortly must repent that now so v
bravest.'

XXXIII

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage fo
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it li
Unto the bone, and made a grielsy wound,
That she her shield, through raging smart o
Could scarse uphold: yet soone she it re
For, having force increast through fo
paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated
plaine.

XXXIV

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britones
Stayd not till she came to her selfe again
But in revenge both of her loves distress
And her late vile reproch though vaunted va
And also of her wound which sore did pa
She with one stroke both head and helmet c
Which dreadfull sight when all her wa
traine
There present saw, each one of sence leve
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole v
left.

XXXV

But yet so fast they could not home retire
But that swift Talus did the formost win
And, pressing through the preace unto
gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing
empeach.

XXXVI

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where, though revengefull vow she did
fesse, [m
Yet when she saw the heapes which he
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did qua
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would
prive.

XXXVII

he had his execution stayd,
rom prison did enquire,
wretched love was captive layd:
ing open with indignant ire,
to all the partes entire:
she saw that lothly uncouth

iz'd in womanishe attire,
n grudge for very deepe despight
ly maske in misery misdight.

XXXVIII

n as to her owne Love she came,
isguize no lesse deformed had,
eof abasht with secrete shame
r head aside, as nothing glad
ld a spectacle so bad,
well believ'd that which tofore
ct as true untruely drad:
conceipt now nourishing no more,
ith ruth to salve his sad misfor-
ure.

XXXIX

wonder and astonishment
chast Penelope possesse
rd, that was reported drent
g since in dolorous distresse,
o her in piteous wretchednesse,
avell of full twenty yeares,
w not his favours likelynesse,
rres and many hoary heares,
g staring on him mongst uncer-
feares.

XL

care Lord! what sight is this?'
she,
came hath misfortune made of you?
t dreadfull manly looke? where be
y palmes, the which ye wont t'
w
ings, and great hoastes to subdew?
on earth so wondrous change have
ht,
bde you of that manly hew?
t courage stouped have to ought?
ll fleshly force! I see thy pride is
t.'

XLI

she streight into a bowre him
ht,
m those uncomely weedes undight;
steede for other rayment sought,
re was great store, and armors
,

Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight,
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest Fortune favourd her successe in fight:
In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad.

XLII

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princess rained,
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of women did repeale, [toring
Which they had long usurpt; and, them res-
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale,
That all they, as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

XLIII

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade [free,
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall;
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so befall,
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

XLIV

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe:
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe;
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence her anguish to appease.
Meane-while her noble Lord, sir Artegall,
Went on his way; ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan, drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

I

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II

So whylome learnd that mighty Jewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

III

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane;
But left his love, albe her strong request,
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode him selfe uppon his first intent,
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to have her overhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to-rent;
And ever as she rode her eye was backeward *bent.*

V

Soone after these he saw another
That after those two former rode a
With speare in rest, and prickt w
might:
So ran they all, as they had bene s
They being chased that did others
At length he saw the hindmost ov
One of those two, and force him tur
However loth he were his way to s
Yet mote he algates now abide, a
make.

VI

But th'other still pursu'd the feare
Who still from him as fast away d
Ne once for ought her speedy pass
Till that at length she did before h
Sir Artegall; to whom she straight
With gladfull hast, in hope of him
Succour against her greedy enimy
Who seeing her approch gan forwa
To save her from her feare, and hin
to let.

VII

But he, like hound full greedy of
Being impatient of impediment,
Ceontinu'd still his course, and by
Thought with his speare him q
So both together, ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But Artegall w
And better skild in Tilt and Turna
And bore him quite out of his sad
Then two speares length: So misc
matcht the wronger.

VIII

And in his fall misfortune him m
For on his head unhappily he pigh
That his owne waight his neck
And left there dead. Meane-whil
Knight
Defeated had the other faytour qui
And all his bowels in his body bra
Whom leaving there in that dispite
He ran still on, thinking to follow
His other fellow Pagan which befo

IX

m finding there ready prest
thout discretion
vith ready speare in rest;
n come still so fiercely on,
ade againe. So both anon
nd strongly either strooke
ir speares; yet neither has

e, yet to and fro long shooke
ke two towres which through
t quooke.

X

ine they had recovered sence,
ir swords, in mind to make
[pretence:
r speares had fayld of their
e Damzell, who those deadly
[frends
bes had seene, and now her
ng a more fearefull fray,
umes in hast, and her haire

their cruell hands to stay,
h doe heare what she to them

XI

eir hands, when she thus gan
e: [unwise
nights! what meane ye thus
es anothers wrong to wreake?
g'd, whom ye did enterprise
e, and both redrest likewise:
'aynims both, whom ye may see
ground. What doe ye then

ye? if more, then I am shee
rroote of all: end your revenge

XII

they heard so say, they lookt

were true as she had told;
hey saw their foes dead out of
[hold,
r gan their wrothfull hands to
reare each other to behold.
rtegall did Arthure vew,
ture and so wondrous bold,
red both his heart and hew,
with intire affection nigh him

XIII

Knight, of pardon I you pray,
eting have you wrong'd thus

Suffring my hand against my heart to stray;
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends my selfe yours evermore,
Or what so penaunce shall by you be red.'
To whom the Prince: 'Certes me needeth more
To crave the same; whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

XIV

'But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.'
So can they both them selves full eath perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

XV

Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that Mayd?
'Certes I wote not well,' (the Prince then sayd)
'But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd: [grow,
And lo! the Damzell selfe, whence all did
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.'

XVI

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her what were those two her foe,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie:
And what was she her selfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus: 'Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and majestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

XVII

'Her name Mercilla most men use to call;
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen over all
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII

'Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good Knights, of which so brave a band
Serves her as any Princesse under sky,
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX

'Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant him selfe;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idols serves: so let his Idols serve the Elfe!

XX

'To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that love her deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

XXI

'Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

XXII

'All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes just:
But this proude Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

XXIII

'And lastly, that no shame might wa
When I was gone, soone after me she
These two false Knights, whom there
see,
To be by them dishonoured and shen
But, thankt be God, and your good ha
They have the price of their owne fol
So said this Damzell, that hight San
And to those knights for their so nob
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, an
thanks repayd.

XXIV

But they now having throughly b
seene
Al those great wrongs, the which th
To have bene done against her Lady
By that proud dame which her so u
dained,
Were moved much thereat; and tw
With all their force to worke av
strong
Uppon the Souldan selfe, which it ma
And on his Lady, th' author of that
And uppon all those Knights that
belong.

XXV

But, thinking best by counterfet di
To their deseigne to make the easier
They did this complot twixt them selv
First, that Sir Artegall should him a
Like one of those two Knights wh
there lay;
And then that Damzell, the sad San
Should as his purchast prize with hi
Unto the Souldans court her to pres
Unto his scornefull Lady that for her

XXVI

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegal
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan
And taking with him, as his vanquis
That Damzell, led her to the Souldan
Where soone as his proud wife of her
Forth of her window as she looking l
She weened streight it was her Paynim
Which brought that Damzell as his
pray;
And sent to him a Page that mote

XXVII

Who bringing them to their appoin
Offred his service to disarme the Kni
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his

still in his straunge armour

om the Prince arrived there,
the Souldan in despight
e, did of him requere
whom he held as wrongfull

XXVIII

e Souldan all with furie fraught,
anning most blasphemously,
straight his armour to be

straight upon a charret hye,
eeles and hookes arm'd dread-

cruell steedes which he had fed
ien, whom through fell tyranny
had, and ere they were halfe ded
his beastes for provender did

XXIX

ame, all in a cote of plate
bloudie rust; whiles on the

nce him readie did awayte,
rmes right goodly well-beseene,
bright as doth the heaven

rrap Talus did attend,
ges part, as he had beene
by his Lord; to th' end
fiale to final execution bend.

XXX

y both together to their geare,
e minds, but meanings different;
d Souldan, with presumpteous

nce sublime and insolent
slaughter and avengement;
Prince for honour and for right,
powre and lawlesse regiment,
of wronged weake did fight:
anses truth he trusted then in

XXXI

hracian Tyrant, who they say
es gave his guests for meat,
e was made their greedie pray,
nieces by Alcides great;
Souldan, in his follies threat,
nce in peeces to have torne
wheeles, in his first rages heat,
erce horses feet have borne,
downe in dust his thoughts dis-
cerne.

XXXII

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

XXXIII

Oft drew the Prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past:
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

XXXIV

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore:
The wicked shaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

XXXV

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood:
That made him rave, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

XXXVI

Still when he sought t' approch unto him ny
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound

For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from
place to place.

XXXVII

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him
teach.
At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light em-
peach,
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did
shew.

XXXVIII

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer
burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they
turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like mazed deare dismayfully they
flew.

XXXIX

Fast did they fly as them their feete could
beare
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and
rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought
avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they list, their guide they
have forlore.

XL

As when the firie-mouthed steedes, which
drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knowen courses they forwent;
And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
*And left their scorched path yet in the firma-
ment.*

XLI

Such was the furie of these head-
steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they
That all obedience both to words and
They quite forgot, and scornd all former
Through woods, and rocks, and mo
they did draw
The yron charet, and the wheeles did
And tost the Paynim without feare or
From side to side they tost him here and
Crying to them in vaine that nould his cry
heare.

XLII

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrowne to
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan
Amongst the yron hookes and graples
Torne all to rags, and rent with
wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon
greene.

XLIII

Like as the cursed son of Theseus,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces
And his faire limbs left in the woods
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle
mourne;
So was this Souldan rapt and all to-rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle monim

XLIV

Onely his shield and armour, which there
Though nothing whole, but all to-bruse
broken,
He up did take, and with him brought
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all mongst whom this storie should
spoken,
How worthily, by heavens high decree,
Justice that day of wrong her selfe had wro
That all men, which that spectacle did
By like ensample mote for ever warned

XLV

So on a tree before the Tyrants dore
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore,
Which when his Ladie from the castle

h appald her troubled spright:
nen wont, in dolefull fit
yd, or faynted through affright,
nto her her troubled wit,
nes devize to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI

ıe she ranne, like an enraged

d of her youngling dere,
ıand, and fatally did vow
ɔn that mayden messengere,
causd be kept as prisonere
sween'd for her owne Knight,
r backe: And, comming present

with all her force and might,
h revenge and furious despight.

XLVII

o, when with knife in hand
usbands murdred infant out;
when on Colchicke strand
nes she scattered all about;
ling mother, mongst the rout
iests, her owne deare flesh did

, nor Medea stout,
ıades so furious were,
woman when she saw that
there.

XLVIII

ɔeing thereof aware,
ıell hand ere she her raught;
her selfe to strike prepare,
he wicked weapon caught:
one enfelon'd or distraught,
me whether her rage her bore,
passion and with furie fraught;

And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas, [has.
To prove her surname true, that she imposed

L

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame;
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

LI

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

I

or what other salvage wight,
furious and fell [might?
n it hath arm'd it selfe with
men that doe with reason mell,
rld beasts, and salvage woods,
[voure,
stronger doth the weake de-
ıost in boldnesse doe excell

Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

II

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,

Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled;
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way;
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

IV

By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen:
Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray [lay;
A straunge adventure, which not farre thence
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

V

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face:
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous overall.

VI

Through these his slights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewen farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth; how deepe no man can tell,
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell:
And all within it full of wyndings is [smell
And hidden waves, that scarse an hound by
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

VII

Which when those knights had h
harts gan earne
To understand that villeins dwelling
And greatly it desir'd of her to learn
And by which way they towards
trace.
'Were not' (sayd she) 'that it shoul
Towards my Ladies presence, by yo
I would you guyde directly to the p
'Then let not that' (said they) 'sta
tent; [h
For neither will one foot, till we

VIII

So forth they past, till they approc
Unto the rocke where was the villa
Which when the Damzell neare at
spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof; w
Gan to advize what best were to be
So both agreed to send that mayd a
Where she might sit nigh to the de
Wayling, and raysing pittifull upro
As if she did some great calamitie d

IX

With noyse whereof when as th
carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find so
They in awayt would closely him e
Ere to his den he backward could re
And so would hope him easily to fo
The Damzell straight went, as she wa
Unto the rocke; and there, upon th
Having her selfe in wretched wize a
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great
her affected.

X

The cry whereof entring the hollo
Eftsoones brought forth the villain
ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boo
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes de
And long curld locks that downe his
shagged;
And on his backe an uncouth vestin
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to-
ragged,
And underneath, his breech was all to-

XI

And in his hand an huge long staff
Whose top was arm'd with many
hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could

e compasse of his clouches tooke;
r round about he cast his looke:
is backe a great wyde net he bore,
ıich he seldome fished at the brooke,
to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
h he in faire weather wont to take
reat store.

XII.

hen the damzell saw fast by her side,
creature, she was nigh dismayd,
for helpe aloud in earnest cride:
n the villaine saw her so affrayd,
with guilefull words her to perswade
h feare; and, with Sardonian smyle
g on her, his false intent to shade,
h to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
ım her self unwares he might her
eale the whyle.

XIII

the fouler on his guilefull pype
to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
ey the whiles may take lesse heedie
espe
his nets doth for their ruine lay:
ıe villaine to her prate and play,
ıy pleasant tricks before her show,
her eyes from his intent away;
ı slights and jugling feates did flow,
egierdemayne the mysteries did know.

XIV

ch whilest she lent her intentive mind,
ænly his net upon her threw,
ersprad her like a puffe of wind;
tching her soone up, ere well she knew,
h her fast away unto his mew,
for helpe aloud: But when as ny
e unto his cave, and there did vew
ıed knights stopping his passage by,
w his burden downe, and fast away did
y.

XV

tegall him after did pursew,
les the Prince there kept the entrance
till.
ıe rocke he ran, and thereon flew
ryld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
ıncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
adly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
ıt such steps, where footing was so ill;
ıt avayled for the armed knight
ke to follow him that was so swift and
ight.

XVI

when he saw, his yron man he sent
r him; for he was swift in chace.

He him pursewd where ever that he went;
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Where so he fled, he followd him apace;
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base:
There he him courst a-fresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

XVII

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

XVIII

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights:
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw:
Then gaune it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

XIX

But, when as he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past:
So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle,
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their repast.

XX

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd
To see her Ladie, as they did agree;
To which when she approched, thus she sayd:
'Loe! now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned beene.'

XXI

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayses of that Prince so manifold;

And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders eye.

XXII

There they alighting by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oftimes of fayned semblance
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great scath and hindrance:

XXIII

His name was Awe; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din [some
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome: [preasse,
By whom they passing through the thickest
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who, commaunding peace, [clamors ceasse.
Them guyded through the throng, that did their

XXIV

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never saw they there the like array;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing just judgements, that mote not be broken [wroken.
For any brybes, or threates of any to be

XXV

There, as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
Some one whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a poet bad [had spr
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling ryt

XXVI

Thus there he stood, whylest high over head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly re
Bon Font but *Bon*, that once had writ bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red,
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed [sh
Of evill words and wicked sclaunders by h

XXVII

They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gratious Queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men s
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and shere
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten bee
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare devise
And all embost with Lyons and with Flo delice.

XXVIII

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did wy unfold; [beam
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sun
Glistring like gold amongst the plights gra
And here and there shooting forth sil streames, [glittering gleam
Mongst which crept litle Angels through t

XXIX

Seemed those litle Angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wi
Did beare the pendants through their ni blesse bold:
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heaven things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate,
She, Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state.
Whylest kings and kesars at her feet did th prostrate.

XXX

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and elemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie la

so many foes which did withstand:
ier feet her sword was likewise layde,
long rest rusted the bright steely
rand; [ayde,
en as foes enforst, or friends sought
ld it sternely draw, that all the world
ismayde.

XXXI

und about before her feet there sate
of faire Virgins clad in white,
odly seem'd t' adorne her royall state;
ly daughters of high Jove, that hight
him begot in loves delight
ie righteous Themis; those, they say,
oves judgement-seat wayt day and
ight; [decay,
ien in wrath he threats the worlds
oe his anger calme, and cruell ven-
eance stay.

XXXII

also doe, by his divine permission,
ie thrones of mortall Princes tend,
en treat for pardon and remission
lianta, through frayltie which offend:
id upon Mercillaes throne attend,
ce, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
m amongst, her glorie to commend,
odly Temperance in garments clene,
cred Reverence yborne of heavenly
trene.

XXXIII

lid she sit in royall rich estate,
'd of many, honoured of all; [sate,
st underneath her feete, there as she
e great Lyon lay, that mote appall
lie courage, like captived thrall
strong vron chaine and coller bound,
ce he could not move, nor quich at all;
he murmure with rebellious sound,
ftly royne, when salvage choler gan
edound.

XXXIV

ing high in dreaded soverayntie,
two strange knights were to her pre-
ence brought;
owing low before her Majestie,
her myld obeysance, as they ought,
ekest boone that they imagine mought:
m she eke inclyning her withall,
ire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
refull countenance on them let fall,
apred with some majestie imperiall.

XXXV

e bright sunne, what time his fierie
teme
Is the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to
her make,
Bate somewhat of that Majestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to
entertake.

XXXVI

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in
She was about affaires of common-wele, [place,
Dealing with Justice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be
heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard;
But at the sight of these those were awhile
debard.

XXXVII

But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe:
Which that those knights likewise mote under-
stand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly
scand
On either part, she placed th', one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them
none.

XXXVIII

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the
A Ladie of great countenance and place, [barre,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight hard matters to revele;
That well could charme his tongue, and time
his speach
To all assayes; his name was called Zele.
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t' abhorre and loath her person had
procured.

XL

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischiefe unto many a knight,
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

XLI

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto her selfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death did dryve.

XLII

But through high heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes,
Against loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
Such be the meede of all that by such mene
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

XLIII

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame:
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

XLIV

Then gan Authority her to appose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought that no man could refute:
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods beheast, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute.
Importune care of their owne publicke cau
And lastly Justice charged her with breach lawes.

XLV

But then, for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender har
And with her joyn'd Regard of womanhead
And then came Daunger, threatning hid
And high alliance unto forren powre; [dr
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragi stowre; [forth pou
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many ten

XLVI

With the neare touch whereof in tender h
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent:
Which when as Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to prese

XLVII

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish he
The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach; and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons fo did lay.

XLVIII

Then brought he forth with griesly grim pect
Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charg ryfe: [str
Then brought he forth Sedition, breedi
In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

XLIX

All which when as the Prince had heard a
His former fancies ruth he gan repent, [see
And from her partie eftsoones was draw cleene:
But Artegall, with constant firme intent,

of Justice, was against her bent:
e guiltie deemed of them all.
e began to urge her punishment,
ir Queene for judgement loudly call,
rcilla myld, for Justice gainst the
rall.

L

, whose Princely brest was touched
re
ous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did
heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let just vengeance on her light;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of
light;
The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose with-
all.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight:
Gerioneos Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

I

larkes doe doubt in their devicefull

this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
1 Mercie, be of Justice part,
e forth from her by divine extreate:
I wote, that sure she is as great,
teth to have as high a place,
' Almighties everlasting seat
was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
nce pour'd down on men by influence
grace.

II

iat Vertue be of so great might
om just verdict will for nothing start,
eserve inviolated right
s the principall to save the part;
more, then, is that of powre and art
ies to save the subject of her skill,
r doth from doome of right depart,
reater prayse to save then spill,
er to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III

ien can thee, Mercilla, throughly
ayse,
ein doest all earthly Princes pas?
avenly Muse shall thy great honour
yse
e skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
on earth it selfe enlarged has
utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
margent of the Molucas?
ations farre thy justice doe adore;
e owne people do thy mercy prayse
ich more.

IV

Much more it praysed was of those two
knights,
The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had scene and heard her doome
a-rights
Against Duessa, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched
corse.

V

During all which, those knights continu'd
Both doing and receiving curtesies [there
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

VI

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did
dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and her;l'eares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who, a widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children truefully,
alas!

VII

Her name was Belgæ; who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

VIII

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

IX

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combynd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

X

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

XI

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land where he his syre did *quell,*
And came to this, where Belgè then did de
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble husbands late decesse:
Which gave beginning to her woe and wret ednesse.

XII

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right pose:
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defe
Him entertayn'd and did her champion cle
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse co dence.

XIII

By meanes whereof she did at last commi
All to his hands, and gave him soveri powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from t howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stow
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull Monster to devoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryon

XIV

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gratious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, sent
To seeke for succour of this Ladies gieft;
To whom their sute they humbly did prese
In th' hearing of full many Knights a Ladies gent.

XV

Amongst the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton Prince with his brave Pea
Who when he none of all those knights
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare
He stepped forth with courage bold and gre
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entr
To graunt him that adventure for his fort feat.

XVI

She gladly graunted it: then he straightw
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,

s armours readie dight that day,
ht the morrow next mote stay his

w next appear'd with purple hayre
ng fresh out of the Indian fount,
ing light into the heavens fayre,
was readie to his steede to mount
ray, which now was all his care and
it.

XVII

cing humble leave of that great
ene,
him roiall giftes and riches rare,
of her thankefull mind beseene,
g Artegall to his owne care,
oyage forth he gan to fare
e two gentle youthes, which him
guide
s way before him still prepare.
im did Artigall abide, [ride.
s first adventure forward forth did

XVIII

t long till that the Prince arrived
e land where dwelt that Ladie sad;
hat Tyrant had her now deprived,
noores and marshes banisht had,
pleasant soyle and cities glad,
she wont to harbour happily:
is cruelty so sore she drad,
ose fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
e her selfe did hyde from his hard
anny.

XIX

e her found in sorrow and dismay,
rie without living wight;
r other children, through affray,
themselves, or taken further flight:
her selfe, through sudden strange
right
e in armes she saw, began to fly;
n her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
ake hart and looke up joyfully;
she wist this knight came succour to
pply.

XX

nning unto them with greedy joyes,
ght about their neckes as they did
eele, [boyes,'
sting forth in teares, 'Ah! my sweet
e) 'yet now I gin new life to feele;
le spirits, that gan faint and reele,
again at this your joyous sight.
seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
o turne, and sunne to shine more bright
was wont through comfort of this noble
ight.'

XXI

Then turning unto him; 'And you, Sir knight,'
(Said she) 'that taken have this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see,
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee.'

XXII

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his loftie steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII

'Ay me!' (sayd she) 'and whether shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs.'

XXIV

'Nathlesse,' (said he) 'deare Ladie, with me goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field;
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.'
With such his chearefull speaches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

XXV

They came unto a Citie farre up land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;

But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing perswade.

XXVI

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne:
When those gainst states and kingdomes do conjure, [recure?
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to

XXVII

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untrew.

XXVIII

To him he hath before this Castle greene
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed Idole, farre proclamed,
He hath set up, and him his God hath named;
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX

And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and *bone.*

What else they have is all the Tyrants fee:
So that no whit of them remayning one
see.

XXX

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all ventrous knights in figh
To whom he wont shew all the shame
might,
After that them in battell he had wonne:
To which when now they gan approch
sight,
The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Where as so many knights had fouly be
fordonne.

XXXI

Her fearefull speaches nought he did regar
But, ryding streight under the Castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth
call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall:
To whom when tydings thereof came,
streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his migh
And gan with courage fierce addresse him
the fight.

XXXII

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both togeth
smite [mun
Amid their shields, with so huge might a
That seem'd their soules they wold ha
ryven quight
Out of their breasts with furious despight:
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield where it empight,
(So pure the metall was and well refynd,)
But shivered all about, and scattered in
wynd:

XXXIII

Not so the Princes, but with restlesse force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his haberjeon and eke his co
Which tombling downe upon the sensel
ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bo
To wander in the griesly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in dea
swound,
And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine
might.

XXXIV

se nigher drew, three knights he
le,
o point, issuing forth apace,
ards him with all their powre did
e,
ng him right in the middle race
ir speares attonce on him enchace.
reat Culverings for battrie bent,
all against one certaine place,
once their thunders rage forth rent
s the wals to stagger with astonish-
t:

XXXV

ttonce they on the Prince did
der,
his saddle swarved nought asyde,
ir force gave way, that was great
der;
bulwarke firmely did abyde,
him, which in the midst did ryde,
age rigour, that his mortall speare
gh his shield and pierst through
er syde;
e he fell uppon his mother deare,
d forth his wretched life in deadly
ire.

XXXVI

hen his other fellowes saw, they

feete could carry them away;
them the Prince as swiftly sped,
g'd of their unknightly play.
ilest they entring th' one did th'
er stay,
ost in the gate he overhent,
pressed in, him there did slay:
se, tumbling on the threshold, sent
ng soule unto her place of punish-
nt.

XXXVII

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay, [past,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: Streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Him selfe to save; but he there slew him at the skreene.

XXXVIII

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince; but when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre he forth issued
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed, [shewed:
And what she had not seene within unto her

XXXIX

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloved,
Where all that night them selves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.

I

fals, in course of common life,
t long time is overborne of wrong
avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
tens her, and makes her party strong;
ce, *though her dome she doe prolong,*
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belgè seemes; whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton Knight.

II

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belgè now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound:
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did him selfe encourage and take better cheare.

III

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquerd had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

IV

The Prince staid not his aunswere to devize,
But, opening streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly aunswerd him, He there did stand
That would his doings justifie with his owne hand.

V

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have rive.

VI

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them was:
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enem
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list ap

VII

Which uncouth use when as the Prin
ceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his h
Least by such slight he were unwares d
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to lan
He would it meete and warily withsta
One time when he his weapon faynd t
As he was wont, and chang'd from
hand,
He met him with a counterstroke so
That quite smit off his arme as he it
lift.

VIII

Therewith all fraught with fury and
He brayd aloud for very fell despight
And sodainely, t' avenge him selfe ag
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on
Thinking to pay him with that one f
But the sad steele seizd not, where it w
Uppon the childe, but somewhat short
And lighting on his horses head him
mall.

IX

Downe streight to ground fell his a
steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with h
But he him selfe full lightly from hi
And gan him selfe to fight on foote p
Whereof when as the Gyant was awa
He wox right blyth, as he had got th
And laught so loud, that all his te
bare
One might have seene enraung'd diso
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched

X

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught
Ere he were throughly buckled to hi
And can let drive at him so dreadfull
That had he chaunced not his shield
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him
He had him surely cloven quite in tw
But th' Adamantine shield which he
So well was tempred, that for all his
It would no passage yeeld unto his
vaine.

XI

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applie
That made him stagger with uncertai
As if he would have tottered to one s
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan

with like kindnesse to repay,
st him with so importune might,
ore of his armes did fall away,
e braunches, which the hatchets
[quight,
d from the native tree, and cropped

XII

all mad and furious he grew,
astiffe through enraging heat,
and band, and blasphemies forth
Gods, and fire to them did threat,
to him selfe with horrour great.
he car'd no more which way he
te, [sweat,
t light; but gan to chaufe and
his teeth, and his head at him
s. [looke.
him beheld with grim and ghastly

XIII

r'd the childe his lookes, ne yet
reats,
exed now the more aware
selfe from those his furious heats,
dvauntage how to worke his care,
good Fortune to him offred faire;
his rage him overstrooke,
ould his weapon backe repaire,
hare and naked overtooke,
is mortal steel quite through the
strooke.

XIV

ll three bodies he him strooke at-
e,
three attonce fell on the plaine,
he thrise have needed for the nonce
ave stricken, and thrise to have
e.
three one senceless lumpe remaine,
l in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
th' earth for very deaths disdaine;
a cloud of night him covering, bore
he house of dole, his daies there to
re.

XV

en the Lady from the Castle saw,
with her two sonnes did looking
l,
him in hast her selfe did draw
n the good fortune of his hand:
people, both of towne and land,
e stood gazing from the Cities wall
e warriours, greedy t' understand
should the victory befall,
they saw it false, they eke him
ed all.

XVI

But Belgè, with her sonnes, prostrated low
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
Mongst joyes mixing some tears, mongst wele
some wo,
Him thus bespake: 'O most redoubted Knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might,
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But even that which thou savedst thine still
to remaine?'

XVII

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying; 'Deare Lady, deedes ought not be
scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed, then, need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth
pay.'

XVIII

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous
grace, [please,
And further sayd: 'Ah! Sir, but mote ye
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace.
'What is there else' (sayd he) 'left of their
rout? [dout.'
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in

XIX

'Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church
hereby
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did
frame:
To whom, for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devize,
The more t' aggrate his God with such his
blouddy guize.

XX

'And underneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrifize unto that cursed feend;

Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd : for of a man, they say,
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails fraught with dire
decay.'

XXI

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart
gan earne
For great desire that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne :
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streight-
way
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told
The Monster underneath the Altar lay :
There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster did
behold.

XXII

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke ;
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' Altars smooke
A dreadfull feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe as it had long lyen still ;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill ;
Yet him nought terrified that feared nothing
ill.

XXIII

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength :
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde ;
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did
finde.

XXIV

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse ;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what so she can oppresse ;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds where so it is empight ;
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

XXV

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her Riddle, which no wi
Could ever loose but suffred deadly death
So also did this Monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her sch
Whom she did put to death, deceived b
foole.

XXVI

She comming forth, when as she first bel
The armed Prince with shield so blazing br
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull s
That backe she would have turned for g
affright :
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despigh
To save her selfe, least that he did her sla
And sure he had her slaine, had she not t
her way.

XXVII

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fi
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her mig
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend :
Strongly he strove out of her greedy grasp
To loose his shield, and long while did contr
But, when he could not quite it, with one st
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away
wipe.

XXVIII

With that aloude she gan to bray and yel
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did e
And bitter curses, horrible to tell :
That even the Temple, wherein she was pl
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder bra
Tho with her huge long taile she at him stru
That made him stagger and stand halfe ast
With trembling joynts, as he for ter
shooke ;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater cou

XXIX

As when the Mast of some well-timbred h
Is with the blast of some outragious storm
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of
bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were to
Whilest still she stands, as stonisht and
lorne :
So was he stound with stroke of her huge t
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne
He with his sword it strooke, that without
He jointed it, and mard the swinging of
flaile.

XXX

Then gan she cry much louder then she
That all the people there without it he

e selfe was therewith stonied sore,
onely sound thereof she feard.
the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
wide great wings, and strongly flew
her body at his head and beard,
he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
wn his shield atween, she had him
ne to rew.

XXXI

he preast on him with heavy sway,
wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
r entrailes made an open way
rth; the which, once being brust,
great Mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
ed out of her infernall sinke
filth; and poyson therewith rusht,
nigh choked with the deadly stinke.
aly matter were small lust to speake
thinke.

XXXII

wne to ground fell that deformed
ast,
out clouds of sulphure fowle and
a puddle of contagion was, [blacke,
hd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
man would nigh awhaped make:
hen he saw on ground, he was full
ul, [take
ght went forth his gladnesse to par-
ge, who watcht all this while full sad,
what end would be of that same
nger drad.

XXXIII

when she saw so joyously come forth,
rejoyce and shew triumphant chere,
and praysing his renowmed worth
e names that honorable were.
he brought her, and her shewed there
ent of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,
e did all to peeces breake, and foyle
durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

XXXIV

l the people which beheld that day
t aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
the damzels of that towne in ray
ncing forth, and joyous carrols song:
hey led through all their streetes along
with girlonds of immortall baies;
the vulgar did about them throng
e man, whose everlasting praise
were bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV

e with Belge did awhile remaine
reat feast and joyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assurannce and establishment:
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belgæ and to all the rest;
Of whom yet taking leave thence forth he went,
And to his former journey him addrest;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

XXXVI

But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who, having left Mercilla, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

XXXVII

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone, [set
Who through his yeares long since aside had
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Unto his soveraine Queene her suite for to commend.

XXXVIII

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan:
'Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?'
To whom he thus: 'She liveth sure and sound,
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

XXXIX

'For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the salvage Ilands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come; where she, afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

XL

'And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him justifie, and prove her cleare

Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall sure aby.' Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad.

XLI

Then thus replide: 'Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide:
But witnesse unto me, ye heavens! that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide;
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

XLII

'But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
Hath he her lent a Champion to provide?'
'Ten daies,' (quoth he) 'he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side:
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste.'

XLIII

'Now turne againe,' (Sir Artegall then sayd)
'For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend.'
So backeward he attone with him did wend:
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV

To which as they approcht the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage *withstands.*

XLV

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence;
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large [illegible]
pence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes [illegible]
But all in vaine: their numbers are so gr[illegible]
That naught may boot to banishe them [illegible]
thence;
For soone as he their outrage backe doth [illegible]
They turne afresh, and oft renew their [illegible]
threat.

XLVI

And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all Knights he blotted was [illegible]
blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight with [illegible]

XLVII

Whom when they thus distressed did beh[illegible]
They drew unto his aide; but that rude ro[illegible]
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how ever strong and sto[illegible]
They were, as well approv'd in many a do[illegible]
Backe to recule; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused [illegible]
Like scattred chaffe the which the wind [illegible]
doth fan.

XLVIII

So when that Knight from perill cleare [illegible]
freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them [illegible]
And yeeld great thankes for their so goo[illegible]
In saving him from daungerous despaire [illegible]
Of those which sought his life for to empa[illegible]
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late mistare,
And who he was, and what those villaines w[illegible]
The which with mortall malice him pursu[illegible]
nere.

XLIX

To whom he thus: 'My name is Bur[illegible]
hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofor[illegible]
Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht [illegible]
And that faire Lady, which in that uprore
Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hig[illegible]
Is mine owne love, though me she have [illegible]

held from me by wrongfull might,
owne good will, I cannot read

L

me her faith she first did plight
e, and take me for her Lord;
rant, which Grandtorto hight,
giftes and many a guilefull word
o him for to accord. [tempted?
r not with gifts and words be
e hath me ever since abhord,
e hath guilefully consented:
ver guyle in wemen was invented!

LI

e hath this troupe of villains sent
to fetch her quite away:
my selfe I long in vaine have
, and daily meanes assay; [bent
r thence by no meanes I may,
me with multitude oppresse,
equall might doe overlay,
iven am to great distresse,
forgoe th' attempt remedilesse.'

LII

ave ye' (said Artegall) 'forborne
ood shield in daungerous dismay?
reatest shame and foulest scorne,
any knight behappen may,
badge that should his deedes dis-
[shame:
ir Burbon, blushing halfe for
unto you' (quoth he) 'bewray,
refore mote happily me blame,
t doen of will, that through in-
ent came.

LIII

t I at first was dubbed knight
knight, the knight of the Red-
[fight,
;
he gave me armes in field to
hield, in which he did endosse
edeemers badge upon the bosse:
g while I bore, and therewithall
y battels without wound or losse;
randtorto selfe I did appall,
him oftentimes in field before
ll.

LIV

at many did that shield envie,
nemies increased more,
trife and troublous enmitie,
scutchin, being battered sore,
, and have of late forbore,
by to have *my love obtayned*;
t *my love have nathemore*,
For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth
mis-trayned.'

LV

To whom thus Artegall: 'Certes, Sir knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield,
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field:
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dishonour yield.'

LVI

'Not so,' (quoth he) 'for yet, when time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraine.'
'Fie on such forgerie!' (sayd Artegall)
'Under one hood to shadow faces twaine:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things, to dissemble, fouly may befall!'

LVII

'Yet let me you of courtesie request'
(Said Burbon) 'to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed.'
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And, buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and might.

LVIII

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme;
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luster, [retyre:
That forst at first those knights backe to
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre;
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe inquyre.

LIX

But, when as overblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale.

The raskall manie soone they overthrew;
But the two knights themselves their captains did subdew.

LX

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight
To save themselves, and scattered were abrode.
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many jewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre;
But she backstarting with disdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

LXII

Sayd Artegall: 'What foule disgrace is this
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight!
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth shine more cleare?

LXIII

'Why then will ye, fond Dame, attc
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embrac
And let your fame with falshood be def
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then
But dearer then them both your faith plighted hold.'

LXIV

Much was the Ladie in her gentle min
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her near
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find
But, hanging down her head with cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as she amated weare
Which Burbon seeing her againe assayd
And, clasping twixt his armes, her reare
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit
So bore her quite away, nor well apayd.

LXV

Nathlesse the yron man did still purse
That raskall many with unpitied spoyl
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred cr
Into the sea he drove quite from that s
The which they troubled had with gre moyle.
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to re
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approching fast, r speed.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field.

I

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales constraine,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith so firme, no trust can be so st
No love so lasting then, that may long.

II

Witnesse may Burbon be; whom bands
Which may a Knight assure had surely
Untill the love of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and

esse be Gerioneo found,
like cause faire Belgè did oppresse,
t and wrong most cruelly confound:
e now Grantorto, who no lesse
the rest burst out to all outragious-
esse.

III

whom Sir Artegall, long having since
hand th' exploit, (being theretoo
d by that mightie Faerie Prince,
oriane, that Tyrant to fordoo,)
other great adventures hethertoo
rslackt: But now time drawing ny
ssynd her high beheast to doo,
a-shore he gan his way apply,
e if shipping readie he mote there
ecry.

IV

en they came to the sea coast they
und
ll readie (as good fortune fell)
o sea, with whom they did compound
them over where them list to tell.
le and weather served them so well,
one day they with the coast did fall;
they readie found, them to repell,
sties of men in order martiall,
hem forbad to land, and footing did
rstall.

V

hemore would they from land refraine:
en as nigh unto the shore they drew
t of man might sound the bottome
laine.
to the sea did forth issew [him threw;
darts from shore and stones they at
ling through the waves with stedfast
way,
the might of all those troupes in vew,
the shore; whence he them chast away,
le to fly like doves whom the Eagle
oth affray.

VI

yles Sir Artegall with that old knight
h descend, there being none them neare,
ward marched to a towne in sight.
came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
e which earst did fly away for feare,
arrival: wherewith troubled sore
is forces streight to him did reare,
h issuing with his scouts afore,
hem to have encountred ere they left
he shore:

VII

e he marched farre he with them met,
ely charged them with all his force:
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land, [hand:
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers

VIII

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning did a while asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight:

IX

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

X

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had given streight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaine;
Which none durst breake, though many would right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare:
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare, [full weare.
He all things did purvay which for them need-

XI

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His cheerefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

XII

Then up she rose, and on her selfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;

And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay:
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

XIII

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glorie of her leaves gay;
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre day.

XIV

Who came at length with proud presumpteous gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare;
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight to justifie his wrong:

XV

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne;
That whether man or monster one could scarse discerne.

XVI

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare;
And, grinning grisely, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld;
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

XVII

The trompets sound, and they together go
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage where as most they ment
But with such force and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fa
That through the yron walles their way th
And even to the vitall parts they past, [ra
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cle
or brast.

XVIII

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where ever they did fal
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mai
sheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre t

XIX

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shie
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high reare;
And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in fiel
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore o
overlade.

XX

Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with dea
dreare,
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievou
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfull

XXI

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intende
Kept on his course as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne de
cended, [protec
That seemed nought could him from des
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did ca
Which thereon seizing tooke no great ells

, byting deepe therein did sticke so fast
t by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

XXII

ng while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
all his powre applyed thereunto,
e therewith the knight drew all about
lesse, for all that ever he could doe,
axe he could not from his shield undoe;
ch Artegall perceiving strooke no more,
loosing soone his shield did it forgoe;
, whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

XXIII

well he him pursew'd, that at the last
stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
with the souse thereof full sore aghast
staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.
ine, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
did him smite with all his might and maine,
t, falling on his mother earth he fed:
om when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
lightly reft his head to ease him of his paine.

XXIV

hich when the people round about him saw,
ey shouted all for joy of his successe,
ad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
hich with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
nd, running all with greedie joyfulnesse
o faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
nd her adored with due humblenesse
s their true Liege and Princesse naturall;
nd eke her champions glorie sounded over-all.

XXV

Who streight her leading with meete majestie
nto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
id her therein establish peaceablie,
nd to her kingdomes seat restore agayne:
nd all such persons, as did late maintayne
hat Tyrants part with close or open ayde,
le sorely punished with heavie payne;
hat in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
ot one was left that durst her once have disobayd.

XXVI

During which time that he did there remayne,
lis studie was true Justice how to deale,
nd day and night employ'd his busie paine
low to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

XXVII

But, ere he coulde reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that Realme for to redresse:
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavinesse.

XXVIII

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set;
Two griesly creatures: and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly cases.

XXIX

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red:
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the lesse she sed.

XXX

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught:
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

XXXI

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby,
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so that makes her eat her gall;
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monsterous dyeat:

XXXII

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

XXXIII

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd;
But in bad maner they did disagree,
For what so Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, what ever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have bereaved.

XXXIV

For, whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment·
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

XXXV

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and [her] dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischiefe; for her selfe she onely vext,
But this same both her selfe and others [vexed] perplext.

XXXVI

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue, full sharpe and short,
Appear'd like Aspis sting that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whom so she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils;
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good which others [have] disprad.

XXXVII

These two now had themselves combyned in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall;
For whom they wayted as his mortall foe,
How they might make him into mischief fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

XXXVIII

Such were these Hags, and so unhandsom drest:
Who when they nigh approching had espyd
Sir Artegall, return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres [to] scryde [flocks]
A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scatter
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and, with rude flaring lock
About her eares, does beat her brest and [her] head knockes.

XXXIX

Then from her mouth the gobbet she [did] take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully:
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dea
But that some life remayned secretly,

: past afore withouten dread,
ehind, that long the marke was to
ead.

XL

other comming neare gan him re-
rayle with all she could invent;
at he had, with unmanly guile
abusion, both his honour blent,
bright sword, the sword of Justice
ed with reprochfull crueltie [lent,
se blood of many an innocent:
ndtorto, him with treacherie
es having surpriz'd, he fouly did
lie.

XLI

e Blatant Beast, by them set on,
gan aloud to barke and bay
er rage and fell contention, [way
he woods and rockes nigh to that
quake and tremble with dismay;
e aire rebellowed againe,
lly his hundred tongues did bray:
ore those hags them selves did paine
n him, and their owne cursed tongs
straine.

XLII

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw:
And more, to make them pierce and wound more deepe, [grew
She with the sting which in her vile tongue
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie Court; where what him fell shall else be told.

THE SIXTE BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR COURTESIE.

I

The waies, through which my weary steps I
In this delightfull land of Faery, [guyde
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye, [light,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts de-
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and cheares my
dulled spright.

II

Such secret comfort and such heavenly
pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings
threasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did
use, [the Muse.
Ne none can find but who was taught them by

III

Revele to me the sacred noursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there re-
maine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds dis-
daine;
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being derived at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

IV

Amongst them all growes not a
flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courte
Which thought it on a lowly stalke do
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie
And spreds it selfe through all civilit
Of which though present age doe p
seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiqui
Ye will them all but fayned showes e
Which carry colours faire that feeble e
deeme.

V

But, in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them th
Which see not perfect things but in a
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is
But vertues seat is deepe within the m
And not in outward shows, but inward t
defynd.

VI

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may b
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Qu
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour
It showes, and with her brightnesse
flame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed be
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so from low to high uplifted is you

VII

Then pardon me, most dreaded Sover
That from your selfe I doe this vertue

r selfe doe it returne againe.
Ocean all rivers spring,
backe repay as to their King:
m you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court where courtesies excell.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
A Damzell used vylde:
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

I

it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
here most useth to abound;
seemeth that in Princes hall
should be plentifully found,
l goodly manners is the ground,
civill conversation:
Faery court it did redound, [won
ous Knights and Ladies most did
rth, and made a matchlesse para-

II

t them all was none more courteous
re, beloved over-all, [Knight
seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
s mylde were planted naturall;
adding comely guize withall
s speach, did steale mens hearts
:
ereto he was full stout and tall,
prov'd in batteilous affray,
d much renowme, and far his fame
ay.

III

ere Knight ne was there Lady
l
urt, but him did deare embrace
usage and conditions sound,
in all mens liking gayned place,
e greatest purchast greatest grace:
ould wisely use, and well apply,
e best, and th' evill to embase;
hd leasing and base flattery,
imple truth and stedfast honesty.

IV

he was in travell on his way,
ard adventure sore bestad,
chaunce he met uppon a day
all, returning yet halfe sad
ite conquest which he gotten had:
s each of other had a sight,
them selves, and both their per-
nd;
When Calidore thus first: 'Haile, noblest Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright!

V

'Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize.'
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
'Now, happy man,' (sayd then Sir Calidore)
'Which have, so goodly as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowmed make for evermore.

VI

'But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde.'
'What is that quest,' (quoth then Sir Artegall)
'That you into such perils presently doth call?'

VII

'The Blattant Beast' (quoth he) 'I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.'
'What is that Blattant Beast?' (then he replide.)
'It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,'
(Then answered he) 'which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

VIII

'Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,

That all in spight and malice did agree;
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me devoure:
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.'

X

'That surely is that Beast' (saide Calidore)
'Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had;
Yet now some hope your words unto me add.'
'Now God you speed,' (quoth then Sir Artegall)
'And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
For ye have much adoe to deale withall.'
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide.

XII

'Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee
Into this bay of perill and disgrace? I brought

r head her lockes he nigh did teare,
spare for pitty, nor refraine for

XVIII

nous sight when Calidore beheld,
loosd that Squire, and so him left
dismay and inward dolour queld,
that villaine, which had reft
spoile by so injurious theft;
aking, loude to him he cryde:
or, quickely that misgotten weft
hath it better justifyde,
ee soone to him of whom thou art
e.'

XIX

ming to that voice, him selfe up-

him so fiercely towardes make,
stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
more enrag'd for those words sake;
erne count'naunce thus unto him
:
s caytive that defyest me?
Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
y beard, though it but little bee?
not her lockes for raunsome fro me

XX

he fiercely at him flew, and layd
trokes with most importune might,
made him stagger as unstayd,
ile to shunne his sharpe despight:
, that was well skild in fight,
rbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
ite how him he damadge might;
e felt him shrinke, and come to
[hard.
grew, and gan to drive at him more

XXI

ater-streame, whose swelling sourse
Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
strayned of his ready course,
passage is unto him lent,
h, and makes his way more violent;
e fury of Sir Calidore:
he felt his foeman to relent,
him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
still decayd so he encreased more.

XXII

burden of whose dreadfull might
Carle no longer could sustaine,
an faint, and streight he tooke his
t
Castle, where, if need constraine,
His hope of refuge used to remaine:
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

XXIII

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut; whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

XXIV

With that the rest the which the Castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame.

XXV

'False traytor Knight!' (said she) 'no Knight at all,
But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall,
Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
And spoile my selfe that can not thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight.'

XXVI

Much was the Knight abashed at that word
Yet answer'd thus: 'Not unto me the shame,
But to the shamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame
To punish those that doe deserve the same;
But they that breake bands of civilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII

'Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
To all that passe: That shall you glory gaine

More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine.'
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde:
'Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde.'

XXVIII

'To take defiaunce at a Ladies word
(Quoth he) 'I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.'
'Cowherd!' (quoth she) 'were not that thou wouldst fly
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.'
'If I doe so,' (sayd he) 'then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface.'

XXIX

With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token which betweene them past,
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now her self in hould,
Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might:

XXX

The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night;
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned Knight; [pryde
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did him selfe from fraile impatience refraine.

XXXI

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight, [bread
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

XXXII

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight beca
And gan t' augment her bitterness mo
more;
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull seeme the
fore:
And having soone his armes about him ty
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore:
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knig
He spide come pricking on with all his pow
and might.

XXXIII

Well weend he streight that he should be
same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintain
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amain
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustain
But rudely rowld to ground, both man a
horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

XXXIV

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse swo
Yet would he not him hurt although he mig
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wo
But when Briana saw that drery stound,
There where she stood uppon the Castle w
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead
ground;
And made such piteous mourning therewith
That from the battlements she ready was
to fall.

XXXV

Nathlesse at length him selfe he did upre
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse; and courage c
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew, [ens
To prove if better foote then horsebacke wo

XXXVI

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for maystery of might:
For both were wondrous practicke in that pl
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight:
Which as it still encreast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible allurgre

th their rigour they releast,
ith awhile their angers tempest

XXXVII

ey trac'd and traverst to and fro,
waies how each mote entrance

his malignant foe: [brake,
eir helmes, and plates asunder
otshares bene; for nought mote

vengeaunces but goary blood,
st like to a purple lake
congeal'd about them stood,
heir riven sides forth gushed like

XXXVIII

chaunst that both their hands on
[might,
eave with all their powre and
utmost of their force to trie,
finall fortune of the fight;
that was more quicke of sight
anded then his enemie,
before his stroke could light,
elmet smote him formerlie,
m stoupe to ground with meeke
ie:

XXXIX

ould recover foote againe,
that faire advantage fast,
doubled with such might and

n the ground he groveling cast;
o him light would have unlast
make unto his vengeance way:
n what daunger he was plast,
Ah mercie, Sir! doe me not slay,
life, which lot before your foot
y.'

XL

is mortall hand a while he stayd;
somewhat calm'd his wrathfull

patience, thus he to him sayd:
oast of that proud Ladies threat,
d me from the field to beat,
to this? By this now may ye

more so rudely to entreat,
proud looke and usage sterne,
al nought to you but foule dis-
yearne.

XLI

g Is more blamefull to a knight,
doth as well as armes professe,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learnd him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new:
What haps to day to me to morrow may to you.

XLII

'Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew;
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall your selfe behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every stead and stound.'

XLIII

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere.
So, suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He up arose, however liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana which all this beheld;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upcheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

XLV

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her selfe she did project;
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

XLVI

So all returning to the Castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertaine;

Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To show her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

XLVII

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto tha again,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately
And to his damzell, as their rightfull
For recompence of all their former wr
There he remaind with them ti agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole an
And then to his first quest he pas along.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
His state and present plight.

I

What vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,
As Curtesie; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend;
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find,
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with paine.

III

That well in courteous Calidore appeares;
Whose every deed and word, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eares
And both the eyes did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horseback ryde.

IV

And them beside a Ladie faire he sa
Standing alone on foot in foule array
To whom himselfe he hastily did dra
To weet the cause of so uncomely fra
And to depart them, if so be he may
But, ere he came in place, that youth
That armed knight, that low on groun
Which when he saw, his hart was inl
With great amazement and his thou wonder fild.

V

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw t
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarse did
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and fair
That sure he deem'd him borne of no
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silve
And on his head an hood with aglets
And by his side his hunters horne he had.

VI

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwa
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per
As then the guize was for each gentle
In his right hand he held a trembling
Whose fellow he before had sent apar
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-
With which he wont to launch the hart
Of many a Lyon and of many a Bear
That first unto his hand in chase did neare.

VII

Whom Calidore awhile well having
At length bespake; 'What meanes thi Swaine.

y hand too bold it selfe embrewed
ight, the which by thee is slaine,
night; which armes impugneth
?'
d he) 'loth were I to have broken
mes: yet breake it should againe,
et my selfe of wight be stroken,
use two armes were able to be
a.

VIII

im, as this his Ladie here
e well, did offer first to wrong,
s unarm'd I likely were; [strong
rst through pride and puissance
nowing what to armes doth long.'
t blame' (then said Sir Calidore)
night a wight unarm'd to wrong:
ad, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
two began this strife and sterne
.'

IX

I, sooth,' (said he) 'to you de-

yper yeares are yet unfit
weight or worke of greater care,
y dayes and bend my carelesse wit
luace, where I thereon may hit
rrest and wyld wooddie raine:
is day I was enraunging it, [slaine,
meete this knight, who there lyes
th this Ladie passing on the plaine.

X

it, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
Ladie (that him ill became)
feet by his horse side did pas
icke and thin, unfit for any Dame:
tent, more to increase his shame,
e lagged, as she needs mote so,
speare, that was to him great blame,
mpe her forward and inforce to goe,
him in vaine and making piteous

XI

hen I saw, as they me passed by,
moved in indignant mind,
blame him for such cruelty
Ladie, whom with usage kind
should have taken up behind;
he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,
ale scorne that I such fault did find,
ien thereof revil'd againe, [pertaine.
to chastize me, as doth t'a chyld

XII

no lesse disdayning, backe returned
all taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned, [twaine;
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or
Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.'

XIII

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke;
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire?

XIV

Of all which when as she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore; 'Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did him selfe to save:
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse shame;
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

XV

'But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead.'
'Certes, Sir knight,' (sayd she) 'full loth I were
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead;
But since it me concernes my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

XVI

'This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes.
Faire was the Ladie, sure, that mote content

An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

XVII

'Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share:
Whereto when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand downe from his steed me throw'th
And with presumpteous powre against that knight streight go'th.

XVIII

'Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For Ladies service, and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his Love, or else to fight:
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynst all that it gainesayd.

XIX

'Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch: But he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not.

XX

'Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw,
Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the grove.
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drove,
And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove [wist
And range through all the wood, where so he
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

XXI

'But, when as her he by no meanes find,
After long search and chauff he turned
Unto the place where me he left behin
There gan he me to curse and ban, for
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter w
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne
Of all which I yet glad to beare the pa
Strove to appease him, and perswaded
But still his passion grew more viole strong,

XXII

'Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath
When forward we should fare he flat r
To take me up (as this young man did
Upon his steed, for no just cause accus
But forst to trot on foot, and foule mis
Pounching me with the butt end of his
In vaine complayning to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor tea
But more enforst my paine, the more my to heare.

XXIII

'So passed we till this young man us
And being moov'd with pittie of my pl
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my re
Whereof befell what now is in your sig
'Now sure,' (then said Sir Calidor right,
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne
Who ever thinkes through confide might,
Or through support of count'nance pr
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in hi assault.'

XXIV

Then turning backe unto that gentle
Which had himselfe so stoutly well ac
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and co
And hearing th' answeres of his pregn
He prayse it much, and much admyre
That sure he weend him borne of noble
With whom those graces did so goodly
And when he long had him beholding
He burst into these wordes, as to him good:

XXV

'Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout
That in these woods amongst the N dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus do
Well may I, certes, such an one thee
As by thy worth thou worthily hast

rne of some Heroicke sead,
ace appeares and gratious goodly-

XXVI

ld it not displease thee it to tell,
u in these woods thy selfe con-

ongst the woodie Gods to dwell)
selfe require thee to reveale,
fection and unfayned zeale
y noble personage I beare,
thee grow in worship and great
;
e day that armes I first did reare,
in any greater hope appeare.'

XXVII

hen thus the noble Youth: 'May

that, by discovering my estate,
arise unweeting unto me;
sith ye so courteous seemed late,
ll not feare it to relate.
re that I am a Briton borne,
King, (how ever thorough fate
my countrie have forlorne,
e crowne which should my head
ght adorne,)

XXVIII

tram is my name, the onely heire
g Meliogras which did rayne
le, till that he through lives des-

lyde, before I did attaine
of reason my right to maintaine:
death his brother, seeing mee
weake a kingdome to sustaine,
tooke the roiall high degree,
ne, where him list, instructed for to

XXIX

w Queene my mother, which then
t
ine, conceiving then great feare
e safetie, resting in the might
t did the kingly Sceptor beare,
dous dread induring not a peare
cut off all that doubt may breed,
est away me to remove somewhere
forrein land, where as no need
daunger might his doubtfull hu-
feed.

XXX

ng counsell of a wise man red,
him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me streight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature strong.

XXXI

'All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene.

XXXII

'Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know.
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow:
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy, [to imploy.
And being now high time these strong joynts

XXXIII

'Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight.'

XXXIV

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then earst he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide: 'Faire chyld, the high desire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not, certes, without blame denie,
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.'

At length breaks forth, and [illegible]
his smyling hew.

XXXVI

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart, [goe
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight.

XXXVII

'Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest;
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde:
For-thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

XXXVIII

'But since this Ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
To succour her from daunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.'
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

And there besi
His wofull Ladi
With loud lamer
And her sad selfe
ing.
To wype his w
payning.
Which sorie sigl
With heavie eyı
ing,
His mightie har
And for their b
drew.

Then speaking
'Ye dolefull Da
To tell what cr
This knight una
Of armes, that,
I may avenge
The Ladie, hear
Gan reare her e
And from her s
sight:

In which she
knight,
(Whom Tristra
found
Joying togethe
And him unarr
Charg'd with
wound.
Without any

te as she best could understand,
scrib'd; to be of stature large,
ilden armes, with azure band
hwart, and bearing in his targe
rough waves row'd in a sommer

XLV

Sir Calidore to ghesse streight-

gnes which she described had,
vas he whom Tristram earst did

said: 'Dame, be no longer sad;
hath your Knight so ill bestad,
selfe in much more wretched plight:
him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
of his desert for that despight,
our selfe he wrought and to your
knight.

XLVI

faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,
ave gathered to your gentle hart
pleasure, and thinke what reliefe
evise for this your lovers smart;
may him hence, and to what part,
e recur'd.' She thankt him deare
t newes he did to her impart,

And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad
dreare.

XLVII

Yet could she not devise by any wit, [place;
How thence she might convay him to some
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare she thought it thing too base.
Which when as he perceiv'd he thus bespake:
'Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your
packe.'

XLVIII

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did
beare, [donne.
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Serena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is oppresst.

I

hat whilome that good Poet sayd,
minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
by nothing is so well bewrayd
manners; in which plaine is
ne
gree and what race he is growne:
e seene a trotting Stalion get
Colt, that is his proper owne:
seene that one in basenesse set
courage shew with curteous man-
met.

II

ore contrary hath bene tryde,
bloud will gentle manners breed;
r be in Calidore descryde,
mple of that courteous deed
at wounded Knight in his great
[brought
his backe he bore, till he him
stle where they had decreed:

There of the Knight, the which that Castle
ought, [besought.
To make abode that night he greatly was

III

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his
peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his sonnes,
Aladine.

IV

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a
beare
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,

Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth: 'Ah, sory boy!
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

V

'Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.'

VI

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare.
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought:

VII

For she was daughter to a noble Lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
And of lesse livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches scorne.

VIII

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lucklesse glade:
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize.

IX

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

X

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe:
So well she washt them, and so well [wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally [attacht him.

XI

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deepely sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

XII

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save hole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpes were past.

XIII

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust
Therefore to him their cause they best deemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing past.

oone as Titans beames forth brust
e thicke clouds in which they
ed lay
darkenesse, duld with vron rust,
ng up as fresh as day
him addresse unto his former way.

XIV

him seemed fit that wounded
ht
fter this nights perillous passe,
ite him, if he were in plight,
it Lady, his faire lovely lasse.
m found much better then he was;
speach to him of things of course,
h of his paine to overpasse:
ch he namely did to him discourse
laies mishap, his sorrowes wicked
ie.

XV

ccasion Aldine taking hold
to him the fortunes of his love,
disadventures to unfold,
ire it dearly deepe did move:
his kyndly courtesie to prove,
all the bands of love besought,
ote a faithfull friend behove,
duct his love, and not for ought
ll to her fathers house he had her
ght.

XVI

re his faith thereto did plight
me: so after little stay,
er selfe had to the journey dight,
forth with her in faire array,
ho ought did thinke or ought did
[from wite:
wn thought he knew most cleare
past together on their way,
ize this counter-cast of slight,
re colour to that Ladies cause in
t.

XVII

to the carkasse of that Knight he
,
of all this evill, who was slaine
fore by just avengement
ristram, where it did remaine:
is necke thereof did cut in twaine,
with him the head, the signe of
ne.
passed thorough that daies paine,
Ladies fathers house he came;
ve man, *through feare what of his*
e became.

XVIII

There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of
his theft.

XIX

Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mis-
chaunce;
And thousand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld: Ne lesse the Lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

XX

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that him selfe he thought from daunger
free, [spight;
And far from envious eyes that mote him
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe
thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

XXII

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd dis-
pleasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at
leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure

His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate:

XXIII

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

XXIV

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her, thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

XXV

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Mouster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath, nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

XXVII

And now by this Sir Calepine (so hight)
Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with grisly wound.
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

XXVIII

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality:
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside;
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

XXIX

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde.

XXX

But, comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord to ride.

XXXI

Whom Calepine saluting (as became)
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame
Through that same perillous foord with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed;
To whom that other did this taunt returne:
'Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

XXXII

'But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne.

Lady likewise doe the same,
on thy backe with pleasing payne,
y manhood on the billowes vayne.'
rude speach his Lady much dis-
ed
rove, yet could him not restrayne,
n her owne Palfrey him have eased,
iis Dame whom she saw so diseased.

XXXIII

e her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
ly into the river goth,
ght to be so fowle abused
hurle, whom often he accused
courtesie, unfit for Knight,
y wading through the waves unused,
e in th' one hand stayd him selfe
ght, [might,
her staide his Lady up with steddy

XXXIV

the while that same discourteous
ght
e further bancke beholding him;
alamity, for more despight,
and mockt to see him like to swim:
s Calepine came to the brim,
s carriage past that perill well,
that same Carle with count'nance
,
vith vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
t last did breake in speaches sharpe
fell:

XXXV

tly Knight, the blemish of that
e,
f all that armes uppon them take,
he badge of honour and of fame,
le thee; and here challenge make,
for ever doe those armes forsake,
ever held a recreant Knight,
ou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake
ine owne defence, on foote alight
thy fault gainst me in equall fight.'

XXXVI

ard, that did heare him selfe defyde,
t to weigh his threatfull words at all,
t them out, as if his greater pryde
the challenge of so base a thrall;
courage, or else had no gall.
he more was Calepine offended,
to no revenge he forth could call,
is challenge and him selfe contemned,
a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won: ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may, [seeke:
For his sicke charge some harbour there to
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

XXXVIII

But the rude Porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night;
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX

'Full loth am I,' (quoth he) 'as now at earst
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford?'

XL

'His name,' (quoth he) 'if that thou list to learne,
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and sterne
In all assaies to every errant Knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle despight.'
'Ill seemes,' (sayd he) 'if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight;
For seldome yet did living creature see
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI

'But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That house-rome craves; yet would be loth t' assay
The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell with all the lamentable plight

In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne.'

XLII

The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord [move:
Declar'd the message which that Knight did
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated, that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

XLIII

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will a whit reclame.
Which answer when the groome returning
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame [brought
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee;
But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

XLIV

But all in vaine; for-why no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe, [keepe.
And wary watch about her for her safegard

XLV

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay, [light,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey goth.

XLVI

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still her selfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede;
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornefull pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
Therefore, misdoubting least he should renewe
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure [doue
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will:
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his Ladies back; who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

L

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood e
In great aboundance, as a well it were [sew
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing d
appere.

LI

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry;
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously;
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskt
And saved from his cruell villany. [wrought
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought
That in another Canto shall to end be brought

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And, whylest an Infant from a Beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

p with dreadfull storme long tost,
all her mastes and her ground-

harbour likely to be lost,
sher-barke doth neare behold,
mfort to her courage cold:
tate of this most courteous knight
l by that faytour bold,
ned in most perilous plight,
adie left in pitifull affright:

II

fortune passing all foresight,
which in those woods did wonne,
that Ladies loud and piteous

me incessantly did ronne
what there was to be donne:
most discourteous craven found,
as when he first begonne,
entle Calepine around,
n the more for all his grievous

III

man, that never till this houre
ttie, neither gentlesse knew,
rpe assault and cruell stoure,
moved at his perils vew,
ruder hart began to rew,
passion of his evill plight,
e that did him so pursew:
e meant to free him, if he might,
ge of that so villenous despight.

IV

weapon had he none to fight,
se of warlike instruments,
udden rage him lent to smite;
thout needfull vestiments
rse with meete habiliments,
or dint of sword nor speere,
n for the stroke of strawes or
[beare,
mothers wombe, which him did
erable made by Magicke leare.

V

He stayed not t' advize which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepard
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare,
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize,
Tho on his shield he gripie hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

VII

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were, [feare.
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for

VIII

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,

Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

X

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore:
Therefore her selfe she wholy recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none, nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

XII

And, comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood;
And, running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood;
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

XIII

Then taking up that Recreants shield and *speare,*
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade [low
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreda
Did underneath them make a gloomy shad
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarse wyld beasts durst come, there
this wights abode.

XIV

Thether he brought these unacquainted gues
To whom faire semblance, as he could
shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gra
But the bare ground with hoarie mo
bestrowed
Must be their bed; their pillow was unwo
And the frutes of the forrest was their feas
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd
sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures
beheast.

XV

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all
Which had them freed from that deadly fe
And sav'd from being to that caytive thra
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were
small;
That having there their wounds awhile red
They mote the abler be to passe unto the

XVI

During which time that wyld man did a
His best endevour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and ny
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seem
faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking gai
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe,
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he fou
Which could redresse, for it was inward
unsound.

XVII

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes sin
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend:
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore [gr
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinckled all w

XVIII

did loudly scrike and squall,
ds with piteous plaints did fill,
meane for helpe to call
ose eares those shrieches shrill,
with pities point did thrill:
e ran with zealous haste
ant, ere he did him kill:
e saw now somewhat overpast,
he follow'd and pursewed fast.

XIX

chaunst his heavy armes to [speed,
mote empeach his needfull
from libertie to pant:
time, as his daily weed, [need,
weare, and wend on foot for
em he felt himselfe so light,
anke, which feeling her selfe

sses which did let her flight,
feet did fly and in their speed

XX

l him, that the wearie Beare
tooke and forst to stay;
apon him assayling neare,
one the spoyle adowne to lay.
beast enrag'd to loose his pray
d, and, with greedie force
crossed in his way,
e, did thinke without remorse
him and to devoure his corse.

XXI

ight no whit thereat dismayd,
in hand a ragged stone
by (so fortune him did ayde)
nd thrust it all attone
throte, that made him grone
eath, that he nigh choked was,
digest that bone:
ard come, nor downward passe,
oke the coldnesse of the stony

XXII

s he thus combred did behold,
ne that nigh his bowels brast,
sd, and, laying mightie hold
, did gripe his gorge so fast,
reath him downe to ground he

ssing him with urgent paine,
t to breath his utmost blast,
rcill teeth at him in vaine,
his sharpe clawes, now wanting
traine.

XXIII

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

XXIV

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe;
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye, [eye,
That all about did close the compasse of his

XXV

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With weary travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end,
And evermore his lovely litle spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

XXVI

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

XXVII

To whom approching, when as she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd:

'What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent.'

XXVIII

To whom she thus: 'What need me, Sir, to tell
That which your selfe have earst ared so right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!'
'Nathlesse,' (quoth he) 'if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd.'

XXIX

Then thus began the lamentable Dame:
'Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

XXX

'So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
And to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our joyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to overflow.

XXXI

'For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after our selves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine;
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our lives end

XXXII

'But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweate and *swinke*,
That now the same he greatly doe
Yet was it sayd, there should to
Be gotten, not begotten; which sh
And dry up all the water whic
In the next brooke, by whom
be fordonne.

XXXIII

'Well hop't he then, when
side,
That from his sides some
The which through fame
nifide,
And this proud gyant sho
Quite overthrow; who
The good Sir Bruin gr
Who thinkes from me
Lo! this my cause of
For which I thus doe
ceaselesse tea

Which when he h
With tender ruth
And, when he had
He gan in mind
For all her paine
And, having c
Dame,
In evils counse
Which though
Yet, as I well
blame.

'If that the
Be lacke of c
Lo! how go
This litle ba
And spotle
Whatever fo
Being now
Whether y
Or nourse

'And, c
That of th
More
(As thei
Being
Then
Therefo
Here h
That

like the
onder.
l drive

foes
side.
nclose:
de,
e destroyde:
nt:
er pryde
nst him bent:
nd often made

tyrd with former

efull keeping ward,
omewhat to give place,
ve escaped hard:
n the forrest heard
nat with his neighing fast
be uppon his gard:
of the Squire, now nigh

sad dispaire away did cast.

XXII

spide a Knight approching

one in so great daunger set
ny foes, him selfe did faster hye
him, and his weake part abet,
so to see him overset:
one as his three enemies did vew,
ed, and fast into the wood did get.
noted not to thinke them to pursew,
overt was so thicke that did no passage
shew.

XXIII

hen turning to that swaine him well he knew
o be his Timias, his owne true Squire:
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake: 'My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long ylett?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while lin wandring,
where bene weft?'

XXIV

say With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
id: To whom the Squire nought answered againe,
sownd, But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
remember, His dear affect with silence did restraine,
ground, And shut up all his plaint in privy yaine.

such were this Ladies pangs and
assay.

VI

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore
He reared her up from the bloudie gro
And sought by all the meanes that h
best
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary w
Yet nould she be recomforted for nough
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stou
But day and night did vexe her ca
thought, [wro
And ever more and more her owne affli

VII

At length, when as no hope of his retou
She saw now left, she cast to leave the pl
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlo
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
His steede, now strong through rest so lo
space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedigh
And being thereon mounted forth did pac
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppres
might.

VIII

Whom when her Host saw readie to dep
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part
Those warlike armes which

Beast the fittest meanes they found
s utter shame, and throughly him
und.

XV

', as they the time did waite,
raunge the wood for salvage game,
hat Blatant Beast to be a baite
n from his deare beloved dame
:o the daunger of defame;
:y wist that Squire to be so bold,
: beast in forrest, wylde or tame,
chase but he it challenge would,
the pray oftimes out of their greedy
d.

XVI

: boy, as they devised had,
ugly Monster passing by,
set, of perill nought adrad,
of the uncouth jeopardy;
ed him so fierce and furiously,
reat force unable to endure.
was to turne from him and fly:
: fled he with his tooth impure
lesse bit, the whiles he was thereof
ure.

XVII

he did after him pursew,
by speed to overtake his flight;
ugh thicke woods and brakes and
ens him drew,
him the more and waste his spight,
e now has almost spent his spright,
at length unto a woody glade
whose covert stopt his further sight:
three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
heir ambush broke, and gan him to
vade.

XVIII

y they all attonce did him assaile,
with inward rancour and despight,
ped strokes did round about him haile
huge force, that seemed nothing might
' their blowes from perceing thorough
uite:
hem all so warily did ward,
ie of them in his soft flesh did bite:
the while his backe for best safegard
against a tree, that backeward onset
ard.

XIX

wylde Bull, that, being at a bay,
d of a mastiffe and a hound
urre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
y side, and beat about him round:
t that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
eping still behinde, doth *him incumber,*
his chaufe he digs the trampled ground,

And threats his horns, and bellowes like the
thonder: asonder.
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive

XX

Him well behoved so; for his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose:
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent:
Yet he them all withstood, and often made
relent.

XXI

Till that at length, nigh tyrd with former
chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
When as unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh
aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

XXII

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approching
nye;
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty so to see him overset:
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get.
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,
The covert was so thicke that did no passage
shew.

XXIII

Then turning to that swaine him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire;
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake: 'My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring,
where bene weft?'

XXIV

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.

There they awhile some gracious speaches spent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine;
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd: [stept
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

XXVI

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

XXVII

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine;
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand?
And whether free with him she now were, or in band?

XXVIII

To whom she thus: 'I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on ground;
Who both in minde, the which most grieveth me,
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery stound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

XXIX

'In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread,
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

XXX

'Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake;
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake.' [swaged
With such faire words she did their heate
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

XXXI

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where the night
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great needs.
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed,
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes opprest has.

XXXII

So forth they rode together all in troupe
To seeke some place the which mote yield some ease [troupe
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent:
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement
To make them to endure the paine did them torment.

XXXIII

Mongst which Serena did to him relate
The foule discourt'sies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts:
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without hex desarts,

her excluded late at night,
rayterously did wound her weary
ght.

XXXIV

:h the Prince sore moved there avond
s as he returned backe againe,
avenge th' abuses of that proud
efull Knight of whom she did com-
ine.
did they each other entertaine
he tedious travell of the way,
ds night they came unto a plaine,
a little Hermitage there lay,
all neighbourhood the which annoy
nay.

XXXV

1 thereto a little Chappell stoode,
ing all with Yvy overspred
the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
:e a grove faire braunched over-hed:
ie Hermite, which his life here led
t observaunce of religious vow,
his howres and holy things to bed;
in he likewise was praying now,
hese Knights arriv'd, they wist not
re nor how.

XXXVI

yd not there, but streightway in did
:
ien the Hermite present saw in place,
devotion streight he troubled was;
aking off the toward them did pace
ed steps and grave beseeming grace:
t seem'd that whilome he had beene
ily person, and of gentle race,
d his good to all; and well did
ne [seene.
to entertaine with curt'sie well be-

XXXVII

:hly it was sayd by common fame,
s age enabled him thereto,
ad bene a man of mickle name,
d much in armes and derring doe;
; aged now, and weary to
delight and worlds contentious toyle,
: of knighthood he did disavow;
ging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
his worlds incombraunce did himselfe
oyle.

XXXVIII

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene.
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay
beseene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged shewes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce
plaine.

XXXIX

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd them rested faine.
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant
Beast
Had given them, whose griefe through suf-
fraunce sore increast.

XL

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan them selves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke; their sides were sore;
their feete were lame.

XLI

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in
mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge; whom he did
pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage, (that whyleare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere,)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be else-
where.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enem
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore
light
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spri
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are hell
paine.

II

Such were the wounds the which that Blata
Beast
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame
And, being such, were now much more increas
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to
tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them
duely drest.

III

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene;
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had
Which

poyson close through every vaine,
sts till it have wrought his finall

IX

beastes teeth, which wounded you
e,
eding venemous and keene,
rusty yron ranckling sore,
they bite it booteth not to weene
, or antidote, or other mene,
mend: ne marvaile ought,
me beast was bred of hellish strene,
darksome Stygian den upbrought,
foule Echidna, as in bookes is
ht.

X

is a Monster direfull dred,
ls doe hate, and heavens abhor to

is her shape, so huge her hed,
the hellish fiends affrighted bee
ereof, and from her presence flee:
face and former parts professe
ng Mayden, full of comely glee;
hinder parts did plaine expresse
s Dragon full of fearefull uglinesse.

XI

e Gods, for her so dreadfull face,
darkenesse, furthest from the skie
the earth, appointed have her place
cks and caves, where she enrold
lie
horrour and obscurity,
he strength of her immortall age:
Typhaon with her company;
haon, whose tempestuous rage
heavens tremble oft, and him with
res asswage.

XII

commixtion they did then beget
sh Dog, that hight the Blatant
st;
Monster, that his tongue doth whet
, both good and bad, both most and
t,
his poysnous gall forth to infest
st wights with notable defame:
night that bore so lofty creast,
ady of so honest name,
em spotted with reproch, or secrete
me.

XIII

therefore it were with medicine
at to salve such kynd of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline,
Then outward salves that may augment it more.'
'Aye me!' (sayd then Serena, sighing sore)
'What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore?'
'But sith we need good counsell,' (sayd the swaine) [sustaine.'
'Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us

XIV

'The best' (sayd he) 'that I can you advize,
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still. [will;
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill;
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight.'

XV

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave behenst,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave, [leave:
And went both on their way, ne ech would other

XVI

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course. I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

XVIII

The Prince, according to the former token
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywro-
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad, [ken
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wylde man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

XIX

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode:
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

XX

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked, what he was
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe?
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

XXI

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for-why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

XXII

Which when the Salvage, comming now in place,
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did
The people of the house rose forth
rore.

XXIII

Who when on ground they saw
slaine,
And that same Knight and Salva
Upon them two they fell with
And on them layd so huge and horri
As if they would have slaine then
But the bold Prince defended him
And their assault withstood so m
That, maugre all their might, he
And beat them back, whilest many
him fell.

XXIV

Yet he them still so sharpely did
That few of them he left alive, wh
Those evill tidings to their Lord
Who, hearing how his people bad
Came forth in haste; where, when
dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, an
And salvage with their bloud fres
red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath
And with reprochfull words him t
on hight.

XXV

'Art thou he, traytor, that with
Hast slaine my men in this unma
And now triumphest in the piteou
Of these poore folk, whose soules
dishonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bl
The meede whereof shall shortly be
And wretched end which still attend
With that him selfe to battell he
So did his forty yeomen, which the
came.

XXVI

With dreadfull force they all did
And round about with boystrous
presse,
That on his shield did rattle like
In a great tempest; that in such d
He wist not to which side him to
And evermore that craven cowher
Was at his backe with heartlesse
Wayting if he unwares him murth
For cowardize doth still in villany

XXVII

Whereof whenas the Prince was
He to him turnd with furious inte
And him against his powre gan t
Like a fierce Bull, that being bus

ith many foes about him ment,
me curre behinde his heeles to bite,
n about with fell avengement:
e turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
at him amaine with all his will and
ght.

XXVIII

en he once his dreadfull strokes had
the furie of his force abyde, [tasted,
d abacke, and to retyre him hasted
the thick prease, there thinking him
hyde: [eyde,
the Prince had once him plainely
y foot him followed alway,
him suffer once to shrinke asyde,
ng close huge lode at him did lay:
ng still did ward, and warding fly
ay.

XXIX

en his foe he still so eager saw,
heeles himselfe he did betake,
nto some refuge to withdraw:
the Prince him ever foot forsake
he went, but after him did make.
om roome to roome, from place to place,
every joynt for dread of death did
ake,
ing after him that did him chace,
le him evermore increase his speedie
ce.

XXX

he up into the chamber came
his love was sitting all alone,
what tydings of her folke became.
l the Prince him overtake anone,
a vaine to her him to bemone;
a his sword him on the head did smyte,
he ground he fell in senselesse swone:
ther thwart or flatly it did lyte,
pred steele did not into his braynepan
rte.

XXXI

when the Ladie saw, with great af-
ight
ting up began to shrieke aloud;
a her garment covering him from sight,
nder her protection him to shroud;
ing lowly at his feet her bowd
r knee, intreating him for grace,
n him besought, and prayd, and vowd,
h the ruth of her so wretched case,
l his second strooke, and did his hand
ase.

XXXII

ed she then withdrawing did him dis-
ver;
r come to himselfe yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his basenesse did despize;
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare:
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

XXXIII

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd:
'Vile cowheard dogge! now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthie art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

XXXIV

'Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare:
For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare; [spoile,
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms de-
Or of their upper garment hey weare;
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

XXXV

'And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right.

XXXVI

'Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne:
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive.'
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII

There whilest he thus was setling things above,
Atweene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII

There he him found environed about [slaine,
With slaughtred bodies which his hand had
And laying yet afresh, with courage stout,
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

XXXIX

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought by making signes him to asswage;
Who them perceiving streight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

XL

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent:
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

XLI

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the wayes to win good wi
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and ill
Through tempering of her words and lookes t
wondrous skill.

XLII

Yet were her words and lookes but false a
fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayn
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe a
pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and flatt
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers da
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tea
but water.

XLIII

Whether such grace were given her by kyn
As women wont their guilefull wits to guy
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd:
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyd
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her ha
bands peace:
Who nathelesse, not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge
surceasse:

XLIV

For all that night, the whyles the Prince di
rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was met
He watcht in close awayt with weapons pre
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night w
spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first ente
prize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed:
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For Loves disdaine decreed.

I

the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
;entle deedes with franke delight,
ıe baser mind it selfe displayes
l malice and revengefull spight:
ligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
ents of a vile donghill mind,
hat it dare not doe by open might,
by wicked treason wayes doth find,
scourteous deeds discovering his base
d.

II

l appears in this discourteous knight,
d Turpine, whereof now I treat;
rithstanding that in former fight
Prince his life received late,
mind, malitious and ingrate,
vize to be aveng'd anew
ıt shame, which kindled inward hate:
, so soone as he was out of vew,
in hast he arm'd, and did him fast
sew.

III

, he tract his steps as he did ryde,
l not neare approch in daungers eye,
aloofe for dread to be descryde,
time and place he mote espy,
: mote worke him scath and villeny.
: met two knights to him unknowne,
h were armed both agreeably,
ı combynd, whatever chaunce were
wne
them to divide, and each to make his
ne.

IV

n false Turpine comming courteously,
the mischiefe which he inly ment,
mplaine of great discourtesie,
straunge knight, that neare afore him
nt,
ı to him, and his deare Ladie shent:
they would afford him ayde at need
enge in time convenient,
uld accomplish both a knightly deed,
heir paines obtaine of him a goodly
ed.

V

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was
trew;
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; 'Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with
speed?'

VI

'He rides' (said Turpine) 'there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde.'
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

VII

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe, false traytour
knight,
Foule woman-wronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall sight,
Did bend their speares, and both with equall
might
Against him ran; but th' one did misse
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly
sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the
heavens darke.

VIII

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy
stowre,
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,

That the cold steele, through piercing, did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

IX

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

X

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering was return'd to fight,
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight;
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

XI

Not so the Prince; for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
Thought to him leaping vengeance thought to take
As if him for all his former follies meed, [breed.
And, with flaming sword in hand his terror more to
He had
But str

XII

e fearfull swayne beholding death so nie,
.yde out aloud for mercie, him to save;
in lieu whereof he would to him descrie
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he: 'There is a straunger knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.'

XIII

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
And sayd: 'Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed;
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hether bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischiefe breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor
He would surceasse, but him where so he
would seeke.

XIV

So up he rose, and forth streightway he
Backe to the place where Turpine late he
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
And griesly wounds that him appalled sore;
Yet thus at length he said: 'How now,
knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye
in sight?'

XV

'Perdie,' (said he) 'in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie
lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise mala
My due reward, the which right well I deem
I yearned have, that life so dearely did
deeme.'

XVI

'But where then is' (quoth he halfe wroth fully)
'Where is the bootie, which therefore
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated life
sought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe
'He lyes' (said he) 'upon the cold bare grou
Slayne of that errant knight with whom
fought;
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wou
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in
stound.'

XVII

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and fai
And needs with him streight to the pl
would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slai
For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting
the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde

swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
lap of death, rewing his wretched

XVIII

the Craven seeme to mone his

sake his deare life had forgone;
swayling with affection base,
rfeit kind pittie where was none:
no courage, theres no ruth nor

sing forth, not farre away he found
e Prince himselfe lay all alone,
playd upon the grassie ground,
sweete sleepe that luld him soft
round.

XIX

travell in his former fight,
shade himselfe had layd to rest,
armes and warlike things un-

foes that mote his peace molest;
his salvage page, that wont be

ll in the wood another way,
thing that seemed to him best;
his Lord in silver slomber lay,
Evening starre adorn'd with deawy

XX

en as Turpin saw so loosely layd,
well that he in deed was dead,
other knight to him had sayd;
he nigh approcht, he mote aread
es in him of life and livelihead:
nuch griev'd against that straunger
ht,
oo light of credence did mislead,
have backe retyred from that sight,
him on earth the deadliest despight.

XXI

same knight would not once let
start,
y gan to him declare the case
nischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
he and his fellow there in place
ilished, and put to foule disgrace;
hat he, in lieu of life him lent,
unto the victor him to trace
through the world where so he
e him delivered to his punishment.

XXII

with much abashed and affrayd,
emble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrely prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

XXIII

Nathelesse, for all his speach the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

XXIV

There when he saw those two so neare him stand, [bee;
He doubted much what mote their meaning
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

XXV

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd,
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

XXVI

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine:
Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

XXVII

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,

And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How ever they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole which by her side did passe.

XXVIII

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

XXIX

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment:
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere:
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright;
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

XXX

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
That such proud looks would make her praysed more;
And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore,
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne delight.

XXXI

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

XXXII

But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;

And, nought regarding [illegible]
Did laugh at her that many
Whilest she did weepe, [illegible]
For on a day, when Cupid
As he is wont at each
Unto the which all
That of their loves
make report;

XXXI

It fortun'd then, that
red
In which the names of
That many there were
Or kept in bands, or
Or by some other
Which when as Cupid
And doubting to be
He bad his eyes to
That he might see
by oth.

XX

Then found he many
Which wont doe suit
Of whom what was
Therefore a Jurie
T' enquire of them,
Or their owne guilt.
To whom foule Infa
Gave evidence, that
And murdred cruelly

Fayre Mirabella
Of all those crymes
All which when Cu
In great displeasure
Should issue forth
lasse.
The warrant strai
withall
A Bayliefe-errant
Whom they by name
He which doth
ment hall.

The damzell was
Unto the barre
But she thereto
Even for stubborn
So judgement
In cases like
Her stubborne
dayned,
Gan stoupe; and,
awe,
Cryde mercie,

certainely
the usury.

his call;
in fight,
ills fall,
his brondyron

hands might,
saine,
to despight;
could gaine,
with fell dis-

that end awayte,
on ground he

held so strayte,
with his scornefull

any way:
me went about
rald without delay;
him revile and flout,
two] and tame their

human with his hynde
throwne a stubborne
[bynde,
and fast with cords do
the buxome yoke to beare:
knight oft tug and teare.
beheld, there standing

to aide him neare;
him selfe, gan fiercely fly
to save his friend from

XIII

ying him unto his mate
handled as he list,
unto this new debate,
him all about so blist,
way to turne him scarcely wist:
he layd, sometimes alow,
there, and oft him neare he

that hardly one could know
wary were to give or ward the

XIV

Prince so well enured was
strokes, approved oft in fight,

That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For bootelesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

XLVII

Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advauntage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

XLVIII

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke:
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he up did looke
And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was
Ne powre had to withstand, ne he
ayd.

XLIX

Then up he made him rise, and fo
Led in a rope which both his hands
Ne ought that foole for pitty did hi
But with his whip, him following b
Him often scourg'd, and forst his fe
And other-whiles with bitter mockes
He would him scorne, that to his g
Was much more grievous then
blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greate
scorning growes.

L

The faire Serena, when she saw h
Under that villaines club, then sure
That slaine he was, or made a wret
And fled away with all the speede s
To seeke for safety; which long time
And past through many perils by t
Ere she againe to Calepine was bro
The which discourse as now I must
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe furt

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I

Ye gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

II

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface.
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented *late.*

III

Who after thraldome of the gentle
Which she beheld with lamentable
Was touched with compassion enti
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which booted nought for prayers n
To hope for to release or mollify,
For aye the more that she did then
The more they him misust, and
beat.

IV

So as they forward on their way d
Him still reviling and afflicting so
They met Prince Arthure with Sir
(That was that courteous Knight
before
Having subdew'd yet did to life re
To whom as they approcht, they g
Their cruelty, and him to punish m
Scourging and haling him more ve
As if it them should grieve to see hi

V

n selfe, when as he saw his Lord
f his wretchednesse in place,
sm'd that with an hempen cord
was led in captive case,
ad for bashfulnesse abase,
or to be seene at all:
be hid. But whenas Enias
ch, of two such villaines thrall,
nde was much emmoved there-

VI

'rince thus sayd: 'See you, Sir

ıame that ever eye yet saw,
l her Squire with foule despight
it all reason and all law,
d of pitty or of awe?
doe that Squire beat and revile!
doe the Lady hale and draw!
se to lend me leave awhile,
ome acquite, and both of blame

VII

ssented; and then he, streight-

ight, his shield about him threw,
pproching thus he gan to say:
'tive treachetours untrew,
h treason thralled unto you
worthy of your wretched bands,
crime with cruelty pursew!
m them lay your loathly hands,
the death that hard before you

VIII

stayd not aunswer to invent,
yron club preparing way,
ıl message backe unto him sent;
cended with such dreadfull sway,
ıought the course thereof could

lightening from the lofty sky:
ıight the powre thereof assay,
was death; but, lightly slipping

ıuded his intended destiny:

IX

ıite him with the like againe,
rue sword he fiercely at him flew,
so strongly, that the Carle with

life but that he there him slew;
so, but that the bloud it drew,
foe good hope of victory:
h flesht upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainely
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

X

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might,
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe,
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

XI

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two; and tame their corage stout.

XII

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare, [bynde,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare;
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle to save his friend from jeopardy.

XIII

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,

That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At last the caytiue, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

XV

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire;
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

XVI

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud appeare,)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.

XVII

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
And least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept.
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
'Stay, stay, Sir Knight! for love of God abstaine
From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine,
For more on him doth then him selfe depend:
My life will by his death have lamentable end.

XVIII

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies;
That, were no might in man, nor heart in *Knights*,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterpris
Yet heavens them selves, that favour t rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish despights.

XIX

Then bursting forth in teares, which g fast
Like many water streames, awhile she s
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she
'Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most wr mayd,
Deliver from the doome of my desart,
The which the God of love hath on me l
And damned to endure this direfull smar
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebe hart.

XX

'In prime of youthly yeares, when fre flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delig
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous g
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the service
Full many a one for me deepe groan sight,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew
Complayning *out on me* that would them rew.

XXI

'But let them love that list, or live or
Me list not die for any lovers doole;
Ne list me leave my loved libertie
To pitty him that list to play the foole;
To love my selfe I learned had in schoole
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And, sitting carelesse on the scorners st
Did laugh at those that did lament plaine;
But all is now repayd with interest agai

XXII

'For loe! the winged God that wo harts
Causde me be called to accompt therefo
And for revengement of those wr smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce s
That in this wize, and this unmeete arra
With these two lewd companions, and n
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the should stray,
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst,

XXIII

yd then the Prince) 'the God is
rengeaunce of his peoples spoile;
law in love, but all that lust
oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
e would continue but a while.
Lady, wherefore doe you beare
hus before you with such toile,
s wallet at your backe arreare,
ese Carles to carry much more
y were?'

XXIV

is bottle.' (sayd the sory Mayd)
ars of my contrition,
rim I have it full defrayd:
bag, which I behinde me don,
unce for things past and gon.
ttle leake, and bag so torne,
eh I put in fals out anon,
de me trodden downe of Scorne,
h all my paine, and laughs the
I mourn.'

XXV

hearkned wisely to her tale,
d much at Cupids judg'ment wise,
so meekly make proud hearts
him selfe on them that him despise.
l he Disdaine up to arise,
ot able up him selfe to reare,
his leg, through his late luckelesse
in twaine, but by his foolish feare
up, who him supported standing
e.

XXVI

up he lookt againe aloft,
ver had received fall;
erne eye-browes stared at him oft,
uld have daunted him withall:
ng on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
his golden feete he often gazed,
pride the other could apall;
o far from being ought amazed,
is lookes despised, and his boast
raized.

XXVII

ing backe unto that captive thrall,
is while stood there beside them
id,
to be knowne or seene at all,
ose bands *weend him to have* un-
id:

But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

XXVIII

Meane-while the Salvage man, when he beheld [Knight,
That huge great foole oppressing th' other
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

XXIX

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye;
But being checkt he did abstaine streightway,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say:
'Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list have liberty ye may;
Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines lose.'

XXX

'Ah! nay, Sir Knight,' (said she) 'it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will.'
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside;
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

XXXI

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena; who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright;
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

XXXIV

Tho when as all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;
Where, being tyrde with travell, and oppreat
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest:
There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Feareless of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischaunce that menac'd her decay.

XXXV

In these wylde deserts where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Them selves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

ray each one a part doth beare.
aked, to their sordid eyes
threasures of nature appeare:
ey view with lustfull fantasyes,
th to him selfe, and to the rest
es:—

XLII

neck; her alablaster brest;
hich like white silken pillowes were
soft delight thereon to rest;
sides; her bellie white and clere,
an Altar did itselfe uprere
rifice divine thereon;
thighes, whose glorie did appeare
nphal Arch, and thereupon
of Princes hang'd which were in
l won.

XLIII

ntie parts, the dearlings of delight,
te not be prophan'd of common
ns view'd with loose lascivious sight,
tempted with their craftie spyes;
of them gan mongst themselves
ze
force to take their beastly pleasure:
he Priest rebuking did advize
t to pollute so sacred threasure
ie gods: religion held even theeves
easure.

XLIV

stayd, they her from thence di-
ed
e grove not farre asyde,
n altar shortly they erected
r on. And now the Eventyde
lack wings had through the heavens
te
spred, that was the tyme ordayned
dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
ene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
it all with flowres which they nigh
d obtayned.

XLV

n as all things readie were aright,
ell was before the altar set,
adie dead with fearefull fright:
he Priest with naked armes full net
g nigh, and murdrous knife well
et,
r close a certaine secret charme,
r divelish ceremonies met:
en, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
they shouted all, and made a loud
me.

XLVI

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill [voyce
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did rejoyce,
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And, catching up his arms, streight to the noise forth past.

XLVIII

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And, by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

XLIX

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing layes on earth along,
And sacrifizeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons vew.

L

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what they sought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to unbind.
And then to question of her present woe,
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind:

Cordon carves him, yet I
For ill rewards him we

I

Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left.
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past: that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidores immortall name.

II

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and through plaines,
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III

So sharply he the Monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe, but natures dew,
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.

Him the
He follo
That to
se
And to t
In winte

There o
He chaun
Playing
The why
lir
Beside th
For othe
To whom
And then
If such a
br

They an
Nor any
Their hap
But if th
They pra
sen
Then one
After his
Offred hi
And, if he

VIII

litle hillocke she was placed
hen all the rest, and round about
d with a girland, goodly graced,
y lasses; and them all without
ie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
ch did pype and sing her prayses dew,
rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
ne miracle of heavenly hew
wne to them descended in that earthly
ew.

IX

othly sure she was full fayre of face,
fectly well shapt in every lim,
she did more augment with modest
race
nely carriage of her count'nance trim,
the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
r admiring as some heavenly wight,
their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
roling her name both day and night,
rest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X

a there heard, ne was there shepheards
swayne,
did honour; and eke many a one
n her love, and with sweet pleasing
sayne
my a night for her did sigh and grone:
st of all the shepheard Coridon
did languish, and his deare life spend;
ther she for him nor other none
e a whit, ne any liking lend:
meane her lot, yet higher did her
mind ascend.

XI

hyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
arkt her rare demeanure, which him
eemed
the meane of shepheards to excell,
he in his mind her worthy deemed
Princes Paragone esteemed,
unwares surprisd in subtile bands
blynd boy; ne thence could be redeemed
skill out of his cruell hands;
like the bird which gazing still on
others stands.

XII

od he still long gazing thereupon,
will had thence to move away,
gh his quest were farre afore him gon:
er he had fed, yet did he stay
ate there still, *untill the flying day*
ore forth spent, discoursing diversly
ry things as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

XIII

By this the moystie night approching fast
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed.
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

XIV

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of her selfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone;
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive, [share,
Amongst themselves, and did their labours
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

XVI

But Melibœe (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
(Being his harts owne wish,) and home with him did go.

XVII

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
And supper readie dight they to it fell

And drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

XIX

'How much' (sayd he) 'more happie is the state
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.'

XX

'Surely, my sonne,' (then answer'd he againe)
'If happie, then it is in this intent,
That having small yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe my selfe with that I have content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI

'Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have growes dayly more

XXVII

asion meanes to worke his mind,
nnate his harts desire,
dyde: 'Now surely, syre, I find,
is worlds gay showes, which we
ire,
e shadowes to this safe retyre
ch here in lowlinesse ye lead,
of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre
eth states, and under foot doth tread
e ones, affrayd of every chaunges
d.

XXVIII

n I, which daily doe behold
of the great mongst whom I won,
ave prov'd what happinesse ye hold
ll plot of your dominion,
great Lordship and ambition;
h' heavens so much had graced mee,
me live in like condition;
fortunes might transposed bee
of higher place unto this low de-

XXIX

' (said then old Melibœ) 'doe men
s of their fortunes fault accuse,
now best what is the best for them;
o each such fortune doe diffuse,
e know each can most aptly use:
at which men covet most is best,
hing worst which men do most re-
is, that all contented rest [fuse;
they hold: each hath his fortune in
brest.

XXX

mynd that maketh good or ill,
th wretch or happie, rich or poore;
that hath abundance at his will,
nough, but wants in greatest store,
that hath litle, askes no more,
t litle is both rich and wise;
me is most riches: fooles therefore
which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
unto himselfe his life may fortunize.'

XXXI

n in each mans self' (said Calidore)
shion his owne lyfes estate,
awhyle, good father, in this shore
barcke, which hath bene beaten late
nes of fortune and tempestuous fate
roubles and of toylesome paine;
her quite from them for to retrate
lve, or backe to turne againe,
with your selfe some small repose
ine.

XXXII

'Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all:
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Besides, for recompence hereof I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live.'
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him
it drive.

XXXIII

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake: 'Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers [dread:
But, if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread.'

XXXIV

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

XXXV

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such queint usage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
But, being bred under base shepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all despize.

XXXVI

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepheards hooke; [thought
That who had seene him then, would have be-
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,

When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke: love so much could.

XXXVIII

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were:
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more dere.

XXXIX

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jarre.

XL

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best;
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

XLI

One day, when as the shepheard swaynes together [glee,
Were met to make their sports and merrie
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded *bee,*
They fell to daunce: then did they all a
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one m
And Calidore should lead the ring, as h
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip bit.

XLII

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as w fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her own
And plast on his, he did it soone displa
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earst dead.

XLIII

Another time, when as they did dispo
To practise games and maisteries to try
They for their Judge did Pastorella cho
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon forth stepping openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling gam
For he, through long and perfect indust
Therein well practisd was, and in the s
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and his foe great shame.

XLIV

But Calidore he greatly did mistake,
For he was strong and mightily stiffe p
That with one fall his necke he almost
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken qu
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne

XLV

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe ab
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his de
That even they, the which his rivals we
Could not maligne him, but commen needs;
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour. So it surely wro
With this faire Mayd, and in her myn seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth b
The fruite of joy and blisse, though lon dearely bought.

XLVI

Thus Calidore continu'd there long tim
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell

g got, he used without crime
blot; but menaged so well,
ll the rest which there did dwell
l and to her grace commended.

But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I

does follow the foule Blatant

lore does follow that faire Mayd,
of his vow, and high beheast
e Faery Queene was on him layd,
ld never leave, nor be delayd
; him, till he had it attchieved?
rapt of love, which him betrayd,
nore how he may be relieved
rom her, whose love his heart hath
ıgrieved.

II

enceforth he meanes no more to

ıest, so full of toile and paine:
t, another game in vew
guerdon of his love to gaine;
he myndes for ever to remaine,
ast amongst the rusticke sort,
hunt still after shadowes vaine
vour, fed with light report
ste, and sayling alwaies in the

III

ote he greatly blamed be
ı step to stoupe unto so low;
tasted once (as oft did he)
eace which there doth overflow,
the perfect pleasures which doe
[dales,
ore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in
more delight in painted show
blisse, as there is set for stales
ıwary fooles in their eternall

IV

th all that goodly glorious gaze
ight which Calidore did vew?
whereof their dimmed eies would

ore they should endure the shew

Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

V

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by natures skill
Devized to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

VI

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powre:

VII

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit [crowne,
In the woods shade which did the waters
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

VIII

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure
Desired be, or thence to banish bale, [might
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount Acidale.

IX

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

X

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground, [bound.
That through the woods their Eccho did re-
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

XI

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde.
There he did see that pleased much his sight,
That even he him selfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

XII

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And dauncing round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the middest of those same three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the re
much graced.

XIII

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wo
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore, [fe
When the bold Centaures made that bloo
With the fierce Lapithes which did them d
Being now placed in the firmament, [ma
Through the bright heaven doth her beam
display,
And is unto the starres an ornament, [lem
Which round about her move in order exact:

XIV

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to sh
But she that in the midst of them did stand
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her beseeme: And ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far di
smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
But most of all those three did her with gl
endew.

XV

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont t
haunt [night
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day an
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt
And all that Venus in her selfe doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone
That made him pipe so merrily, as never non

XVI

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheard lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Co
Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst abo
Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place
Thy love is there advaunst to be anoth
Grace.

XVII

Much wondred Calidore at this straun sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene

nding long astonished in spright,
t with pleasaunce, wist not what to
eene;
r it were the traine of beauties Queene,
phes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
hich his eyes mote have deluded beene.
e, resolving what it was to know,
he wood he rose, and toward them did
o.

XVIII

one as he appeared to their vew,
nisht all away out of his sight, [knew:
ane were gone, which way he never
the shepheard, who, for fell despight
displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
le great mone for that unhappy turne:
dure, though no lesse sory wight
mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
are, that he the truth of all by him
ote learne.

XIX

rst him greeting, thus unto him spake:
jolly shepheard, which thy joyous
ayes
dest in this goodly merry-make,
ted of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
to thee flocke to heare thy lovely
ayes!
what mote these dainty Damzels be,
ere with thee doe make their pleasant
layes?
appy thou that mayst them freely see!
y, when I them saw, fled they away
om me?'

XX

so happy,' answerd then that swaine,
a unhappy, which them thence didst
hace,
by no meanes thou canst recall againe;
ng gone, none can them bring in place,
om they of them selves list so to grace.'
sory I,' (saide then Sir Calidore)
ny ill fortune did them hence displace;
e things passed none may now restore,
what were they all, whose lacke thee
grieves so sore?'

XXI

an that shepheard thus for to dilate:
wote, thou shepheard, whatsoever thou
bee,
l those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
nus Damzels, all within her fee,
fering in honour and degree:
ll are Graces which on her depend,
a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend
But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her
attend.

XXII

'They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastfull glee
Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary:
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth
do cherry!

XXIII

'These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
As comely carriage, entertainement kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach us how to each degree and kynde
We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility.

XXIV

'Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to
smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true, from covert malice free;
And eeke them selves so in their daunce they
bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
That good should from us goe, then come, in
greater store.

XXV

'Such were those Goddesses which ye did see;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them
traced,
Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did
passe:

XXVI

'So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;

Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII

'Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare:
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII

'Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty!
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!'

XXIX

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore: 'Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be, [thee:
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see.'
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame, [frame.
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did

XXX

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight him selfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wisht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling share.

XXXI

But that envenimd sting, the which of yore
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart;
Which to recure no skill of Leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the maine.

XXXII

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swain,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
To whome, in sort as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply him selfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure,
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

XXXIII

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,
What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with jealousie did frize.

XXXIV

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident:
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize
And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell-gate
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

XXXV

Which Coridon first hearing ran in hast
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end:
His life he steemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayd.

XXXVI

He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke
To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull wil

so sternely he the monster strooke,
ground astonished he fell;
he could recou'r, he did him quell,
off his head, he it presented
eete of the faire Pastorell;
ly yet from former feare exempted,
times him thankt that had her
prevented.

XXXVII

day forth she gan him to affect,
nore her favour to augment;
for cowherdize reject,
sheepe, unfit for loves content:
heart scornes base disparagement.
did not despise him quight,
n friendly for further intent,
fellowship he colour might
ite and love from skill of any wight.

XXXVIII

wood her, and so well he wrought

le service, and with daily sute,
last unto his will he brought her;
o wisely well did prosecute,
love he reapt the timely frute,
ong in close felicity, [brute,
fraught with malice, blinde and
lovers long prosperity,
itter storme of foule adversity.

XXXIX

one day, when Calidore
g in the woods, (as was his trade)
people, Brigants hight of yore,
used to live by plough nor spade,
spoile and booty, which they made
neighbours which did nigh them
er,
g of these shepheards did invade,
their houses, and them selves did
der,
way their flocks; with other much
rder.

XL

the rest, the which they then did
l old Melibee of all he had, [pray,
people captive led away; [lad,
ich this luckless mayd away was
rella, sorrowfull and sad,
full, most sad, that ever sight,
the spoile of theeves and Brigants

Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

XLI

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convay.
Their dwelling in a little Island was, [way
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras:

XLII

For underneath the ground their way was made [cover
Through hollow caves, that no man mote dis-
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

XLIII

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray, [ward;
And kept them with continuall watch and
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grisely theeves, she thought her self in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

XLIV

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade—
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I

THE joyes of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse [cast,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet, [meet.
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is

II

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who so heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

III

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournefull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

IV

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her *showed,* [mote;
And sought her love by all the meanes he
With looks, with words, with gifts wowed,
And mixed threats among, and mucl vowed.

V

But all that ever he could doe or s
Her constant mynd could not a whi
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd l
To graunt him favour or afford him
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all wai
By which he mote accomplish his re
Saying and doing all that mote beh
Ne day nor night he suffred her to r
But her all night did watch, and al molest.

VI

At last, when him she so importune
Fearing least he at length the rai lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his
Sith in his powre she was to foe or f
She thought it best, for shadow to p
Some shew of favour, by him gracin
That she thereby mote either freely
Or at more ease continue there his t
A little well is lent that gaineth mo

VII

So from thenceforth, when love l made,
With better tearmes she did him ent
Which gave him hope, and did him swade,
That he in time her joyance should
But when she saw through that sma gaine,
That further then she willing was h
She found no meanes to barre him, b
A sodaine sickenesse which her sore
And made unfit to serve his lawless behest.

VIII

By meanes whereof she would not hi
Once to approch to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to
Mourning the rigour of her malady,

; all things meete for remedy;
ılv'd no remedy to fynde,
:heare to shew in misery,
: would her captive bonds unbynde:
ssee was not of the body, but the
de.

IX

hich space that she thus sicke did
[wount
a sort of merchants, which were
ıose coastes for bondmen there to

h trafficke after gaines to hunt,
:his Isle, though bare and blunt,
or slaves; where being readie met
these same theeves at the instant
t,
nt unto their Captaine, who was set
s patients side with sorrowfull re-

X

they shewed, how those marchants
:
place their bondslaves for to buy;
ore prayd that those same captives
e
em for their most commodity
d mongst them shared equally.
request the Captaine much appalled,
ne not their just demaund deny,
straight the slaves should forth be
ıd,
for most advantage, not to be for-
led.

XI

h the good old Melibœ was brought,
on with many other moe, [caught;
ey before in diverse spoyles had
he to the marchants sale did showe:
, which did the sundry prisoners
we,
uire for that faire shepherdesse,
h the rest they tooke not long agoe;
er forme and feature to expresse,
:' augment her price through praise
ɔmlinesse.

XII

the Captaine in full angry wize
rere, that the mayd of whom they
ce
wne purchase and his onely prize;
h none had to doe, ne ought partake,
uselfe which did that conquest make:
im to have one silly lasse; [weake,
rough sicknesse now so wan and
That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and
weake she was.

XIII

The sight of whom, though now decayd and
mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through
delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly
praize.

XIV

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how ever prisd with
measure, [sure
Withouten her, whose worth above all threa-
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold:
But then the Captaine, fraught with more
displeasure,
Bad them be still; his love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to him
would hold.

XV

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeves
Boldly him bad such injurie forbeare;
For that same mayd, how ever it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him
theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth
sweare
That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell
pay.

XVI

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much
talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the grisly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them
stalke, [light
And makes huge havocke: whiles the candle-
Out quenched leaves no skill nor difference of
wight.

XVII

Like a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray,
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants there.

XVIII

But first of all their captives they doe kill,
Least they should joyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old Meliboe is slaine; and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide;
But Coridon, escaping craftily, [hide,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

XIX

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended,
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who, with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie swound.

XX

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell. [ceasse;
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreed well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

XXI

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that light
Seeme much more lovely in that darke
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-
To sparke out litle beames, like star gie night.

XXII

But when they mov'd the carcases
They found that life did yet in her r
Then all their helpes they busily ap
To call the soule backe to her home
And wrought so well, with labour
That they to life recovered her at la
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in
Had riven bene and all her hart-stri
With drearie drouping eyne lookt u aghast.

XXIII

There she beheld, that sore her grie
Her father and her friends about her
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to
Of those, that, having saved her fro
Renew'd her death by timely death
What now is left her but to wayle a
Wringing her hands, and ruefully lou
Ne cared she her wound in teares to
Albe with all their might those Brig did keepe.

XXIV

But when they saw her now reliv'd
They left her so, in charge of one, th
Of many worst, who with unkind di
And cruell rigour her did much mole
Scarse yeelding her due food or time
And scarsely suffring her infestred w
That sore her payn'd, by any to be
So leave we her in wretched thraldo
And turne we backe to Calidore whe found.

XXV

Who when he backe returned from
And saw his shepheards cottag quight,
And his love reft away, he waxed w
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sig
That even his hart, for very fell desp
And his owne flesh he readie was to
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, otherwhere.

XXVI

Ne wight he found to whom he m plaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he mig

creast the anguish of his paine:
the woods, but no man could see
[heare:
he plaines, but could no tydings
did nought but ecchoes vaine re-
;
all waste and emptie did appeare:
the shepheards oft their pypes
nd, [he found.
hundred flocks, there now not one

XXVII

there he roned up and downe,
one comming towards him to spy,
to be some sorie simple clowne,
l weedes, and lockes upstaring
from some late daunger fly, [hye,
feare did follow him behynd:
nto him approched nye,
ceive by signes which he did fynd,
on it was, the silly shepherds

XXVIII

n running fast, he did not stay
im first, but askt where were the
orell?—Who full of fresh dismay,
g forth in teares, was so opprest,
word could speake, but smit his
eaven his eyes fast-streming threw:
e knight amaz'd yet did not rest,
aine, what ment that rufull hew:
his Pastorell? where all the other
?

XXIX

away!' (sayd he, then sighing
)
'I did live this day to see,
ll day, and was not dead before,
w faire Pastorella dye.'
alas!' then Calidore did cry,
d the death dare ever her to quell?
hou, shepheard, read what destiny
yrefull hap from heaven or hell
ught this wicked deed: doe feare
y, and tell.'

XXX

n the Shepheard breathed had a-
le, [mence
egan: 'Where shall I then com-
l tale? or how those Brigants vyle,
ll rage and dreadfull violence,
our cots, and caried us from hence;
ire Pastorell should have bene sold
uis, but was sav'd with strong de-
e;
Or how those theeves, whilest one sought her
to hold, [and bold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce

XXXI

'In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had
hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent:
Old Melibœ and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament;
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her
death forstall.

XXXII

'But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot: needs mote she die at last.
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those joyes and jolly-head,
Which with those gentle shepherds here I
wont to lead.'

XXXIII

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her
succour nere.

XXXIV

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might
wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed
to breake.

XXXV

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne;

But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

XXXVI

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes: But Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily.
Tho, to the place when they approched nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

XXXVII

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The selfe same flocks the which those theeves had reft
From Melibœ and from themselves whyleare;
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept.
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them for tender pittie wept;
But when he saw the theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

XXXVIII

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare disswade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

XXXIX

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine:
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were:
To whom they aunswer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, t
whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and no
hyre elswhere.

XL

Whereof right glad they seem'd, a
made
To hyre them well if they their flock
For they themselves were evill groo
sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or
But to forray the land, or scoure the
Thereto they soone agreed, and earne
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre a
For they for better hyre did shortly l
So there all day they bode, till light
forsooke.

XLI

Tho, when as towards darksome night
Unto their hellish dens those theeve
brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintan
And all the secrets of their entrayles
There did they find, contrarie to their
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the r
Were dead, right so as Coridon had t
Whereof they both full glad and blyth
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe h
possest.

XLII

At length, when they occasion fittes
In dead of night, when all the theeves
After a late forray, and slept full soun
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort
With which he streight went to the C
nest:
But Coridon durst not with him cons
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of wo

XLIII

When to the Cave they came, they
fast;
But Calidore with huge resistlesse mi
The dores assayled, and the locks up
With noyse whereof the theefe awaki
Unto the entrance ran; where the bol
Encountring him with small resistenc
The whiles faire Pastorell through grea
Was almost dead, misdoubting least
Some uprore were like that which la
did vew.

XLIV

But when as Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,

his voice, although not heard long

n was revived therewithall,
rous joy felt in her spirits thrall:
hat being long in tempest tost,
ich houre into deathes mouth to fall,
espyes at hand the happie cost,
he safety hopes that earst feard to
ost.

XLV

le hart, that now long season past
joyance felt nor chearefull thought,
e smacke of comfort new to tast,
heat to nummed senses brought,
feele that long for death had sought.
. hart rejoyced Calidore,
er found; but, like to one distraught
f reason, towards her him bore;
l times embrast, and kist a thousand
a.

XLVI

by this, with noyse of late uprore,
id cry was raysed all about;
e Brigants flocking in great store
cave gan preasse, nought having
:
s doen, and entred in a rout:
re in th' entry close did stand,
ayning them with courage stout,
he formost that came first to hand
all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII

1 no more could nigh to him approch,
d his sword, and rested him till day;
en he spyde upon the earth t'
och,
ie dead carcases he made his way,
hich he found a sword of better

h he forth went into th' open light,
the rest for him did readie stay,
assayling him, with all their might
on him lay: there gan a dreadfull

XLVIII

How many flyes, in whottest sommers day,
Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him
scattreth wide.

XLIX

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made again alive.

LI

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures
take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make:
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with
him bore.

Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

II

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-
To shew the courtesie by him profest [sayd,
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast:
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

III

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,
A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were:

...

the wretched infants helpe provyde;
it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

IX

h a Shepheard, which there by did
pe
flock upon the playnes around,
he infants cry that loud did weepe,
ie place; where, when he wrapped
ad
ond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
g there that did him pittie sore,
t up and in his mantle wound;
nto his honest wife it bore,
er owne it nurst (and named) ever-
re.

X

g continu'd Claribell a thrall,
mour in bands; till that her syre
life, and left unto them all:
he stormes of fortunes former yre
d, and they to freedome did retyre.
th they joy'd in happinesse together,
long in peace and love entyre,
lisquiet or dislike of ether,
that Calidore brought Pastorella
ther.

XI

om they goodly well did entertaine;
mour knew Calidore right well,
for his prowesse, sith they twaine
e had fought in field: Als Claribell
id tender the faire Pastorell, [long.
r weake and wan through durance
y a while together thus did dwell
lelight, and many joyes among,
Damzell gan to wex more sound and
ong.

XII

Sir Calidore him to advize
t quest, which he had long forlore,
to thinke how he that enterprize,
h the Faery Queene had long afore
'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
h he feared least reprochfull blame
le dishonour him mote blot therefore;
ie losse of so much loos and fame,
gh the world thereby should glorifie
name.

XIII

e, resolving to returne in hast
reat atchievement, he bethought
his love, now perill being past,
ribell; whylest he that monster sought
ut the world, and to destruction
ught.

So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

XIV

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell
During his absence, left in heavy care
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

XVI

Which well avixing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her how the heavens had her graste
To save her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaste.

XVII

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so?
'My liefe,' (sayd she) 'ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did save.'

XVIII

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight, how she it knew?
'Most certaine markes' (sayd she) 'do me it teach;

For on her brest I with these eyes did view
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve
That yond same is your daughter sure, which
yet doth live.'

XIX

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
'And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
faine?'

XX

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her
presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge
events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting teare.

XXI

Who ever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead she syndes
alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mothers joy descrive;
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
For passing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

XXII

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell;
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and
toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious spoile.

XXIII

Through all estates he found that he had
In which he many massacres had left, [past,
And to the Clergy now was come at
In which such spoile, such havocke,
theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin
Who now no place besides unsought
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all wi
and might.

XXIV

Into their cloysters now he broken h
Through which the Monckes he cha
and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours
And searched all their cels and secret
In which what filth and ordure did ap
Were yrkesome to report; yet that fou
Nought sparing them, the more did t
teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from mos
Regarding nought religion, nor the
heast.

XXV

From thence into the sacred Church h
And robd the Chancell, and the deske
threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spo
And th' Images, for all their goodly h
Did cast to ground, whilest none was
rew;
So all confounded and disordered ther
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew.
Knowing his fatall hand by former fe
But he him fast pursuing soone ap
neare.

XXVI

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne a
Sternely he turnd againe, when
strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him
With open mouth, that seemed to con
A full good pecke within the utmost h
All set with yron teeth in raunges tw
That terrifide his foes, and armed him
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus
grim:

XXVII

And therein were a thousand tongs e
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked d
night;
And some of cats, that wrawling still
And some of Beares, that grovnd cruti
And some of Tygres, that did seeme t
And snar at all that ever passed by:

f them were tongues of mortall men,
ke reprochfully, not caring where
when.

XXVIII

amongst were mingled here and
[stings,
es of Serpents, with three forked
at poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
came within his ravenings;
licentious words and hatefull
d bad alike, of low and hie, [things
spared he a whit, nor Kings;
blotted them with infamie,
with his banefull teeth of injury.

XXIX

ore, thereof no whit afrayd,
d him with so impetuous might,
trage of his violence he stayd,
acke, threatning in vaine to bite,
g forth the poyson of his spight
all about his bloody jawes:
g up his former feete on hight,
pon him with his ravenous pawes,
uld have rent him with his cruell
es:

XXX

ght well aware, his rage to ward
s shield atweene; and, therewithall
puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
ward he enforced him to fall;
downe, ere he new helpe could call,
he on him threw, and fast downe
l:
ullocke, that in bloudy stall
s balefull hand to ground is feld,
kept downe, till he be throughly
ld.

XXXI

lly the Beast did rage and rore
wne held, and maystred so with
ht,
an fret and fome out bloudy gore
vaine to rere him selfe upright:
the more he strove, the more the
ght
uppresse, and forcibly subdew,
him almost mad for fell despight:
hee bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
like a feend right horrible in hew:

XXXII

the hell-borne Hydra, which they
e
Alcides whilome overthrew,
he had labourd long in vaine
thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his
powre increast.

XXXIII

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought
availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt
him neare.

XXXIV

At last, when as he found his force to shrincke
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzel strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke:
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his
own despight.

XXXV

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian
swaine [hell,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And, roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day-light doth
shonne:
So led this Knight his captyve with like con-
quest wonne.

XXXVI

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never
Ne ever any durst till then impose; [bore,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once with-
stand
The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through
the land.

the Knight.

XXXVIII

Thus was this Monster, by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore, suppresst and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed.
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought
To mortall men then he had done before;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:

He growen is
Barking and l
Albe they wo
Ne spareth he
Ne spareth he
But rends wit

Ne may this
Hope to escap
More then my
cleanest
From blameful
With which so
bite,
And bring into
That never so
Therefore do
And seeke to
wise me

TWO CANTOS OF

MUTABILITIE:

CH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER

THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleasd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of Gods as Men
To be the Soveraine.

I

man that sees the ever-whirling wheele,
ge, the which all mortall things doth
ray,
; therby doth find, and plainly feele,
TABILITY in them doth play
ll sports to many mens decay?
hat to all may better yet appeare,
hearse that whylome I heard say,
at first her selfe began to reare
ll the Gods, and th' empire sought
om them to beare.

II

st, here falleth fittest to unfold
ique race and linage ancient,
e found it registred of old
Land mongst records permanent.
, to weet, a daughter by descent
old Titans that did whylome strive
turnes sonne for heavens regiment;
though high Jove of kingdome did
eprive, [vive:
y of their stemme long after did sur-

III

any of them afterwards obtain'd
wer of Jove, and high authority;
té, in whose almighty hand
't all *rule and principalitie*,
To be by her disposed diversly
To Gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble
at her pride.

IV

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honors yield, as to them twaine:
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where shee such proofe and sad examples
shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings
rewed.

V

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none
yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VII

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

VIII

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly storie:
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory,
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Time,) she entred, were he liefe or sory;
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

IX

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend;
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight.

at his gates full earnestly,
im aloud with all their might
at meant that suddaine lacke of

: the Gods, when this he heard,
d much at their so strange affright,
ast Typhon were againe uprear'd,
s old foes that once him sorely
L

XVI

the sonne of Maia forth he sent
ie Circle of the Moone, to knowe
f this so strange astonishment,
ie did her wonted course forslowe;
any were on earth belowe
ith charmes or Magick her molest,
sche, and downe to hell to throwe;
heaven it were, then to arrest
r, and him bring before his presence
t.

XVII

d-foot God so fast his plumes did
;
e he came where-as the Titanesse
ng with faire Cynthia for her seat;
strange sight and haughty hardi-
se
ed much, and feared her no lease:
: feare aside to doe his charge,
bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
molest the Moone to walke at large,
efore high Jove her doings to dis-
rge.

XVIII

e-with-all he on her shoulder laid
-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
both Gods and hellish fiends affraid:
the Titanesse did sternly lower,
ly answer'd, that in evill hower
is Jove such message to her brought,
: leave faire Cynthia's silver bower;
his Jove and him esteemed nought,
hen Cynthia's selfe; but all their
gdoms sought.

XIX

vens Herald staid not to reply,
away, his doings to relate
Lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
ed in his principall Estate,
the Gods about him congregate:
when Hermes had his message told,
m all exceedingly amate,
e; who, changing nought his count-
nce bold, [unfold;
them at length these speeches wise

XX

'Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers!
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despite.

XXI

'Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke our selves from heavens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire.
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire,
Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best as ye can devise.'

XXII

So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, [beck
And even the highest Powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake,
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise. [nought did reck
Mean-while th' Earths daughter, thogh she
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

XXIII

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the
(After returne of Hermes Embassie) [Gods
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at
Before they could new counsels re-allie, [ods,
To set upon them in that extasie, [lend.
And take what fortune, time, and place would
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Joves high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot. Good on-set boads good end.

XXIV

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass;
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:

But Jove, all fearlesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

XXV

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake:
'Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence; [now make?
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to forsake?'

XXVI

She, halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:
'I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos child;
But by the fathers, (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

XXVII

'For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unjust slight,
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might,
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld.
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have teld!'

XXVIII

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods, that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the Goddesses in place,)
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race [peeres:
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden *feares.*

XXIX

Till, having paus'd awhile, Jove spake:
'Will never mortall thoughts cease
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to
And touch celestiall seats with earthl
I would have thought that bold P
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions pai
Or great Prometheus tasting of our
Would have suffix'd the rest for to re
And warn'd all men by their examp
fraine.

XXX

'But now this off-scum of that curs
Dare to renew the like bold enterpris
And chalenge th' heritage of this our
Whom what should hinder, but that
Should handle as the rest of her allies
And thunder-drive to hell?' With shooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which
And all the world beneath for terror
And eft his burning levin-brond in tooke.

XXXI

But when he looked on her lovely f
In which faire beames of beauty did
That could the greatest wrath soone grace,
Such sway doth beauty even in Heav
He staid his hand; and, having cha
He thus againe in milder wise began:
'But ah! if Gods should strive w yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still can.

XXXII

'But thee, faire Titans child, I rath
Through some vaine errour, or ind light,
To see that mortall eyes have never
Or through ensample of thy sisters m
Bellona, whose great glory thou doos
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull p lowe,
Mongst wretched men (dismaide
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to
And sure thy worth no lesse then h seem to showe.

XXXIII

'But wote thou this, thou hardy Ti
That not the worth of any living wig
May challenge ought in Heavens inte
Much lesse the Title of old Titans Ri

onquest, of our soveraine might,
nal doome of Fates decree,
the Empire of the Heavens bright;
ur selves we hold, and to whom
y deeme partakers of our blisse to

XXXIV

se thy idle claime, thou foolish
:;
by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
, from which by folly Titan fell:
ou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
thy gracious Lord and Soveraine.'
said, she thus to him replide:
aturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers
e
es t' allure me to thy side,
ay my Right before I have it tride.

XXXV

, O Jove! no equall Judge I deeme
ert, or of my dewfull Right;
ne owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
highest him, that is behight
Gods and men by equall might,
he God of Nature, I appeale.'
ove wexed wroth, and in his spright
rudge, yet did it well conceale;
Dan Phœbus scribe her Appellation
le.

XXXVI

s the time and place appointed were,
, both heavenly Powers and earthly
hts,
at Natures presence should appeare,
of their Titles and best Rights:
to weet, upon the highest hights
ill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
e highest head (in all mens sights)
d father MOLE, whom Shepheards
ll [skill.
d hath with hymnes fit for a rurall

XXXVII

re it not ill fitting for this file
hilles and woods mongst warres and
ights,
bate the sternenesse of my stile,
hese sterne stounds to mingle soft
ights;
ow Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
old the best and fairest Hill
in all this holy Islands hights)
the most unpleasant and most ill:
ille, *O Clio! lend Calliope thy* quill,

XXXVIII

Whylome when IRELAND florished in fame
Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best,
But none of all there-in more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest
Of woods and forrests which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on ground:

XXXIX

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
Or for to shrowde in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe
Or from high hilles or from the dales belowe,
She chose this Arlo; where she did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and sport.

XL

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that
Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole, [hight
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole, [be:
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee;
Yet, as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

XLI

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
(That on each side her silver channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes she doth drowne.

XLII

In her sweet streames Diana used oft
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)
To bathe her selfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye.
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly [vity.
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in pri-

XLIII

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured, and betrayd
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

XLIV

There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure [better;
With this small boone, to quit her with a
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

XLV

The simple mayd did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Jove a likely pray.

XLVI

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought: A foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight where-as she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and *shooke*
Nigh all to peeces, that they left h
And then into the open light the brought.

XLVIII

Like as an huswife, that with bu
Thinks of her Dairy to make won
Finding where-as some wicked be
That breakes into her Dayr' house draine
Her creaming pannes, and frusti
Hath, in some snare or gin set clo
Entrapped him, and caught into h
Then thinkes what punishment assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in full mind.

XLIX

So did Diana and her maydens a
Use silly Faunus, now within thei
They mocke and scorne him, an miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, s
And by his goatish beard some di
Yet he (poore soule!) with pati beare;
For nought against their wils mig
No ought he said, what ever he di
But, hanging downe his head, did appeare.

L

At length, when they had flouted fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce h
Some would have gelt him; but would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which mu
Others would through the river hi
And ducked deepe; but that seem light:
But most agreed, and did this sent
Him in Deares skin to clad; and in
To hunt him with their hounds, hi how hee might.

LI

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry th
Thought not enough to punish him
And of her shame to make a game
But gan examine him in straighte
Which of her Nymphes, or other cl
Him thither brought, and her to hi
He, much affeard, to her confessed
That 'twas Molanna which her so b
Then all attonce their hands upo laid.

LII

:cording as they had decreed)
res-skin they covered, and then

ir hounds that after him did speed;
re speedy, from them fled more

eere, so sore him dread aghast.
ollow'd all with shrill out-cry,
s they the heavens would have
; [flie,
e woods and dales, where he did
aine, and loud re-eccho to the skie.

LIII

im follow'd till they weary were;
t returning to Molann' againe,
ommaund'ment of Diana, there
r'd with stones. Yet Faunus (for
paine)
ved Fanchin did obtaine,
s would receive unto his bed:
r waves passe through a pleasant
ne,
he Fanchin she her selfe do wed,
combin'd) themselves in one faire
r spred.

LIV

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke
The richest champain that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

LV

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thence-forth she left; and, parting from the place,
There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast around: [Chase
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound: [since have found.
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers

CANTO VII.

Pealing from Jove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large Evidence: but Nature soone
Her righteous Doome areads.

I

ither doost thou now, thou greater
se, [bring,
these woods and pleasing forrests
aile spirit, (that dooth oft refuse
igh flight, unfit for her weake wing)
ft, to tell of heavens King
raine Sire) his fortunate successe;
y in bigger notes to sing
obtain'd against that Titanesse,
of heavens Empire sought to dis-
sesse?

II

I needs must follow thy behest,
ny weaker wit with skill inspire,
s turne; and in my feeble breast
wh sparks of that immortall fire
ned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

III

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

IV

And thither also came all other creatures,
What-ever life or motion do retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features,
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and Plaine;
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

V

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame Nature
With goodly port and gracious Majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For with a veile, that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

VI

That, some do say, was so by skill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

VII

That well may seemen true; for well I weene,
That this same day when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
As those three sacred Saints, though else most wise,
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise [their eyes.
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze

VIII

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall Hill
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion;
But th' Earth herselfe, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up
Did seeme to bow their bloosming h
lowe
For homage unto her, and like a t
showe.

IX

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell.
That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentl
The pure well head of Poesie did dw
In his *Foules parley* durst not with it
But it transferd to Alane, who he th
Had in his *Plaint of kinde* describ'd i
Which who will read set forth so as it
Go seek he out that Alane where he
sought.

X

And all the earth far underneath he
Was dight with flowers that voluntar
Out of the ground, and sent forth odou
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent
That might delight the smell, or please
The which the Nymphes from all th
thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole
That richer seem'd then any tapestry
That Princes bowres adorne with
imagery.

XI

And Mole himselfe, to honour her th
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire a
And his high head, that seemeth alw
With hardned frosts of former winter
He with an Oaken girlond now did ti
As if the love of some new Nymph, l
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh d
And made him change his gray attire t
Ah, gentle Mole! such joyance hath
beseene.

XII

Was never so great joyance since th
That all the gods whylome assemble
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall chea
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis point
Where Phœbus selfe, that god of Poe
They say, did sing the spousall hy
cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with d
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks v
might.

XIII

This great Grandmother of all creatu
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I hav

eame dame Mutability;
lowe before her presence fcld
obaysance and humilitie,
her plaintif Plea with words to
lifie:

XIV

O greatest Goddesse, onely great!
suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Right, which I of thee entreat,
to all dost deale indifferently,
ll Wrong and tortious Injurie,
of thy creatures do to other
g them with power unequally,)
m all thou art the equall mother,
est each to each, as brother unto
ber.

XV

therefore of this same Jove I plaine,
fellow gods that faine to be,
lange to themselves the whole worlds
m,
the greatest part is due to me,
n it selfe by heritage in Fee:
n and earth I both alike do deeme,
n and earth are both alike to thee,
no more then men thou doest esteeme;
he gods to thee, as men to gods, do
me.

XVI

reigh, O soveraigne goddesse! by
st right [rainty,
is do claime the worlds whole sove-
is onely dew unto thy might
to themselves ambitiously:
gods owne principality,
ve usurpes unjustly, that to be
ge Jove's selfe cannot denie,
great Grandsire Titan unto mee
y dew descent; as is well knowen to
e.

XVII

nger Jove, and all his gods beside,
ase the worlds most regiment;
lease it into parts divide,
y parts inholders to convent,
our eyes appeare incontinent.
, the Earth (great mother of us all)
seemes unmov'd and permanent,
Mutabilitie not thrall, [rall:
e chang'd in part, and eeke in gene-

XVIII

that from her springs, and is ybredde,
faire it flourish for a time,
e soone decay; *and, being dead,*
gaine unto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize,
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange dis-
guise: [lesse wise.
So turne they still about, and change in rest-

XIX

'As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts;
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
But eeke their minds (which they immortall
call) [sions fall.
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occa-

XX

'Ne is the water in more constant case,
Whether those same on high, or these belowe;
For th' Ocean moveth still from place to
place,
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse
holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great Hills, and streight like sluces
them unfold.

XXI

'So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abiding in their stedfast plights:
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them
carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places
vary.

XXII

'Next is the Ayre; which who feeles not by
sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre, [leane
Which every howre is chang'd and altred
cleane
With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it
impaire.

And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them
With flames and flashing lights that thousand
changes make.

XXIV

'Last is the fire; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray:
Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
But all that are of others bredd doth slay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without
seede.

XXV

'Thus all these fower (the which the ground-
work bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of Change we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous
slights)
Into themselves, and lose their native mights;
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water
sheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth, approaching
neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI

'So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call,
Of them do claime the rule and soverainty;

XXXII

arching softly, thus in order went;
them the Monthes all riding came.
dy March, with brows full sternly
d strongly, rode upon a Ram, [bent
which over Hellespontus swam;
hand a spade he also hent,
bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
the earth he strowed as he went,
her wombe with fruitfull hope of
urishment.

XXXIII

me fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
on as a Kid whose horne new buds:
ull he rode, the same which led
oting through th' Argolick fluds:
s were gilden all with golden studs,
ished with garlonds goodly dight
fairest flowres and freshest buds
h' earth brings forth; and wet he
em'd in sight [loves delight.
res, through which he waded for his

XXXIV

me faire May, the fayrest mayd on
ound,
with dainties of her seasons pryde,
wing flowres out of her lap around:
o brethrens shoulders she did ride,
nes of Leda; which on eyther side
d her like to their soveraigne Queene:
w all creatures laught when her they
ide
and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
pid selfe about her fluttred all in
eene.

XXXV

er her came jolly June, arrayd
eene leaves, as he a Player were;
s time he wrought as well as playd,
his plough-yrons mote right well
peare.
rab he rode, that him did beare
oked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
kward yode, as Bargemen wont to
re
their force contrary to their face;
t ungracious crew which faines demu-
st grace.

XXXVI

me hot July boyling like to fire,
his garments he had cast away.
Lyon raging yet with ire
y rode, and made him to obay:
e beast that whylome did forray
aean forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
, and with his hide did him array.

Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

XXXVII

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was
found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to
heaven extold.

XXXVIII

Next him September marched, eeke on foote,
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did
stand,
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

XXXIX

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side [tyde.
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready

XL

Next was November; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might
seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late, [steem,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and
And yet the season was full sharp and breem:
In planting eeke he took no small delight.
Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron
hight.

XLI

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Idaean mayd;

An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane Flood.

XLIII

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away: yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

XLIV

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pase,
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight;
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:
But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
The goodly Sun encompast all with beames bright.

XLV

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Jove
And timely Night; the which were all endewed

When these w
nesse:
'Lo! mighty m
Whether in all t
CHANGE doth n
sway:
For who sees not
But Times do ch
So nothing heer
Wherefore this
But to be subjec

Then thus gan
these
And all things
Are chaung'd
dissciae
Of being: But
That Time him
To keepe his co
Which poure th
That moves ther
be?
So them we g
thee.

To whom thus
Which we see
swayd
Ye may attribu
And say, they
But what we s
But were they
Mov'd by you

d, now round, now bright, now browne
l gray;
is changefull as the Moone men use
say.

LI

[ercury; who though he lesse appeare
e his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
s course doth alter every yeare,
late far out of order gone.
eeke, that goodly Paragone,
ire all night, yet is she darke all day:
bus selfe, who lightsome is alone,
oft eclipsed by the way,
the darkned world with terror and
may.

LII

lars, that valiant man, is changed
ost;
metimes so far runnes out of square,
is way doth seem quite to have lost,
ne without his usuall spheere to fare;
n these Star-gazers stonisht are
hereof, and damne their lying bookes:
se grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
e aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes.
turning cranks these have, so many
okes.

LIII

u, Dan Jove, that only constant are,
g of all the rest, as ye doe clame,
ot subject eeke to this misture?
me aske you this withouten blame;
ere ye borne? Some say in Crete by
me,
Thebes, and others other-where;
resoever they comment the same,
consent that ye begotten were
ie here in this world; ne other can
peare.

LIV

re ye mortall borne, and thrall to me
he kingdome of the sky yee make
ll and unchangeable to be:
hat power and vertue which ye spake,
here worke, doth many changes take,
r owne natures change; for each of
u,
tue have or this or that to make,
and changed from his nature trew,
s opposition or obliquid view.

LV

s, the sundry motions of your Spheares,
y wayes and fashions as clerkes faine,
short *space, and some in longer*
ares,
he same but alteration plaine?
Onely the starry skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still
move,
And even itselfe is mov'd, as wizards saine,
But all that moveth doth mutation love;
Therefore both you and them to me I subject
prove.

LVI

'Then, since within this wide great Universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse,
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, (O thou greatest goddesse
trew)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.'

LVII

So having ended, silence long ensewed;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still
viewed.
Meane-while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraine
place:
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in
speeches few.

LVIII

'I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length againe,
Do worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and
raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and do their
states maintaine.

LIX

'Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change
shal see.'
So was the Titanesse put downe and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man
wist.

tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

For all t
But thou
With Hi
O! that
S

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE

SHEPHEARDES CALENDER:

CONTEYNING TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE

TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED

To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chevalrie,

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe, little booke! thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of Noblesse and of chevalree:
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing;
And asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine, saye, did thee sing
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And, when his honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.
But, if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
For-thy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past jeopardee,
Come tell me what was sayd of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POETE,

MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY,

HIE SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FREND E. K. COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS HIS LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POETE.

ez, unkiste, sayde the old famous aucer: whom for his excellencie and ll skil in making, his scholler a worthy scholler of so excellent a calleth the Loadestarre of our e: and whom our Colin Clout in logue calleth Tityrus the God of ls, comparing hym to the worthines Roman Tityrus, Virgile. Which myne owne good friend Ma. Harvey, at good old Poete it served well purpose for the bolstering of his vcage, so very well taketh place in this Poete, who for that he is uncouthe Chaucer) is unkist, and unknown to , is regarded but of few. But I so soone as his name shall come nowledge of men, and his worthines d in the tromp of fame, but that he ot onely kiste, but also beloved of all, of the most, and wondred at of the lesse, I thinke, deserveth his witti- levising, his pithinesse in uttering, his ts of love so lovely, his discourses of o pleasantly, his pastoral rudenesse, ll wisenesse, his dewe observing of everye where, in personages, in n matter, in speach; and generally, emely simplycitie of handeling his and framing his words: the which things which in him be straunge, I l seeme the straungest, the words them ng so auncient, the knitting of them and intricate, and the whole Periode passe of speache so delightsome for the se, and so grave for the straungenesse. de of the wordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent Authors, and most famous Poetes. In whom, whenas this our Poet hath bene much traveiled and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faultes, it specially be objected of Valla against Livie, and of other against Saluste, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravitie and importaunce. For, if my memory faile not, Tullie, in that booke wherein he endevoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme grave, and as it were

reverend, no otherwise then we honour and reverence gray heares, for a certein religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet nether every where must old words be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that, as in old buildings, it seme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that, by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftimes we fynde our selves, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightnesse of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordaunce: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning; for, not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one special prayse of many, whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as have ben long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barrein of both. Which default whenas some endevoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latine; not weighing how il those tongues accorde with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufray, or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some, not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to here an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streightway, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such as in old time Evanders mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge, to be counted straungers and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they understand not, they [illegible] way deeme to be senselesse, and not at [illegible] understode. Much like to the Mole in [illegible] fable, that, being blynd her selfe, would [illegible] wise be perswaded that any beast [illegible] The last, more shameful then both, [illegible] their owne country and natural speach, [illegible] together with their Nources milk they [illegible] they have so base regard and bastard [illegible] ment, that they will not onely themselves [illegible] labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also [illegible] that of other it shold be embellished. [illegible] the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe [illegible] no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry [illegible] that so faine would feede: whose curri[illegible] though it cannot be kept from barking [illegible] conne I them thanke that they refrain [illegible] byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, [illegible] they call the joynts and members [illegible] for al the compasse of the speach, it is [illegible] without roughnesse, and learned without [illegible] nes, such indeede as may be perceived [illegible] leaste, understoode of the moste, but [illegible] onely of the learned. For what in [illegible] English wryters useth to be loose, and [illegible] were ungyrt in this Authour is well grou[illegible] finely framed, and strongly trussed up [illegible] In regard wherof, I scorne and spue [illegible] rakehellye route of our ragged rymers ([illegible] themselves use to hunt the letter) which [illegible] learning boste, without judgement [illegible] without reason rage and fome, as if [illegible] instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly [illegible] them above the meanenesse of common [illegible] And being, in the middest of all theyr [illegible] sodenly, eyther for want of matter, or of [illegible] or having forgotten theyr former conceipt, [illegible] seeme to be so pained and traveiled in [illegible] remembrance, as it were a woman in [illegible] birth, or as that same Pythia, when the [illegible] came upon her: 'Os rabidum fera [illegible] domans, &c.'

Nethelesse, let them a Gods name feed[illegible] theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken [illegible] beames of others glory. As for Colin, [illegible] whose person the Authour selfe is shadow[illegible] how furre he is from such vaunted titles [illegible] glorious showes, both him selfe sheweth, [illegible] he sayth,

'Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.

And

'Enough is me to paint out my unrest, [illegible]

And also appeareth by the basenesse of [illegible] name, wherein it semeth he chose rather [illegible] fold great matter of argument covertly [illegible]

suffice thereto accordingly, im rather in Æglogues then e, doubting perhaps his habi- ittle needed, or mynding to ue with this kinde, wherein it owing the example of the best nt Poetes, which devised this g, being both so base for the ely for the manner, at the first bilities; and as young birdes, crept out of the nest, by little eyr tender wyngs, before they flyght. So flew Theocritus, as ve he was all ready full fledged. le, as not yet well feeling his w Mantuane, as not being full etrarque. So Boccace. So varus, and also divers other Italian and French Poetes, his Author every where follow- few, but they be wel sented, can

So finally flyeth this our new rde whose principals be scarce t yet as one that in time shall be wing with the best.

mching the generall dryft and s Æglogues, I mind not to say e labouring to conceale it. Onely , that his unstayed yougth had f in the common Labyrinth of h time to mitigate and allay the passion, or els to warne (as he oung shepheards, s. his equalls ons, of his unfortunate folly, he e xij Æglogues, which, for that rtioned to the state of the xij ermeth the Shepheards Calendar, *lde name to a new worke. Here- added a certain Glosse, or scho- xposition of old wordes, and es; which maner of glosing and well I wote, wil seeme straunge ur tongue: yet, for so much as I xcellent and proper devises, both nd matter, would passe in the e of reading, either as unknowen, rked, and that in this kind, as in ght be equal to the learned of , I thought good to take the paines e rather for that by meanes of r acquaintaunce I was made privie ll and secret meaning in them, as y other works of his, which albeit thing so much hateth as to promul- much have I adventured upon his m selfe being for long time furre hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth divers other excellent works of his, which slepe in silence; as his* Dreames, *his* Legendes, *his* Court of Cupide, *and sondry others, whose commendations to set out were verye vaine, the thinges though worthy of many, yet being knowen to few. These my present paynes, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own good maister Harvey, to whom I have, both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwyse upon some particular and special considerations, voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our common frends Poetrie; himselfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, Sir, yf Envie shall stur up any wrongful accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know wil be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his most special good frend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singuler account of two so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farwel, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuicion of the Greatest.*

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded,

E. K.

Post scr.

NOW I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for envie of so many unworthy Quidams, which catch at the garlond which to you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse those so many excellent English poemes of yours which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne; and also your selfe, in smoothering your deserved prayses; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they have already doen of your Latine Poemes, which, in my opinion, both for invention and Elocution are very delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good Mayster Harvey: from my lodging at London thys 10. *of Aprill*, 1579.

THE GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of Æglogues, having alreadie touched the same. But, for the word Æglogues, I know, is unknowen to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think,) I wyll say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Æglogai*, as it were αἰγῶν, or αἰγονόμων λόγοι, that is, Gotehеards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more Shepheards then Goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and welspring, the whole Invencion of these Æglogues, maketh Gotehеards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleeve that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessarie matter: which definition albe in substaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the ἀνάλυσις and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*; which sen'ence this authour very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede few Gotehеards have to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal them by the used and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These xij Æglogues, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monthes, may be well devided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or Recreative, such as al those be, which containe matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or Moral, which for the most part *be mixed with some* Satyrical bitternesse; *namely, the second,* of reverence dewe to old age; the fift, of coloured deceipt; t and ninth, of dissolute shepheard tours; the tenth, of contempt of P pleasaunt wits. And to this div every thing herein be reasonably few onely except, whose speciall p meaning I am not privie to. much generally of these xij Æglog will we speake particularly of all, the first, which he calleth by the firs name, Januarie: wherein to som seeme fowly to have faulted, in tha ously beginneth with that mon beginneth not the yeare. For it is and stoutely mainteyned with stron of the learned, that the yeare be March; for then the sonne ren finished course, and the seasonable fresheth the earth, and the plesau being buried in the sadnesse of the ter now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maynteine the olde and Philosophers, namely, the rev dalo, and Macrobius in his holyd turne; which accoumpt also was observed both of Grecians and Rom saving the leave of such learned maynteine a custome of coumptin sons from the moneth January, u speciall cause then the heathen Pl ever coulde conceive, that is, for t tion of our mighty Saviour, a redeemer the L. Christ, who, as the the state of the decayed world, and the compasse of expired yeres to th date and first commencement, lef heires a memoriall of his birth in the last yeere and beginning of Which reckoning, beside that eter ment of our salvation, leaneth a good proofe of special judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, w the coumpt of the yere was not p afterwarde it was by Julius Cæs

nonethes from Marches begin-
rding to the same God (as is
ure) comaunded the people of
count the moneth Abib, that
March, for the first moneth, in
that in that moneth he brought
e land of Ægipt: yet, accord-
ion of latter times, it hath
e obserued, both in govern-
Church and rule of Mightiest
r from Julius Cæsar who first
leape yeere, which he called
, and brought into a more
the odde wandring dayes which
s were called ὑπερβαίνοντες, of
intercalares, (for in such matter
am forced to use the termes of
he monethes have bene nombred
the first ordinaunce of Romulus
e, counting but cciiij dayes in
and beginning with March.
ompilius, who was the father of
i ceremonies and religion, seeing
ng to agree neither with the
sonne nor of the moone, there-
vo monethes, January and Feb-
n it seemeth, that wise king
good reason, to begin the yeare
at Januarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam Janua anni*, the gate and entraunce of the yere; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued: Notwithstanding that the Ægiptians beginne theyr yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbins and very purpose of the Scripture itselfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone part, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin with Januarie; wening it perhaps no decorum that Shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this fyrst Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the to the frosen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke. And, lastlye, fyndinge himself former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to

COLIN CLOUTE.

A SHEPEHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call,)
When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

'Ye Gods of love, that pitie lovers payne,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie:
And, Pan, thou shepheards God that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

'Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight;
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst *late.*

'Such rage as winters reigneth in
My life-bloud freesing with unkin
Such stormy stoures do breede
smart,
As if my yeare were wast and w
And yet, alas! but now my sp
And yet, alas! yt is already d

'You naked trees, whose shady l
Wherein the byrds were wont t
bowre,
And now are clothd with mos
Instede of bloosmes wherewith y
flowre;
I see your teares that from you
Whose drops in drery ysicles

'All so my lustfull leafe is dryc
My timely buds with wayling al
The blossome which my braunch
beare
With breathed sighes is blowr
And from mine eyes the drizli
scend,
As on your boughes the ysicle

'Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece
rent,
Whose knees are weake through
Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill g
Thy maysters mind is overcome
Thou weake, I wanne; thou l
forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you
mourne.

ithes I curse that carefull hower
gd the neighbour towne to see,
ne thousand sithes I blesse the

we so fayre a sight as shee:
naught: such sight hath bred
ne. [and payne!
hat love should breede both joy

bbinol wherefore I plaine,
e he seeke with dayly suit;
gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
is cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Hobbinol! thy gyfts bene vayne;
gives to Rosalind againe.

lasse, (alas! why doe I love?)
rne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
not my good will, but doth re-

rall musicke holdeth scorne.

Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

'Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would:
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou should;
Both pype and Muse shall sore the while abye.'
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe
His weary waine; and nowe the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:
Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Anchôra speme.

GLOSSE.

is a name not greatly used, and yet
Poesie of M. Skeltons under that
sede the word Colin is Frenche, and
nch Poete Marot (if he be worthy
f a Poete) in a certein Æglogue.
ame this Poete secretly shadoweth
metimes did Virgil under the name
inking it much fitter then such
for the great unlikelyhoode of the

rcely.
neth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to
ave skill. As well interpreteth the
thy Sir Tho. Smith, in his booke of
wherof I have a perfect copie in
me by his kinseman, and my verye
freend, M. Gabriel Harvey: as also
his most grave and excellent wryt-

ural, the next towne: expressing the

ed.
gyfts, imitateth Virgils verse.
Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.'
a fained country name, whereby, it
ame and usuall, seemeth to be hidden
some his very speciall and most
d, whom he entirely and extraordin-
as persadventure shall be more large-
reafter. In thys place seemeth to be
d *disorderly love, which the learned*
; but it is gathered beside his mean-

ing. For who that hathred Plato his dialogue called *Alcybiades*, Xenophon, and Maximus Tyrius, of Socrates opinions, may easily perceive, that such love is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates used it: who sayth, that indeede he loved Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is *pæderastice* much to be præferred before *gynerastice*, that is, the love whiche enflameth men with lust toward womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian, or his develish disciple Unico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and unlawful fleshlinesse. Whose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I love, a prety Epanorthosis in these two verses; and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth *I love thilke lasse alas*, &c.

Rosalinde, is also a feigned name, which, being wel ordered, wil bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ovide shadoweth hys love under the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Julia, themperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella every where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is wel knowen that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cœlia, in her letters envelopeth her selfe under the name of Zima: and Petrona under the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeicting the names of secret Personages.

Avail, bring downe.

Overhaile, drawe over.

This Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot, and unlustinesse is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy Heardm with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and in this time of yeare, so then in our ladies, there is a dry cruddled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeaten flesh with storr To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, mor

CUDDIE. TH

Cuddie.

AH for pittie! wil rancke Winters rage
These bitter blasts never ginne tasswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde:
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tayles,
Perke as a Peacock; but now it avales.

Thenot.

Lewdly complainest thou, laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course,
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much joy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently take that unwontly same

The sov
That, on
So loytri
Keeping
And, wh
You deen
Tho gyn
sc
And, cro
You thin
But eft, v
Comes th
Full of w
Drerily s
Which cr
Then is y
Your care
Then pay
With wee

Ah, fooli
That wou
I deeme t

one shepeheards would make full faine;
one would make thee younge againe.

Thenot.

rt a fon of thy love to boste;
is lent to love wyll be lost.

Cuddie.

owe brag yond Bullocke beares,
ke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
nes bene as broade as Rainebowe bent,
welap as lythe as lasse of Kent:
ve he venteth into the wynd;
t of love is not his mynd?
h thy flocke thy counsell can,
lesse bene they, so weake, so wan;
with cold, and hoary wyth frost,
cks father his corage hath lost.
wes, that wont to have blowen bags,
ilefull widdowes hangen their crags;
her Lambes bene starved with cold,
their Maister is lustlesse and old.

Thenot.

, I wote thou kenst little good,
ly tadvaunce thy headlesse hood;
ugth is a bubble blown up with breath,
witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
way is wildernesse, whose ynne Pe-
vaunce.
ope-gallaunt Age, the hoste of Gree-
ll I tel thee a tale of truth, [vaunce.
l cond of Tityrus in my youth.
g his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

Cuddie.

ight more, Thenot, my mind is bent
heare novells of his devise;
ene so well-thewed, and so wise,
ver that good old man bespake.

Thenot.

meete tales of youth did he make,
ne of love, and some of chevalrie;
ne fitter then this to applie.
ten a while and hearken the end.
grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
ly Oake sometime had it bene,
rmes full strong and largely displayd,
their leaves they were disarayde:
lie bigge, and mightely pight,
hly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
ne had bene the King of the field,
schell mast to the husband did yielde,
th his nuts larded many swine:
the gray mosse marred his rine;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament:
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde;
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
'Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke? [stocke;
Nor for fruict nor for shadowe serves thy
Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white and Cremsin redde,
With Leaves engrained in lusty greene;
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene?
Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd:
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon smell too much annoieth:
Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
So spake this bold brere with great disdaine:
Little him aunswered the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was overcrawed.
Yt chaunced after upon a day,
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to survewe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd:
Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
Causelesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife.
'O, my liege Lord! the God of my life!
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure;
And, but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.'
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede
(As most usen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
'Ah, my soveraigne! Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land;
With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?

How falls it then that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the swete sounes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from woundes wyde;
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coronall:
And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight;
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where-with my fresh flowrets bene defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlihead to asswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right;
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greevance.'
To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate:
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth!)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee;
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine:
Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare;
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy-water dewe:
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserye:
For nought mought they quitten him fro
decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
In fine, the steele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground
quake,
Thearth shronke under him, and seemed
shake:—
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none!
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasance:
But all this glee had no continuaunce:
For eftsones Winter gan to approche;
The blustering Boreas did encroche,
And beate upon the solitarie Brere;
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late;
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe upright he can stand no more;
And, being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was theend of this Ambitious brere,
For scorning Eld—

Cuddie.

Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not forth
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe have I listened to thy speche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche:
My hart-blood is wel nigh frome, I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted:
Hye thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh
wasted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

Iddio, perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene, sharpe.
Gride, perced: an olde word much used of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.
Rauns, young bullockes.
Wracke, ruine or Violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not *wreake*, that is vengeaunce or wrath.
Foeman, a foe.
Thenot, the name of a shepheard in Marot's Æglogues.

e of Seax, is Neptune the God of the
ng is borowed of Minus Publianus,
s proverb in a verse.

ptunum accusat, qui iterum naufra-
it.'

, Chaucers verse almost whole.
He compareth carelesse sluggardes,
men, to flyes that, so soone as the
or yt waxeth anything warme, begin
, when sodeinly they be overtaken

a verye excellent and lively descrip-
, so as may bee indifferently taken,
Age, or for Winter season.
bitter.
apt, or wrinckled.
ked downe and daunted.
ryde.
e.

ing.
el.
ip.
name of some mayde unknowen,
whose person is secrete, loved. The
in Theocritus, Virgile, and Man-

e or wast-band.
e.
nd gentle.
eth in the wind.
ther, the Ramme.
s.
, that he ewed early in the begin-
are.
erye moral and pitthy Allegorie of
lustes thereof, compared to a wearie
n.
uppose he meanes Chaucer, whose
eaunt tales cannot dye, so long as
f hys name shal live, and the name
endure.
that is, *Bene morate*, full of morall

This tale of the Oake and the Brere,
arned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in
nd rather like to Æsopes fables. It
is very excellente for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.

Embellisht, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, checke.

Why standst, The speach is scorneful and very presumptuous.

Engrained, dyed in grain.

Accloieth, encombreth.

Adawed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees, fitte for timber wood.

Sterne strife, said Chaucer, s. fell and sturdy.

O my liege, a maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall, Garlande.

Flourets, yong blossomes.

The Primrose, the chiefe and worthiest.

Naked armes, metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaves. This colourably he speaketh, as adjudging hym to the fyre.

The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they say) κατ' εικασμον.

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaves.

Hent, caught.

Nould, for would not.

Ay, evermore.

Wounds, gashes.

Enaunter, least that.

The priests crewe, holy water pott, wherewith the popishe priest used to sprinckle and hallowe the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse was in those times, which the Poete supposeth to have bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned, a livelye figure, which giveth sence and feeling to unsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: 'Saxa gemunt gravido,' &c.

Boreas, The Northerne wynd, that bringeth the moste stormie weather.

Glee, chere and jollitie.

For scorning Eld, And minding (as shoulde seme) to have made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddie, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage, A startuppe or clownish shoe.

EMBLEME.

ne is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of
: namelye, that God, which is him-
d, being before al ages, and without
aketh those, whom he loveth, like to
aping yeares unto theyre dayes, and
wyth longe lyfe. For the blessing
given to all, but unto those whome
lesse. And albeit that many evil
unto such fulnesse of yeares, and
e old in myserie and thraldome, yet
ot age ever the lesse blessing. For
till men such number of yeares is
ey may in their last dayes repent, and
first home: So the old man checketh
ed boy for despysing his gray and

lye doth counterbuff with abyting and bitter proverbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally: for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares have no feare of God at al, or not so much as younger folke; for that being rypened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeaunce, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of God, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wisedome armed against all mischaunces and adversitie, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke unto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that, oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimmes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so turre from fearing him, that

he would handsel[y] give and consecrate [illegible] unto sweetheart in token of [illegible]. Although it please Spenser, a great clerke and good old father, more lightly and homelyer to counterfet it, in the Aeglogs, for the vere likelihode. That [illegible] proverbe, Every wight loveth his like, that all men have an liking of God, and [illegible] to turne from superstition and [illegible] regard of their Gods, as a Jupiter, [illegible] to speake [illegible] gentlemanly, [illegible] gotten to be gathered, that this time, an [illegible] enclined to such [illegible], that [illegible] Poetes.

MARCH.

AEGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT.

In this Aeglogue two Shepheards boyes, taking occasion of the season, begynne to make purpose of love, and other pleasaunce which is spring time is most agreeable. The special occasion hereof is, to give understand that Colinet hadde to lover Cupide, the Poete God of Love. But more particularlye, I thinke, in person of Thomalin is ment some worlde friend, who entered Love and his liverie all to late, and was wilfe and entangled, and unaware wrapped with the fleeve of some beautyfull regarde, which is Cupid's arrest.

Willye. Thomalin.

Wil. Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren overwrought with woe,
Upon so fayre a morrow?
The joyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall aweye this lowring blast,
And slake the stormy sorrowe.
Tho. Sicker, Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant eyring approacheth:
The grasse nowe gynnes to be refreshe,
The swallow peeped out of her nest,
And chereth Welkin chearefully.
Wil. Seest not thilke same Hawthorne stadde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And utter his tender head?
Flora wexeth forth ech flower,
And bids make readie Maias bowre,
That newe is upryst from bedde:
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to weve light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce;
Tho will we little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.
Tho. Willye, I wene thou bee assot;
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.
Wil. How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke,
Or made previe to the same?
Tho. No: but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe:
And, were not that my sheepe would stray,
The previe marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.
Wil. Thomalin, have no care for-thy;
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For right home I have a spye,
A sleepheme eke, as whelpe as fyne,
That dayly adayes counts mine.
Tho. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to everve,
And fall into some mischiefe:
For sithens is but the third morowe
That I chaunced to fall asleepe with sorowe
And waked agayne with griefe;
The while thilke same unhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a delf,
And there unjointed both her bones:
Mought her necke bene jeynted attonce,
She shoulde have needs no more spell:
Theif was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good,)
She mought ne gang on the greene.
Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seene.
Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han leave to play
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within an Yvie todde,
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling:
Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earud it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.

at sprong forth a naked swayne
potted winges, like Peacocks trayne,
laughing lope to a tree;
den quiver at his backe,
ver bowe, which was but slacke,
h lightly he bent at me:
eing, I levelde againe
ott at him with might and maine,
nicke as it had hayled.
I shott, that al was spent;
mie stones I hastly hent
threwe: but nought availed:
so wimble and so wight,
ough to bough he lepped light,
oft the pumies latched.
ith affrayd, I ranne away;
that earst seemd but to playe,
aft in earnest snatched,
me running in the heele:
n I little smart did feele,

But soone it sore encreased;
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.
Wil. Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
Perdie with Love thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token;
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he wil be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set
That in our Peere-tree haunted:
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had,
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phebus steepes his face:
Yts time to hast us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

To be wise, and eke to love,
Is graunted scarce to Gods above.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is store;
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

GLOSSE.

Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble
ne of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise
the old man, that he had shot at a winged
a tree, was by hym warned to beware of
fe to come.
went, overgone.
e, to lessen or asswage.
ell, to abate.
ie, the skie.
allow, which bird useth to be counted the
ger, and as it were, the forerunner, of

, the Goddesse of flowres, but indede (as
acitus) a famous harlot, which, with the
of her body having gotten great riches,
he people of Rome her heyre: who, in re-
unce of so great beneficence, appointed a
feste for the memoriall of her, calling her,
she was, nor as some doe think, *Andronica*,
ra; making her the Goddesse of floures, and
erely to her solemne sacrifice.
bower, that is, the pleasaunt field, or ra-
e Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddesse, and
ther of Mercurie, in honour of whome the
of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth
ius.
, the name of some country lasse.
nce. askewe, or asquint.
y, therefore.
is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the
forgetfulnes. For *Lethe* signifieth forget-
fulnes. Wherein the soules being dipped did for
the cares of their former lyfe. So that by l
sleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he was alm
forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason
winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it w
sleepe and weare oute of minde.
Assotte, to dote.
His slomber, To breake Loves slomber is to e
cise the delightes of Love, and wanton pleasu
Winges of purple, so is he feyned of the Poet
For als, he imitateth Virgils verse.

'Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta
verca, &c.'

A dell, a hole in the ground.
Spell, is a kinde of verse or charme, that in e
tymes they used often to say over every thing t
they would have preserved, as the Nightspel
theeves, and the woodspell. And herehence
thinke, is named the gospel, as it were Gods s
or worde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth L
ings to my spell.
Gang, goe.
An Yeie todde, a thicke bush.
Swaine, a boye: For so is he described of
Poetes to be a boye, s. alwayes freshe and lus
blindfolded, because he maketh no differenc
personages: wyth divers coloured winges, s. fu
flying fancies: with bowe and arrow, that is, v
glaunce of beautye, which pryeketh as a for
arrowe. He is sayd also to have bene, some les

in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles, being newely borne, and, holding him by the heele, dipped him in the River of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al over, save onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therfore by Paris was feyned wounded by Lo

Latched, caug

Wroken, reve

For once: In t of shepheards o

Shoping Pla setting.

EMBLEME.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Love, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follye mixt with bitternesse, and sorow sawced with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Love it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many wayes, with unrestfulnesse all night, and wearines all day, seeking for that we cannot have, and fynding that we would not have: even the selfe th in course of th whiche also the lyking and form some, and bresl flowre is withere wits aunswere n full pleasaunce.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA. ARGUMEN

THIS Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our mo zabeth. The speakers hereinbe Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheard mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, c misadventure in Love; whereby his mynd was alienate and withdraw loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sa of her Majestie, whom abruptely he termeth Elysa.

THENOT. HOBBINO

The. TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete? [ytorne?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?

Nowe loves a las
He, plongd in teare.

Shepheards del

in thou kenst, the Southerne shep-
rdes boye; [darte:
ove hath wounded with a deadly
on him was all my care and joye,
with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

rom me hys madding mynd is starte,
oes the Widdowes daughter of the
ane;
ayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

t if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
hee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
s our flockes do graze about in sight,
close shrowded in thys shade alone.

atented I: then, will I singe his laye
Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all,
ce he made as by a spring he laye,
ied it unto the Waters fall.

tye Nymphs, that in this blessed
he your brest, [brooke
our watry bowres, and hether looke,
request:
ou Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
loweth Helicon, the learned well,
ne to blaze
rthy praise,
her sexe doth all excell.

Elisa be your silver song,
essed wight,
e of Virgins: may shee florish long
cely plight!
is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
m, the shepheards God, of her begot:
ng her grace
renly race,
ll blemishe may her blotte.

ere she sits upon the grassie greene,
nely sight!)
Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
mines white:
head a Cremosin coronet,
maske roses and Daffadillies set:
aves betweene,
imroses greene,
h the sweete Violet.

, have ye seene her angelick face,
hœbe fayre?
enly haveour, her princely grace,
u well compare?
le rose medled with the White yfere,
cheeke depeincten lively chere:
odest eye,
ajestie,
ave you seene the like but there?

'I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze: [spredde,
But, when he sawe how broade her beames did
It did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

'Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,
And be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O, how art thou dasht!
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede:
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

'Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a Bellibone;
And Syrinx rejoyse that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

'I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines;
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violines. [beare,
Bene they not Bay braunches which they do,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

'Lo! how finely the Graces can it foote
To the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce
even?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven:
She shal be a Grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

'And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

'Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures:
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

O quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBINOLS EMBLEME.

O dea certe!

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete, causeth thee weepe and complain.

Forlorne, left and forsaken.

Attempred to the yeare, agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through dryneese of March wyndes.

The Ladde, Colin Clout.

The Lasse, Rosalinda.

Tressed locks, wrethed and curled.

Is he for a ladde? a straunge manner of speaking, s. what maner of Ladde is he?

To make, to rime and versifye. For in this word, ***making***, our olde Englishe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke woorde ποιειν, to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth hereby that

owne
Ah, foolis
Great pittie
For naugl

Hob. Sicke
That love
But let us h
And twin
chase

binol be grov
to immortalit
Specially dese
the most exce
or Lauretta
Himera the v
upon whom he
in regard of h
against the be
sumptuous an
vengeaunce of
have lost both

Frenne, a st
first poetically
custome of ap

Dight, adorn

Laye, a song

pecially florished the honor of all ex-
ities.
s both the name of a fountaine at the
rmassus, and also of a mountaine in Bœo-
which floweth the famous spring Casta-
ite also to the Muses: of which spring it
t, when Pegasus the winged horse of Per-
sby is meant fame and flying renowme)
e grownde with his hoofe, sodenly there-
e a wel of moste cleare and pleasannte
ich fro thenceforth was consecrate to
and Ladies of learning.
er song, seemeth to imitate the like in
ἀργύριον μέλος.
is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie,
n Pan being in love pursued, she, flying
of the Gods was turned into a reede.
n catching at the Reedes, in stede of the
and puffing hard, (for he was almost
d,) with hys breath made the Reedes to
ich he seeing, tooke of them, and, in re-
ce of his lost love, made him a pype
but here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee
that the shepheardе simplye meante
tical Gods: but rather supposing (as
her graces progenie to be divine and im-
o as the Paynims were wont to judge
ges and Princes, according to Homeres

ὃς δὲ μέγας ἐστι διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
ὃν ἐκ Διός ἐστι, φιλεῖ δὲ ἑ μητίετα Ζεύς,')

se no parents in his judgement so worthy
Pan the shepheards God, and his best
yrinx. So that by Pan is here meant
famous and victorious king, her high-
her, late of worthy memorye, K. Henry
And by that name, oftymes (as here-
areth) be noted kings and mighty Po-
And in some place Christ himselfe, who
e Pan and god of Shepheardes.
a coronet, he deviseth her crowne to be
est and most delicate flowers, instede of
d precious stones, wherewith Princes
use to bee adorned and embost.
th, beautifye and set out.
he Moone, whom the Poets faine to be
o Phœbus, that is, the Sunne.
mingled.
ogether. By the mingling of the Redde
the White is meant the uniting of the
ipall houses of Lancaster and Yorke: by
ge discord and deadly debate this realm
ns was sore travelled, and almost cleane
Til the famous Henry the seventh, of
f Lancaster, taking to wife the most ver-
ncesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth
f the house of Yorke, begat the most
ary the eyght aforesayde, in whom was
nion of the Whyte rose and the Redde.
, one of the nine Muses: to whome they
e honor of all Poeticall Invention, and
glorye of the Heroical verse. Other say,
is the Goddesse of Rethorick; but by
is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng.
, in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be
to Polymnia, saying,

'Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.'

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and elocution, both special partes of Rethorick: besyde that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part: but I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia, of her good singing.

Bay branches, be the signe of honor and victory, and therfore of mighty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets,

'Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
'Honor d' Imperadori et di Poeti,' &c.

The Graces be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne; and Homer onely added a fourth, s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is, thankes: whom the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of all bountie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely; then to receive benefits at other mens hands curteously; and thirdly, to requite them thankfully; which are three sundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Julius Cæsar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us, noting double thanke to be due to us for the benefit we have done.

Deffly, finelye and nimbly.
Soote, sweete.
Meriment, mirth.
Bevie, a beavie of ladyes, is spoken figuratively for a company, or troupe: the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Bevie of Larkes, even as a Covey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.
Ladyes of the lake be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongste the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soveraigne. Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers, and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great, and such like, who tell many an unlawfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke, signifieth Well water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bryde.
Behight, called or named.
Cloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse; of whome is sayd, that Zephyrus, the Westerne wind, being in love with her, and coveting her to wyfe, gave her for a dowrie the chiefedome and soveraigntye of al flowres, and greene herbes, growing on earth.
Olives bene, The Olive was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace; or els for that the Olive tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and used most for speares, and other instruments of warre. Whereuppon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace caused a horse to come

forth, that importeth warre, but at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your, spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitye.

Bring, all these be names of flowers. *Sops in wine*, a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. *Flowre delice*, that which they use to misterme flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos delitiarum*.

A Bellibone, or a bonibell, homely spoken for a fayre mayde, or Bonilasse.

Forwonck, and forswatt, overlaboured and sunneburnt.

I saw Phœbus, the sunne. A sensible narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call ὑποφορία.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cynthus* a hyll, where she was honoured.

Latonaes sonde, Was Apollo and Diana when as Niobe the Wife of Amphion respect of the noble fruict of her wom her seven sonnes, and so many daughte being therewith displeased, commaunde Phœbus to slenjal the sonnes, and Di daughters: whereat the unfortunate sore dismayed, and lamenting out of m feigned of the Poetes to be turned hi upon the sepulchre of her children: cause the shepheard sayth, he will n her to them, for feare of like misfortu

Now rise, is the conclusion. For decked her with prayses and compari turneth all the thanck of hys laboure t lencie of her Majestie.

When Damsins, A base reward of giver.

Ybent, Y is a poeticall addition; &c

EMBLEME.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him used in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most divinely set forth. To which similitude of divinitie Hobbinoll, comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being, through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, overcome with the hugenesse of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwise unhable, then silence, to expresse the worthinesse of Whom Thenot answereth with another like verse, as confirming by his grau provaunce, that Elisa is no whit infer Majestie of her, of whome that Poe pronounced *O dea certe*.

MAYE.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue, under the persons of two shepheards, Piers and Palinodie, be represented of pastoures or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom having shewed, that it is da maintaine any felowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feyned good will, h a tale of the foxe, that, by such a counterpoynt of craftines, deceived and devoured the credu

PALINODE.

Palinode. Is not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it, then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liveryes bene all to sadde
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods buds.
With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming
Yougthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May bus-kets and smelling brere:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sitten as drowned in a dreme.

Piers. For Younkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PIERS.

Pal. Sicker this morrowe, no leng
I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outg
With singing, and shouting, and jol
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne-pype play
Whereto they dauncen, eche one
To see those folkes make such jovys
Made my heart after the pype to da
Tho to the greene Wood they speede
To fetchen home May with their mu
And home they bringen in a royall
Crowned as king: and his Queene a
Was Lady Flora, on whom did atte
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fres
Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybus
Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on thinke
How great sport they gaynen w

, so farre am I from envie,
neese inly I pitie:
little regarden their charge,
ing their sheepe runne at large,
ie, that should be sparely spent,
d wanton meryment. [stedde,
ne shepeheardes for the Devils
ile their flockes be unfedde:
theyr sheepe bene not their

n runne at randon alone:
hyred for little pay
aren as little as they
flocke, so they han the fleece,
gayne, paying but a peece.
ecount both these will make;
hire which he doth take,
leaving his Lords taske, [aske.
n account of shepeherdes shall
now I see thou speakest of

kest somedele their delight.
rather be envied,
y foe, then fonly pitied:
le were, pitied would be,
ier should scorne at me:
lishappe that nas remedie,
ie dedes of fond foolerie.
shepheards other things tend,
God his good does them send,
te thereof, that is pleasure,
here liven at ease and leasure?
bene dead, their good is ygoe,
rest, well as other moe:
wends what they spent in cost,
left behind them is lost.
, but if it be spend;
d for none other end.
Palinodie, thou art a worldes

itch, mought needes be defilde;
(as Algrind used to say)
e ylike as men of the laye.
its to care for their heire,
heritage doe impaire. [aunce,
ovide for meanes of mainten-
e their wont countenaunce:
must walke another way,
ovenance he must forsay.
is loines why should he regard
ed with that he hath spard?
like God, that gave him that

child, if in his waves he stood?
re in leudnes and lust,
l the welth and the trust,
left by inheritaunce;
e wasted with misgovernaunce;
But through this, and other their miscreaunce
They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,
Heaping up waves of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them overflowe
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Evil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath bene beforne)
When shepeheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce,
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe;
For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them served for their mayntenaunce.
The shepheards God so wel them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces them to araye:
But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
That, not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
Lovers of Lordship, and troublers of states.
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho, under colour of shepeheards, somewhile
There crept in Wolves, ful of fraude, and guile,
That often devoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards that did hem keepe:
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe,
That now nill be quitt with baile nor borrowe.
Pal. Three thinges to beare bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare is outragious:
Wemen, that of Loves longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but have it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a thristie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heavens height.

Thou findest faulte where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke upon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on, right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes live, if not so?
What! should they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay, say I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I nill live in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on,
For he will come, without calling, anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie;
For, when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres;
And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepheardes so witen each others life,
And layen her faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.
Piers. Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make [sake:
With shepheard that does the right way for-
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had lever my foe then my freend he be;
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde,
Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kidde.
Pal. Now, Piers, of felowship, tell us that saying: [straying,
For the Ladde can keepe both our flockes from
Piers. Thilke same Kidde (as I can well
Was too very foolish and unwise; [devise)
For on a tyme, in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroade unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good:
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as kidde mought be.
His Vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.
'My Sonne,' (quoth she and with that gan weepe,
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
'God blesse thee, poore Orphane! as he mought me,
And send thee joy of thy jollitee.
Thy father,' (that word she spake with payne,
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
'Thy father, had he lived this day
To see the braunche of his body d
How would he have joyed at this s
But ah! false Fortune such joy did
And cutte of hys dayes with unti
Betraying him into the traines of
Now I, a wayfull widdowe behig
Of my old age have this one delig
To see thee succeede in thy father
And florish in flowres of lusty-he
For even so thy father his head u
And so his hauty hornes did he w
Tho marking him with melting
A thrilling throbbe from her hart
And interrupted all her other spe
With some old sorowe that m
breache:
Seemed shee sawe in the younglin
The old lineaments of his fathers
At last her solein silence she brok
And gan his newe-budded beard t
'Kiddie, (quoth shee) thou ken
care
I have of thy health and thy wel
Which many wyld beastes ligge
For to entrap in thy tender state
But most the Foxe, maister of co
For he has voued thy last confus
For-thy, my Kiddie, be ruld by m
And never give trust to his trech
And, if he chaunce come when I
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fr
Ne for all his worst, nor for his b
Open the dore at his request.'
So schooled the Gate her wante
That answerd his mother, all shou
Tho went the pensife Damme out
And chaunst to stomble at the thr
Her stombling steppe some what
(For such, as signes of ill luck
praised;)
Yet forth shee yode, thereat halfe
And Kiddie the dore sperred after
It was not long, after shee was go
But the false Foxe came to the do
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be
But all as a poore pedler he did w
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys
As bells, and babes, and glasses, i
A Biggen he had got about his br
For in his headpeace he felt a sor
His hinder heele was wrapt in a c
For with great cold he had gotte
There at the dore he cast me dow
And layd him downe, and groa
Alack!
Ah, deare Lord! and sweete Saint
That some good body would cure

Kiddie al this sore constraint,
know the cause of his complaint:
close behind the Wickets clink,
eeped out through a chinck,
revilie but the Foxe him spyed;
l meaning is double eyed.
young maister!' (then gan he

that sweete face I espye,
our corpse from the carefull stounds
carrion carcas abounds.'
, pittying hys heavinesse,
ause of his great distresse,
o, and whence that he were?
at had well ycond his lere,
l his talke with many a teare:
, alas! and little lack of dead,
leved by your beastlyhead.
sheepe, albe my coloure donne,
g traveile I am brent in the sonne:
my Grandsire me sayd be true,
very sybbe to you:
oodlihead doe not disdayne
ured of so simple swaine.
nd favour, then, I you pray
yd to fore-stall my neere decay.'
f his packe a glasse he tooke,
ile Kiddie unwares did looke,
namored with the newell,
t he deemed deare for the jewell:
he the dore, and in came
xe, as he were starke lame:
clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
ld be descried by his trayne.
hin, the Kidde made him good glee,
ove of the glasse he did see.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesinges of this and that,
And how he could shewe many a fine knack:
Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kidde to fynd:
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast. [hyde,
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde; but he nould answere at all:
Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie: [be
And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.
Pal. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For our Sir John, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday;
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But, and if foxes bene so crafty as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.
Piers, Of their falshode more could I recount,
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount;
And, for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for us home to hye.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

Πᾶς μεν ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.

PIERS HIS EMBLEME.

Τίς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστῳ;

GLOSSE.

same moneth. It is applyed to the
e moneth, when all menne delight
ith pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens,
s.
xeries, gray coates.
ayed, Y redoundeth, as before.
here, a straunge, yet proper kind of

diminutive, s. little bushes of han-

rch.
ase.
ultitude, taken of fishe, whereof some,

going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.
Yode, went.
Jovyssaunce, Joye.
Swinck, labour.
Inly, entirely.
Faytours, vagabonds.
Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate, and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (methinkes) applyed to him; for Pan signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Jesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Euse-

bius, in his fifte booke *De Preparat. Evang.*, who thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of Oracles: and of Lavetere translated, in his booke of walking sprightes; who sayth, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemtion of man, certein passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alowde Thamus, Thamus! (now Thamus was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pilote of the ship) who, giving eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tel that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that when he came to Palodes, there sodeinly was such a calme of winde, that the shippe stoode still in the sea unmoved, he was forced to cry alowd, that Pan was dead: wherewithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes, and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By whych Pan, though of some be understoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken up, and death by death delivered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace:) and also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am, seemeth to imitate the commen proverb, *Malim invidere mihi omnes, quàm misereseere.*

Nas is a syncope, for *ne has*, or *has not:* as *nould* for *would not.*

Tho with them doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

'Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
'Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.'

Which may thus be turned into English.

'All that I eate did I joye, and all that I greedily gorged:
'As for those many goodly matters left I for others.'

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Devonshire, which though much more wisedome bewraieth then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse: the rymes be these:

'Ho, ho! who lies here?
'I the good Earle of Devonshere,
'And Maulde my wife that was ful deare:
'We lived together lv. yeare,
'That we spent, we had:
'That we gave, we have:
'That we lefte, we lost.'

Algrind the name of a shepheard.

Men of the lay, Laymen.

Enaunter, least that.

Sovenaunce, remembrannce.

Miscreaunce, despeire, or misbeli

Cherisaunce, sometime of Chaucer sometime of other for spoyle, or prise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe, God: accordinge teronomie, That, in division of the to the tribe of Levie no portion of bee allotted, for God himselfe w taunce.

Some gan, meant of the Pope, a tian prelates, which usurpe a tyra in the Churche, and with Peters open a wide gate to al wickednes government. Nought here spoke to deny fatherly rule and govern maliciously of late have done, to t and hinderaunce of the Churche) the pride and disorder of such, as ing their sheepe, indeede feede of

Sourse, welspring and originall.

Borrowe, pledge or suertie.

The Geaunte is the greate Atlas feign to be a huge geaunt, that be his shoulders: being indeede a mountaine in Mauritania, that which, to mans seeming, perceth seemeth to touch the heavens. O they not amisse, that this fable Atlas king of the same countrye, bee, that that hil had his denomina Prometheus, who (as the Greekes s out the hidden courses of the star lent imagination: wherefore the that he susteyned the firmament o Many other conjectures needelesse

Warke, woake.

Occhasion, cause, occasion.

Deare borowe, that is our Savio pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten, blame.

Nought seemeth, is unseemely.

Conteck, strife, contention.

Her, theyr, as useth Chaucer.

Han, for have.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that i but the Catastrophe and end is far the Kidde may be understoode the the faythfull and true Christians. Christe, that hath alreadie with words (as heere doth the gote) w ones, to beware of such doubling Foxe, the false and faithlesse Pap is no credit to be given, nor fel used.

The Gate, the Gote: Northernely O into A.

Yode, went: afforesayd.

She set, a figure called *Fictio*, whic bute reasonable actions and speache able creatures.

The blossomes of lust, be the yo heares, which then beginne to spro foorth, when lustfull heate beginne

And with a very poetical sobre-

youngling or pupill, that needeth a vernour.
patheticall parenthesis, to encrease rbaton.
of the fathers body, is the child.
allnded to the saying of Andromache Virgile.

s, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.'

hrob, a percing sighe.

colfusion, s. coloured guile, because l beasts, is most wily and crafty.
ate, shut the dore.
s gotes stombling is here noted as an he like to be marked in all histories: lhe leaste of the Lorde Hastingues in le the third his dayes. For, beside s dreame (whiche was a shrewde his mishap that folowed) it is sayd, orning, ryding toward the tower of to sitte uppon matters of counsell, mbled twise or thrise by the way: e, that ryding with him in his cone vie to his neere destenie, was secretly afterward noted for memorie of his that ensewed. For being then as n might be, and least doubting any er, he was, within two howres after, ne put to a shamefull deathe.
Such trifles are noted, the reliques popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles, and Babies, s. Idoles, and glasses, s. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarye sufferaunce, as a worke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charitie, The Catholiques common othe, and onely speache, to have charitye alwayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but never inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke, a keyhole. Whose diminutive is clicket, used of Chaucer for a Key.

Stounds, fittes: aforesayde.

His lere, his lesson.

Medled, mingled.

Bestlihead, agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, of kinne.

Newell, a newe thing.

To forestall, to prævent.

Glee, chere: afforesayde.

Deare a price, his lyfe which he lost for those toyes.

Such ende, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warne the protestaunt beware how he giveth credit to the unfaythfull Catholique; wherof we have dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all practised of late yeares in Fraunce, by Charles the nynth.

Fayne, gladde or desyrous.

Our sir John, a Popishe priest. A saying fit for the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte unlearned Priestes.

Dismount, descende or set.

Nye, draweth nere.

EMBLEME.

Emblemes make one whole Hexa- first spoken of Palinodie, as in re- m that he distrustfull, is a peece of e, intending, that who doth most mis- false. For such experience in falshod trust in the mynd, thinking no lesse e in others then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth with an other peece of the same verse, saying, as in his former fable, what fayth then is there in the faythlesse? For if fayth be the ground of religion, which fayth they dayly false, what hold is then there of theyr religion? And thys is all that they saye.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA. ARGUMENT.

he is wholly vowed to the complaynyng of Colins ill successe in his love. For being (as is afore- amoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steede another shepheard, received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOL.

ollin, here the place whose plesaunt [mynde:
shades hath weand my wandring hat wants me here to worke de-

ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
coole, as no where else I fynde:
e ground with daintye Daysies

COLIN CLOUT.

The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

Col. O happy Hobbinoll! I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde whych Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene ytost:
Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste.

But I, unhappy man! whom cruell fate
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd to shroude my lucklesse pate.

Hob. Then, if by me thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch:
Leave me those hilles where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruictfull flocks, bene every where to see:
Here no night-ravenes lodge, more black then pitche,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes, can chace the lingring Night
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them musick for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe, to kisse their christall faces, [bright:
Will pype and daunce when Phœbe shineth
Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

Col. And I, whylst youth and course of carelesse yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten lincks of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove:
My fancye eke from former follies move
To stayed steps; for time in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which wexen old above,)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene-apples unrype,
To give my Rosalind; and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype,

Hob. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes, [singe,
Which thou wert wont on wastfull hylls to
I more delight then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groves to ring, [spring
And taught the byrds, which in the lower
Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yvory Luyts and Tamburins forg[illegible]
And from the fountaine, where they [illegible] around,
Renne after hastely thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy [illegible] didst showe, [illegible]
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame [illegible]
Shepheard to see them in theyr art outg[illegible]

Col. Of Muses, Hobbinol, I conne no [illegible]
For they bene daughters of the hyghest [illegible]
And holden scorne of homely shepha[illegible] quill:
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus str[illegible]
Which him to much rebuke and Dau[illegible] drove,
I never lyst presume to Parnasse hyll,
But, pyping lowe in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth prayse [illegible] blame,
Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the [illegible]
With shepheard sittes not followe flying [illegible]
But feede his flocke in fields where falls [illegible] best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely [illegible]
The fytter they my carefull case to frame
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the [illegible]

The God of shepheards, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make [illegible]
He, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne [illegible]
Of shepheards all that bene with love ytak[illegible]
Well couth he wayle his Woes, and light[illegible] slake [brak[illegible]
The flames which love within his heart [illegible]
And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O! why should Death on hym such ourn[illegible] showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater grow[illegible]
But, if on me some little drops would flow[illegible]
Of that the spring was in his learned hedd[illegible]
I soone would learne these woods to wayle [illegible] woe, [shed[illegible]
And teache the trees their trickling teare[illegible]

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtes[illegible]
As messengers of this my painfull plight,
Flye to my love, where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of wor[illegible] wight,
As shee deserves that wrought so deadly spig[illegible]
And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheres

lerfong my lasse to wexe so light,
; well be knowne for such thy
llanee.

: I am not as I wish I were,
e Shepheards, which your flocks do
ede,
on hylls, or dales, or other where,
tnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a
eede,
ltlesse fayth is turned to faithlesse
re,
That she the truest shepheards hart made
bleede,
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

Hob. O, carefull Colin! I lament thy case;
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe!
Ah, faithlesse Rosalind and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse, ye blessed Flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe, [trace.
And wett your tender Lambes that by you

COLINS EMBLEME.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

nation and place.
e, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Gar-
easure, or place of delights. So he com-
e soile, wherin Hobbinoll made his abode,
arthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden,
Adam in his first creation was placed:
the most learned is thought to be in
mia, the most fertile pleasaunte country
rld (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus
m of it, in the historie of Alexanders
thereof,) lying betweene the two famous
which are sayd in scripture to flowe out
ise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is
inate.
e the soyle. This is no Poetical fiction, but
ly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for
occasion of private affayres, (as I have
rtly of himselfe informed) and for his
ferment, removing ont of the Northparts,
o the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised
ately.
ylles, that is in the North countrye, where
.
not.
ales. The Southpartes, where he nowe
which thoughe they be full of hylles and
for Kent is very hyllye and woodye; and
so called, for *Kanish* in the Saxons tongue
h woodie,) yet in respecte of the North-
ney be called dales. For indede the North
d the higher countrye.
Ravens, &c. By such hatefull byrdes, hee
all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens)
ery where.
ly faeries. The opinion of Faeries and
ery old, and yet sticketh very religiously
yndes of some. But to roote that rancke
of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is,
e be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes
hings, but onely by a sort of bald Friers
vish shavelings so feigned; which as in all
ings, so in that, soughte to nousell the
people in ignorannce, least, being once
ed with the truth of things, they woulde
in tyme smell ont the untruth of theyr packed
pelfe, and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is,
that when all Italy was distraicte into the Factions
of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous
houses in Florence, the name began through their
great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious,
or rather dreadfull, in the peoples eares, that, if
theyr children at any time were frowarde and
wanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe
or the Gibeline came. Which words nowe from
them, (as many things els) be come into our usage,
and, for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes and
Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen used
to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge
of Fraunce, the Lorde Thalbot, afterward Erle of
Shrewsbury, whose noble-sefbred such a terrour in
the hearts of the French, that oft times even great
armies were defaicted and put to flyght at the onely
hearing of hys name. In somuch that the French
wemen, to affray theyr chyldren, would tell them
that the Talbot commeth.
Many Graces, though there be indeede but three
Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the ut-
most but foure, yet, in respect of many gyftes of
bounty there may be sayde more. And so Museus
sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there sat a hun-
dred Graces. And, by that authoritye, thys same
Poete, in his Pageaunts, saith 'An hundred Graces
on her eyelidde sate,' &c.
Heydeguies, A country daunce or rownd. The
conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe
daunce unto the Muses and Pan his musicke all
night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasaunt-
nesse of the soyle.
Peeres. Equalles, and felow shepheards.
Quene-apples unripe, imitating Virgils verse.

'Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.'

Neighbour groves, a straunge phrase in English,
but word for word expressing the Latine *vicina
nemora*.
Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing.
Calliope, afforesayde. Thys staffe is full of verie
poetical invention.

Tamburines, an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phœbus, the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo, striving for excellencye in musicke, chose Midas for their judge. Who, being corrupted wyth partiall affection, gave the victorye to Pan undeserved: for which Phœbus sette a payre of Asses eares upon hys head, &c.

Tityrus. That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde; and by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales, whom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie; so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ suæ*, i. the God of hys life.

To make, to versifie.

O why. A pretye Epanorthosis, or correction.

Discurtesie: he meaneth the falsenesse of his lover Rosalinde, who forsaking hym hadde chose another.

Poynte of worthy wite, the pricke of deserved blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheards in Virgile: but here is meant a person unknowne and secret against whome he often bitterly invayeth.

Underfonge, undermyne, and deceive by his suggestion.

EMBLEME.

You remember that in the fyrst Æglogue Colins Poesie was *Anchora speme*: for that as then there was hope of favour to be found in tyme. But nowe being cleane forlorne and rejected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despeyre, he renounceth all comfort, and hope of goodnesse to come: which is all the meaning of thys Embleme.

JULYE.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepeheardes, and to the shame and disprayse of proude and ambitious Pastours: Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

Tho. Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
That sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
Emong the bushes rancke?
Mor. What, ho! thou jollye shepheards swayne,
Come up the hyll to me;
Better is then the lowly playne,
Als for thy flocke and thee.
Thom. Ah! God shield, man, that I should clime,
And learne to looke alofte;
This reede is ryfe, that oftentime
Great clymbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
Yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared up
His fyerie-footed teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe
And golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
With dogges of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
Pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scortching heate,
Where hast thou coverture?
The wastefull hylls unto his threate
Is a playne overture.
But, if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
That Thomalin can sayne.
Mor. Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
And rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and witlessed words,
To blere mine eyes doest thinke.
In evill houre thou hentest in hond
Thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them han theyr name.
St. Michels Mount who does not know,
That wardes the Westerne coste?
And of St. Brigets bowre, I trow,
All Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Muses skill
Sayne most-what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great God Pan
Upon mount Olivet,
Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
Which dyd himselfe beget?
Thom. O blessed sheepe! O shepheard gre
That bought his flocke so deare,
And them did save with bloudy sweat
From Wolves that would them teare.
Mor. Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
There is a hyllye place,
Where Titan ryseth from the mayne
To renne hys dayly race,

hose toppe the starres bene stayed,
all the skie doth leane;
n the cave where Phœbe layed
shepheard long to dreame.
ne there used shepheards all
edc theyr flocks at will,
his foly one did fall,
all the rest did spill.
ithens shepheardes bene forsayd
n places of delight,
y I weene thou be affrayd
lime this hilles height.
ıah can I tell thee more,
of our Ladyes bowre;
tle needes to strow my store,
ice this hill of our.
ıan the holy Faunes recourse,
Sylvanes haunten rathe;
ıs the salt Medway his sourse,
rein the Nymphes doe bathe;
lt Medway, that trickling stremis
wne the dales of Kent,
th his elder brother Themis
brackish waves be meynt.
rowes Melampode every where,
Teribinth, good for Gotes:
e my madding kiddes to smere,
next to heale theyr throtes.
the hills bene nigher heven,
thence the passage ethe;
I can prove the piercing levin,
sceldome falles bynethe.
Syker, thou speakes lyke a lewde [lorrell,
leaven to demen so;
e I am but rude and borrell,
nearer wayes I knowe.
rke the narre, from God more farre,
bene an old-sayd sawe,
e, that strives to touch a starre,
stombles at a strawe.
e may shepheard clymbe to skye
leades in lowly dales,
teherd prowd, that, sitting hye,
n the Mountaine sayles.
ely sheepe like well belowe,
y neede not Melampode:
ey bene hale enough, I trowe,
liken theyr abode;
they with thy Gotes should yede,
y soone myght be corrupted,
not of the frowie fede,
vith the weedes be glutted.
lls where dwelled holy saints
rerence and adore:
r themselfe, but for the sayncts
ich han be dead of yore.
owe they bene to heaven forewent,
r good is with them goe:

Theyr sample onely to us lent,
That als we mought doe soe.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
And lived in lowlye leas:
And, sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
Why done we them disease?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
And lived with little gayne:
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
Simple as simple sheepe;
Humble, and like in eche degree
The flocke which he did keepe.
Often he used of hys keepe
A sacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
The Altars hallowing.
So lowted he unto hys Lord,
Such favour couth he fynd,
That sithens never was abhord
The simple shepheards kynd.
And such, I weene, the brethren were
That came from Canaän:
The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
The flockes of mighty Pan.
But nothing such thilk shephearde was
Whom Ida hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke to fetch a lasse,
Whose love he bought to deare;
For he was proude, that ill was payd,
(No such mought shepheards bee)
And with lewde lust was overlayd:
Tway things doen ill agree.
But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
Well-eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follyes undefyled,
And stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
That sawe hys makers face,
His face, more cleare then Christall glasse,
And spake to him in place.
This had a brother (his name I knewe)
The first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true
As he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were lowe and lief,
And loved their flocks to feede;
They never stroven to be chiefe,
And simple was theyr weede:
But now (thanked be God therefore)
The world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly wore;
Such simplesse mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
So hath theyr god them blist;
They reigne and rulen over all,
And lord it as they list.

Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
(Mought they good sheepeheards bene?)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some have seene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
Yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
He saw thilke misusage;
For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
As Lordes done other where;
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread;
The chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O, seely sheepe, the while!)
The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
Their handes they may not file.
They han great stores and thriftye stockes,
Great freendes and feeble foes:
What neede hem caren for their flocks,
Theyr boyes can looke to those.
These wisards welter in welths waves,
Pampred in pleasures deepe:
They han fatte kernes, and leany knaves,
Their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
They heapen hylles of wrath;
Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
They keepen all the path.

Mor. Here is a great deale of goed matter
Lost for lacke of telling:
Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter,
Harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more then shall have thanke,
To wyten shepheards welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
It is a signe of helth.
But say me, what is Algrind, he
That is so oft bynempt?
Thom. He is a shepheard great in gree,
But hath bene long ypent.
One daye he sat upon a hyll,
(As now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
To love the lowe degree);
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
An Eagle sored hye,
That, weening hys whyte head was chalke,
A shell-fish downe let flye:
She weend the shell-fishe to have broke,
But therewith bruzd his brayne;
So now, astonied with the stroke,
He lyes in lingring payne.
Mor. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
But shall be better in time.
Now farwell, shepheard, sith thys hyll
Thou hast such doubt to climbe.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.
In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEME.
In summo fœlicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard: by Gotes, in scrypture, be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck, is the seate of honor.

Straying heard, which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als, for also.

Clymbe, spoken of Ambition.

Great clymbers, according to Seneca his verse. 'Decidunt celsa, graviore lapsus.' *Mickle*, much.

The sonne, A reason why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scortching Sunne, according to the time of the yeare, whiche is the whotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe, be two signes in the Firmament, through which the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of July.

Lion, Thys is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in July the sonne is in Leo. At which time the Dogge starre, which is called *Syrius, or Canicula*, reigneth with immoderate *heate, causing pestilence*, drougth, and many diseases.

Oeeriure, an open place. The word is borro of the French, and used in good writers.

To holden chatt, to talke and prate.

A loorde was wont among the old Britons signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, long time usurped theyr Tyrannie here in B talne, were called, for more dread theng digni Lurdanes, a. *Lord Danes*. At which time sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that na was so outragious in thys Realme, that if it tuned a Briton to be going over a bridge, and the Dane set foote upon the same, he must torne backe, till the Dane were cleane over, o abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which was lesse then present death. But being afters expelled, that name of Lurdane became so od unto the people, whom they had long oppres that even at this daye they use, for more reproc to call the Quartane ague the Fever Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck, counts much of paynes.

Weetelesse, not understoode.

S. Michels mount, is a promontorie in the W part of England.

naeus afforesayd.
t.
rybe is put for the whole nation, *per*

s, the Sonne. Which story is to be
ersus Syc. of the hyl Ida ; from whence,
night time is to bee seene a mightye
skye burned, which toward morning
rather into a rownd forme, and thereof
me, whome the Poetes call Titan.
ard is Endymion, whom the Poets
e bene so beloved of Phœbe. s. the
he was by her kept asleepe in a cave
of xxx yeares, for to enjoye his com-

ls, in Paradise, where, through errour
ards understanding, he sayth, that all
d use to feede theyr flocks, till one,
,) by hys follye and disobedience, made
hys offspring be debarred and shutte
ice.
ll in Arabia, where God appeared.
bowre, a place of pleasure so called.
Sylvanes be of Poetes feigned to be
Woode.
e name of a Ryver in Kent, which,
Rochester, meeteth with Thames,
leth his elder brother, both because
and also falleth sooner into the Sea.
gled.
and Terebinth be heartes good to cure
s : of thone speaketh Mantuane, and
ocritus.
θον τράγων εἵκατον ἀκρέμονα.
en : Note the shepheards simplenesse,
eth that from the hylls is nearer waye

ning, which he taketh for an argu-
the nighnes to heaven, because the
h commonly light on hygh moun-
ling to the saying of the Poete :
ıtque summos fulmina montes.'
sell.
playne fellowe.
er.
le.

stye or mossie.
g agoe.
rone afore.
pheard, was Abell the righteous, who
sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of
d hys brother Cain to tilling the

His keepe, hys charge, s. his flocke.
Lowted, did honour and reverence.
The brethren, the twelve sonnes of Jacob,
were shepe-maisters, and lyved onelye there
Whom Ida, Paris, which being the so
Priamus king of Troy, for his mother H
dreame, which, being with childe of hym, d
shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set
towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on th
Ida, where being fostered of shepheards, he
time became a shepheard, and lastly came
knowledge of his parentage.
A lasse, Helena, the wyfe of Menelaus k
Lacedemonia, was by Venus, for the golden
her geven, then promised to Paris, who the
with a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her
Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, whi
the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troy
the moste famous citye of all Asia lame
sacked and defaced.
Argus, was of the Poets devised to be full
and therefore to hym was committed the k
of the transformed Cow, Io : so called, b
that, in the print of a Cowes foote, th
figured an I in the middest of an O.
His name, he meaneth Aaron, whose nam
more Decorum, the shepehearde sayth he ha
got, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiq
of holy writ should seeme to exceede the
nesse of the Person.
Not so true, for Aaron, in the absence of
started aside, and committed Idolatry.
In purple, spoken of the Popes and Cardi
which use such tyrannical colours and po
paynting.
Belts, Girdles.
Glitterand, glittering, a participle used son
in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Gower.
Theyr Pan, that is, the Pope, whom they
theyr God and greatest shepheard.
Palinode, a shephearde, of whose report he
eth to speake all thys.
Wisards, greate learned heads.
Welter, wallowe.
Kerne, a Churle or Farmer.
Sike mister men, suche kinde of men.
Surly, stately and prowde.
Melling, medling.
Bett, better.
Bynempte, named.
Gree, for degree.
Algrind, the name of a shepheard affore
whose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce tha
pened to the Poet Æschylus, that was brayne
a shell-fishe.

EMBLEME

ye Thomalin confirmeth that, which
speach by sondrye reasons he had
eing both hymselfe sequestred from
nd also abhorring it in others of hys
h occasion to prayse the meane and
that wherein is safetie without feare,
hout danngier ; according to the say-
hilosophers, that vertue dwelleth in
being environed with two contrary
o Morrell replieth with continuaunce
hilosophers opinion, that albeit all

bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect
tye dwelleth in supremacie : for they say, an
true it is, that happinesse is placed in the h
degree, so as if any thing be higher or bette
that streight way ceaseth to be perfect hap
Much like to that which once I heard allea
defence of humilitye, out of a great doctour.
rum Christus humillimus : ' which saying a
man in the companie taking at the reb
beate backe againe with a lyke saying of a
doctoure, as he sayde ' Sanctorum Deus altissi

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: wherein a Virgile fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They choose for umpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye; who, having ended their cause, recideth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin, he sayth, was Authour.

WILLIE. PERIGOT. CUDDIE.

Wil. TELL me, Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy joynts benomd with ache?
Per. Ah! Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe or joynts be well apayd?
Wil. What the foule evill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepeheards gladde,
With pyping and dauncing did passe the rest.
Per. Ah! Willye, now I have learnd a newe
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.
Wil. Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft us of our meriment.
But reede me what payne doth thee so appall;
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?
Per. Love hath misled both my younglings and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.
Wil. Perdie, and wellawaye, ill may they thrive!
Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight:
But, and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantsies shall soone be put to flight
Per. That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.
Wil. Then loe, Perigot, the Pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre,
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre;
And over them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yvie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves jawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne
To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,
And here with his shepe-hooke hath him slayne.

Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever sene?
Well mought it beseme any harvest Queene.
Per. Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis sike another,
For I brought him up without the Dambe:
But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.
Wil. Sicker, make like account of his brother
But who shall judge the wager wonne or lost?
Per. That shall yonder heardgrome, and non
Which over the pousse hethward doth post.
Wil. But, for the Sunnbeame so sore doth us beate,
Were not better to shunne the scortching heate
Per. Well agreed, Willie: then, sitte thee downe, swayne:
Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin.
Cud. Gynne when ye lyst, ye jolly shepheard twayne:
Sike a judge as Cuddie were for a king.
Per. 'It fell upon a holy eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, hollidaye!
Per. When holy fathers wont to shrieve;
Wil. Now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting upon a hill so hye,
Wil. Hey, ho, the high hyll!
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby
Wil. The while the shepheard selfe did
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. Hey, ho, Bonibell!
Per. Tripping over the dale alone,
Wil. She can trippe it very well.
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. Hey, ho, gray is greete!
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
Wil. The greene is for maydens meete.
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet!
Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil. She sweeter then the Violet.
Per. My sheepe did leave theyr wonted food
Wil. Hey, ho, seely sheepe!

gazd on her as they were wood,
oode as he that did them keepe.
he bonilasse passed bye,
ley, ho, bonilasse!
rovde at me with glauncing eye,
cleare as the christall glasse;
as the Sunnye beame so bright,
ley, ho, the Sunne-beame!
nceth from Phœbus face forthright,
o love into thy hart did streame:
as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
ley, ho, the Thonder!
erein the lightsome levin shroudes,
o cleaves thy soule asonder:
as Dame Cynthias silver raye,
ley, ho, the Moonelight!
n the glyttering wave doth playe,
uch play is a pitteous plight.
glaunce into my heart did glide;
ley, ho, the glyder!
rewith my soule was sharply gryde,
uch woundes soone wexen wider.
sting to raunch the arrow out,
Hey, ho, Perigot!
ft the head in my hart-roote,
t was a desperate shot.
re it ranckleth, ay more and more,
Hey, ho, the arrowe!
can I find salve for my sore:
Love is a carelesse borrowe.
d though my bale with death I bought,
Hey, ho, heavie cheere!
t should thilk lasse not from my
ought,
So you may buye golde to deere.
t whether in paynefull love I pyne,
Hey, ho, pinching payne!
thrive in welth, she shalbe mine,
But if thou can her obteine.
d if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Hey, ho, gracelesse griefe!
itnesse shee slewe me with her eye,
Let thy follye be the priefe.
d you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Hey, ho, the fayre flocke!
r priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
And mone with many a mocke.
learnd I love on a holye eve,
Hey, ho, holidaye!
at ever since my hart did greve,
Now endeth our roundelay.'
cker, sike a roundle never heard I
lacketh Perigot of the best, [none:
llye is not greatly overgone,
ren his under-songs well addrest.
erdgrome, I fear me, thou have a squint
ye:
uprightly who has the victorye

Cud. Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech have gayned:
For-thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:
And for Perigot, so well hath hym payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
Per. Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
Ne can Willye wite the witelesse herdgroome.
Wil. Never dempt more right of beautye, I weene, [Queene.
The shepheard of Ida that judged beauties
Cud. But tell me, shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse
Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearse.
Per. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.
Wil. Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In Colins stede, if thou this song areede;
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.
Cud. Then listneth ech unto my heavy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful as ye may.

'Ye wastefull Woodes! beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are privie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou, pleasaunt spring, hast luld me oft asleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.

'Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes doe worke my greater woe;
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes:
I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe.

'Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment [my woe
My doole, draw neare! More meete to wayle
Bene the wild woodes, my sorowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part

'Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe.
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintive pleas, tho more taug-
The memory of hys misdeede that bred her woe.

hearse
Cud. Then b
you b
The night nig

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEME.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde, disposed, ordered.
Peregall, equall.
Whilome, once.
Rafte, bereft, deprived.
Miswent, gon a straye.
Ill may, according to Virgile.

'Infelix o semper ovis pecus.'

A mazer: So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engraved. Such pretie descriptions every where useth Theocritus to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause, indede, he by that name termeth his Æglogues; for Idyllion in Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, wherof his booke is ful. And not, as I have heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Gotcheards in them.

Entrailed, wrought betwene.

Harvest Queene, The manner of country folke in harvest tyme.

prayse of his l
underverse. I
uprightly say:
shee deserveth
Greete, weep
Chaplet, a ki
Leven, Light
Cynthia, was
Gryde, perce
But if, not u
Squint eye, p
Ech hare, so

'Et vi

So by enterch
partes.
Doome, judge
Dempt, for de
Wite the witel
The shepherd
Beauties Qu

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA. ARGUMENT.

gon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gayne, drove his sheepe into a farre . The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, reth at large.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

GGON DAVIE! I bidde her god
her is, or I missaye. [day;
r was her, while it was daye-light,
er is a most wretched wight:
at was, is wightly past,
t earst the dirke night doth hast.
ggon, areede who has thee so dight?
st thee in so poore a plight. [leade?
the fayre flocke thou was wont to
ey chaffred, or at mischiefe dead?
! for love of that is to thee moste
e,
I pray thee, gall not my old griefe:
ion ripethe up cause of newe woe,
ened, mote unfolde many moe.
y, but sorrow close shrouded in hart,
keepe is a burdenous smart:
imparted is more eath to beare:
rayne is faln, the cloudes wexen
re.
sithence I sawe thy head last,
e Moones bene fully spent and past;
thou hast measured much grownd,
red, I wene, about the world round,
can many thinges relate;
e first of thy flocks estate;
sheepe bene wasted; (wae is me
efore!)
hepheard that was of yore
r jollye, nor shepeheard more.
costes men sayd was plentye;
re is, but all of miserye:
ere much to have eeked my store,
eking hath made my hart sore.
atryes, whereas I have bene,
or those that truely mene;
h, as of guile maken gayne,
ountrye as there to remaine;
n to sale their shops of shame,
a Mart of theyr good name:
eards there robben one another,
baytes to beguile her brother;
ill buy his sheepe out of the cote,
ill carven the shepheards throte.
eardes swayne you cannot wel ken,
y his pryde, from other men:

They looken bigge as Bulls that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.
Hob. Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanck,
That uneth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe sovereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree,
Sitte we downe here under the hill;
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustring blast.
Now say on, Diggon, what ever thou hast.
Dig. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stounde
That ever I cast to have lorne this grounde:
Wel-away the while I was so fonde
To leave the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better that was uncouth!
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah, seely sheepe!)
That here by there I whilome usd to keepe,
All were they lustye as thou didst see,
Bene all sterved with pyne and penuree:
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driven for neede to come home agayne.
Hob. Ah fon! now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought:
Content who lives with tryed state
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate;
But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.
Dig. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vayne desire and hope to be enricht;
But, sicker, so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But nowe I wote it is nothing sich;
For eyther the shepeheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they wyll,
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise:
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:

Which when they thinken agayne to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heaven the high-way,
But, by my soule, I dare undersaye
They never sette foote in that same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devill at commaund,
But aske hem therefore what they han paund:
Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe,
For-thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name;
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.
Hob. Diggon, I praye thee, speake not so dirke;
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.
Dig. Then, playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best; (this English is flatt.)
Their ill haviour garres men missay
Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote:
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue!)
That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre;
For such encheason, if you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye:
The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the stal,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads;
But they that shooten neerest the pricke
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick:
For bigge Bulles of Basan brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes butten the more stoute;
But the leane soules treaden under foote,
And to seeke redresse mought little boote;
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they bene like foule wagmoires overgrast,
That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leave of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.
Hob. Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine;
Better it were a little to feyne,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured:
Such ill, as is forced, mought nedes be endured.
But of sike pastoures howe done the f
creepe?
Dig. Sike as the shepheards, sike bene
sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voy
But-if he call hem at theyr good choyce;
They wander at wil and stay at pleasure,
And to theyr foldes yeed at their owne lea
But they had be better come at their cal;
For many han into mischiefe fall,
And bene of ravenous Wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.
Hob. Fye on thee, Diggon, and all foule leasing!
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king
Never was Woolfe seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Woolves (the soth to sayne)
The more bene the Foxes that here remain
Dig. Yes, but they gang in more secrete v
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disg
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
But prively prolling to and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.
Hob. Or prive or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skin
Dig. Indeede, thy Ball is a bold bigge vi
And could make a jolly hole in theyr furr
But not good Dogges hem needeth to cha
But heedy shepheards to discerne their fa
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
They bene so grave and full of mayntenaun
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe?
Hob. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hig
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is convenable
Colin Clout, I wene, be his selfe boye,
(Ah, for Colin, he whilome my ioye!)
Shepheards sich, God mought us many se
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.
Dig. Thilk same shepheard mought I
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke; [ma
Never had shepheard so kene a kurre,
That waketh and if but a leafe sturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gu
And ever at night wont to repayre
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone fai
Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man used to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call,)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe:
With that the shepheard would breake sleepe,

Lowder (for so his dog hote)
fields with wide open throte.
Lowder was farre awaye,
sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
Kidde, or a weanell wast;
he wood would he speede him
used this slippery pranck, [fast,
d for his laboure him thanck.
epheard his practise spyed,
rise, and as Argus eyed,)
ven he came to the flocke,
olds he did them locke,
he Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
e sheepes bloud at his throte.
, Diggon, what should him
ne where ever it laye? [affraye
esand bene a little widder,
ve devoured both hidder and
[great curse!
efe light on him, and Gods
m had bene a great deale worse;
erilous beast above all,
e cond the shepherds call,
night came to the shepe-cote,
wder, with a hollow throte,
man selfe had bene:
aisters voice did it wene,
ubt he opened the dore,
as he was wont of yore.
out, but, swifter then thought,
rde the Wolfe Lowder caught;
Roffy renne to the steven,
slaine thilke same even.
ield, man, he should so ill have
his devoyr belive! [thrive,

If sike bene Wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem be-hold?
Dig. How, but, with heede and watchfullnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse:
For-thy with shepheards sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.
Hob. Ah, Diggon! thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite;
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
Whatever thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.
Dig. Ah! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile;
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinoll, mought I thee praye
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.
Hob. Now, by my soule, Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe that has thee hent;
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth ever availe:
But, were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find favour and ease:
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I wil thee comfort;
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head.
Dig. Ah, Hobbinoll! God mought it thee requite;
Diggon on fewe such freends did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

nd phrase of speache, in this Dia-
mewhat to differ from the common.
of is supposed to be, by occasion of
meant, who, being very freend to
of, had bene long in forrain coun-
scene many disorders, which he
to Hobbinoll.
de good morrow. For to bidde, is
f commeth beades for prayers, and
bidde his beades, s. to saye his

dye, or sodenlye.
e.
efe, an unusuall speache, but much
ate, and sometime of Chaucer.

wones, nine monethes.

Measured, for traveled.
Wae, woe, Northernly.
Eeked, encreased.
Curven, cutte.
Kenne, know.
Cragge, neck.
State, stoutely.
Stanck, wearie or fainte.
And nowe: he applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, which is in thend of harvest, which they call the fall of the leafe; at which tyme the Westerne wynde beareth most swaye.
A mocke, Imitating Horace, '*Debes ludibrium ventis.*'
Lorne, lefte.
Soote, swete.
Uncouthe, unknowen.
Hereby there, here and there.

As the brighte, translated out of Mantuane.
Empryse, for enterprise. Per Syncopen.
Contek, strife.
Trode, path.
Marrie that, that is, their soules, which by popish Exorcismes and practices they damne to hell.
Blacke, hell.
Gange, goe.
Misler, maner.
Mirke, obscure.
Warre, worse.
Crumenall, purse.
Brace, compasse.
Encheson, occasion.
Overgrast, overgrowen with grasse.
Galage, shoe.
The grosse, the whole.
Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient.
Saxon King, King Edgare that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lord [957–975] which king caused all the Wolves, whereof then was store in this countrye, by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as never since that time there have ben Wolves here founde, unlesse they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of untruth, for saying that there be Wolves in England.
Nor in Christendome: this saying seemeth to be strange and unreasonable; but indede it was wont to be an olde proverbe and common phrase. The original whereof was, for that most part of England in the reigne of King Ethelbert was christened, Kent onely except, which remayned long after in mysbeliefe and unchristened: So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.
Great hunt, Executing of lawes and justice.
Enaunter, least that.
Inly, inwardly: afforesayde.
Prively or pert, openly, sayth Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a shepheearde
Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge.
commendeth for greate care and wi
of his flocke.
Colin cloute: Now I thinke no mo
by Colin is meant the Authour sel
clall good freend Hobbinoll sayth
rightly Mayster Gabriel Harvey: o
commendation, aswell in Poetrye a
other choyce learning, we have la
ficient tryall in divers his workes,
his *Musarum Lachrymæ*, and his late
Valdinensium, which boke, in the
Audley in Essex, he dedicated in
Majestie, afterward presenting the
to her Highnesse at the worshipfull
in Hertfordshire. Beside other his
rare and very notable writings, par
known tytles, and partly under cou
as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Ode Natal
dos*, and esspecially that parte of
divine *Anticosmopolita*, and divers
importance. As also, by the name
heardes, he covereth the persons
his familiar freendes and best acqua
This tale of Roffy seemeth to co
ticular Action of his. But what, I c
not.
Wonned, haunted.
Welkin, skie: afforesaid.
A weanell waste, a weaned young
Hidder and shidder, he and she.
Steven, noyse.
Belive, quickly.
What ever, Ovids verse translated
'Quod caret alterna requie durat
Forehaile, drawe or distresse.
Velchie, of Pease strawe.

EMBLEME.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ovid. For when the foolishe boy, by beholding hys face in the brooke, fell in love with his owne likenesse, and not hable to content him selfe with much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But our Diggon useth it to other
that, by tryall of many wayes,
worst, and through greate plentye
great penurie. This poesie I know
much used of the author, and to sa
as fyrste Narcissus spake it.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche, finding no maintenaunce of his
complaynеth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene
even amongst the most barbarous, alwayes of singular accoumpt and honor, and being
and commendable an arte; or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not
laboure and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certain
and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth in his
English Poete, *which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace*
advisement, to publish.

PIERCE. CUDDIE.

Piers. CUDDIE, for shame! hold up thy heavye head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring Phœbus race.

Whilome thou wont the sheph
to leade
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydli
Now they in thee, and thou in th

I have pyped erst so long with
Oten reedes bene rent and wore,
e Muse hath spent her spared
hath got, and much lesse gayne.
nce makes the Grashopper so
[straine.
layd, when Winter doth her
tties, that I wont devise
hes fancie, and the flocking fry,
ch; what I the bett for-thy?
pleasure, I a sclender prise;
sh, the byrds to them doe flye:
ereof to Cuddie can arise?
lie, the prayse is better then the
much greater then the gayne:
onor is it, to restraine
wlesse youth with good advice,
m forth with pleasaunce of thy
list their trayned willes entice.
gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
rall routes to thee doe cleave!
dost their soule of sence bereave:
pheard that did fetch his dame
balefull bowre withouten leave,
night the hellish hound did tame.
aysen babes the Peacoks spotted
at bright Argus blazing eye;
rds him ere the more for-thy,
once the fuller by a graine?
is smoke, that sheddeth in the
[vayne.
ene wynd, and wasten soone in
ndon, then, the base and viler
;
elfe out of the lowly dust,
doody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
those that weld the awful crowne,
nights, whose woundlesse armour
mbrused wexen dayly browne.
thy Muse display her fluttryng
her selfe at large from East to
list in fayre Elisa rest, [West;
ase in bigger notes to sing,
worthy whome shee loveth best,
e white beare to the stake did
And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring;
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde.

Cud. Indeede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecænas left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring-doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoope,
And mightie manhode brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace emong the learned troupe:
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonne-bright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote agayne,
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye;
Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Piers. O pierlesse Poesye! where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt,
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt,)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

Cud. Ah, Percy! it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight:
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers. Ah, fon! for love does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre:

... to compasse weightye)prise,
And thinkes to throwe out thondring words threate,
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts ‹ meate,
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phœbus wise;

CUDDIE

Agitante cale

GL(

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein he reproved the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane. The style hereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie. I doubte whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt that the persons be different.

Whilome, sometime.

Oaten reedes, Avena.

Ligge so layde, lye so faynt and unlustye.

Dapper, pretye.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes; for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine: This place seemeth to consonre with Plato, who in his ...

e he had an hundred eyes: but after-
y, wyth hys Musick lulling Argus
im and brought Io away, whose eyes
Iuno, for his eternall memory, placed
e Peacocks tayle; for those coloured
resemble eyes.

rmour, unwounded in warre, doe rust
peace.

poeticall metaphore, whereof the
last, if the Poet list showe his skill
more dignitie then is the homely
occasion is him offered of higher
re Heroicall argument in the person
ratious soveraign, whom (as before)
s. Or if matter of knighthoode and
se him better, that there he many
aunt men, that are both worthy of
eyr deserved prayses, and also favour-
and faculty.

he meaneth (as I guesse) the most
renowmed the Erle of Leycester,
ognisance (although the same be also
er) rather then by his name he be-
not likely that the names of worldly
wn to country clowne.

when thou chaungest thy verse from
rse, to matter of more pleasaunce

a kind of daunce.

any of dauncers.

Tityrus, wel knowen to be Virgile,
enas meanes was brought into the
Emperor Augustus, and by him
in loftier kinde then he erst had doen.
these three verses are the three
s of Virgil intended, for in teaching
feede, is meant his Æglogues. In
lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing
deadly dreade, is his divine Æneis

se, In manhood and chevalrie.

sheweth the cause why Poetes were
d in such honor of noble men, that
em their worthines and valor shold
famous Poesies be commended to al
Therefore it is sayd, that Achilles had
famous, as he is, but for Homeres
es, which is the only advantage
of Hector. And also that Alexander
nming to his tombe in Sigeus, with
blessed him, that ever was his hap
d with so excellent a Poets work, as
and ennobled onely by hys meanes.
declared in a most eloquent Oration
of Petrarch no lesse woorthely setto
et.

andro a la famosa tomba
hille, sospirando disse:
che si chiara tromba. Trouastl,' &c.

ch account hath bene alwayes made
well sheweth this, that the worthy
is warres againste Carthage and Nu-
vermore in his company, and that in
sort, the good olde poet Ennius; as
xander destroying Thebes, when he
, that the famous Lyrick poet Pinda-
in that cittie, not onely commaunded
streightly, that no man should, upon payne of death, do any violence to that house, by fire or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So favoured he the only name of a Poete, which prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of silver the two bookes of Homers works, as layd up there for speciall jewels and richesse, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layde under his pillowe. Such honor have Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men, which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after, He sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse, and basenesse of mynd.

Pent, shut up in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper, an ironicall Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, whych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne brest, the meaner sort of men.

Her pecced pineons, unperfect skil: Spoken wyth humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne: The comparison seemeth to be strange, for the swanne hath ever wonne small commendation for her swete singing: but it is sayd of the learned, that the swan, a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie. As well sayth the Poete elsewhere in one of his sonetts.

'The silver swanne doth sing before her dying day,
'As shee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death,' &c.

Immortall myrrhour, Beautie, which is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, saying,

'Fiorir faceva il mio debile ingegno,
'A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.'

A caytive corage, a base and abject minde.

For lofty love, I thinke this playing with the letter, to be rather a fault then a figure, as wel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuanes saying, 'vacuum curis divina cerebrum Poscit.'

Lavish cups, Resembleth the comen verse, 'Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.'

O if my, he seemeth here to be ravished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he had forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wild yvie, for it is dedicated to Bacchus, and therefore it is sayd, that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) used in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or Javelins, wrapped about with yvie.

In buskin, it was the maner of Poetes and plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to use stockes and light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is used for tragical matter, as is said in Virgile, 'Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.'

And the like in Horace, 'Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.'

Queint, strange. Bellona, the goddesse of battaile, that is, Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Jupiter hir father was in traveile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head: Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, p some cortesie, which the Lady disdeig her speare at him, and threatned hi Therefore such straungeneese is well ap

Æquipage, order.

Tydes, seasons.

Charme, temper and order; for C wont to be made by verses, as Ovid s carminibus.

EMBLEME.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a divine instinct, and unnatural rage, passing the reach of common reason.

Whom Piers answereth Epiphonem mitting the excellencye of the skyl Cuddie hee hadde already hadde a tas

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this xi. Æglogue hee bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate blood, whom he calle personage is secrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him selfe I often required th Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Lo Queene; but farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this

THENOT. COLIN.

The. COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont, songs of some jouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernaunce.
Now somewhat sing, whose endles sovenaunce
Emong the shepeheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe;
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken up his ynne in Fishes haske.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delightes as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske, [dayes;
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse?
Relieve thy Oaten pypes that sleepen long.

The. The Nightingale is sovereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee;
And I, unfitte to thrust in skilfull throngе,
Should Colin make judge of my fooleree:

Nay, better learne of hem that les
And han be watered at the Muses
The kindelye dewe drops from the
And wets the little plants that lo
But if sadde winters wrathe, and
Accorde not with thy Muses meri
To sadder times thou mayst attu
And sing of sorrowe and deathes
For deade is Dido, dead, alas! an
Dido! the greate shepehearde h
sheene.
The fayrest May she was that eve
Her like shee has not left behinde
And, if thou wilt bewayle my wof
I shall thee give yond Cosset for
And, if thy rymes as rownde and
As those that did thy Rosalind co
Much greater gyfts for guerdon
gayne,
Then Kidde or Cosset, which I the
Then up, I say, thou jolly shepehe
Let not my small demaund be so
Col. Thenot, to that I choose
me tempt;
But ah! to well I wote my humb
And howe my rimes bene rugged a
Yet, as I conne, my conning I wil

'Up, then, Melpomene! the mourn
of nyne,
Such cause of mourning never ha

e ghostes! and up my rufull ryme!
nyrth now shalt thou have no more;
ıee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
r deare, alas! is dead,
ıd lyeth wrapt in lead.
: herse!
ing teares be poured out in store;
ll verse!

is, that by your flocks on Kentish
nes abyde,
his wofull waste of Natures warke;
the wight whose presence was our
ie; [carke;
the wight whose absence is our
of all the world is dimme and darke:
h now lacks her wonted light,
we dwell in deadly night.
: herse! [Larke;
our pypes, that shrild as lowde as
ill verse!

we longer live, (ah! why live we so
?) [woe?
tter dayes death hath shut up in
ıt floure our gyrlond all emong
uite, and into dust ygoe. [moe
, ye shepheards daughters, sing no
gs that Colin made youin her praise,
› weeping turne your wanton layes.
e herse! [ygoe:
time to dye: Nay, time was long
ill verse!

is it, that the flouret of the field
h fade,
buryed long in Winters bale;
as spring his mantle hath displayde,
ı fresh, as it should never fayle?
on earth that is of most availe,
nes braunch and beauties budde,
not for any good.
ie herse!
ıch once dead, the budde eke needes
ill verse! [must quaile;

le she was, (that was, a woful word
sayne!)
es prayse and plesaunce had no peere;
he couth the shepherds entertayne
es and cracknells, and such country
re: [swaine;
she scorne the simple shepheards
would cal him often heame,
ve him curds and clouted Creame.
ie herse!
Cloute she would not once disdayne;
ill verse!

'But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heavie
chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint:
All musick sleepes, where death doth leade the
daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct;
The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corse embrave.
O heavie herse!
Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares
O carefull verse! [besprint;

'O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great
is thy griefe! [thee?
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-ringes, and gilte Rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heavie herse!
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree;
O carefull verse!

'Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so
mortall stroke,
That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead per-
forse:
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heavie herse!
The heavens doe melt in teares without re-
O carefull verse! [morse;

'The feeble flocks in field refuse their former
foode, [to weepe;
And hang theyr heads as they would learne
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring
sheepe,
Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe:
The Turtle on the bared braunch
Laments the wound that death did launch.
O heavie herse!
And Philomele her song with teares doth
O carefull verse! [steepe;

'The water Nymphs, that wont with her to
sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen ad-
vaunce; [weare,
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare;

The fatall sisters eke repent
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heavie herse!
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare,
O carefull verse!

'O! trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope;
Now have I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought;
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heavie herse!
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought;
O carefull verse!

'But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament;
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
O happye herse!
Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse;
O joyfull verse!

'Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,
And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.
I see thee, blessed soule, I see
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.
O happy herse!
Might I once come to thee, (O that
O joyfull verse!

'Unwise and wretched men, to we
good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill
But knewe we, fooles, what it us bri
Dye would we dayly, once it to exp
No daunger there the shepheard ca
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes t
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse a
O happy herse!
Make hast, ye shepheards, thether t
O joyfull verse!

'Dido is gone afore; (whose turne s
next?)
There lives shee with the blessed God
There drincks she Nectar with Ambr
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men
The honor now of highest gods she
That whilome was poore shephear
While here on earth she did abyd
O happy herse!
Cease now, my song, my woe now
O joyfull verse!'

The. Ay, francke shepheard, how
verses meint
With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne
Whether rejoyce or weepe for great c
Thyne be the cossette, well hast tho
Up, Colin up! ynough thou morned
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we home

COLINS EMBLEME.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Jouisaunce, myrth.
Sovenaunce, remembrance.
Herie, honour.
Welked, shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk.
In lowly lay, according to the season of the moneth November, when the sonne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
In fishes haske, the sonne reigneth, that is, in the signe Pisces all November: a haske is a wicker pad, wherein they use to cary fish.
Virelaies, a light kind of song.
Bee watred, for it is a saying of Poetes, that they *have dronk of the* Muses well Castalias, whereof *was before sufficiently* sayd.
Dreriment, dreery and heavy cheere.
The great shepheard, is some man of h
and not, as some vainely suppose, God
person both of the shepheards and of I
knowen, and closely buried in the Antho
But out of doubt I am, that it is not I
some imagin: for he speaketh soone after
Shene, fayre and shining.
May, for mayde.
Tene, sorrow.
Guerdon, reward.
Bynempt, beqnethed.
Cosset, a lambe brought up without th
Unkempt, Incompti. Not comed, th
and unhansome.

Melpomene, The sadde and waylefull Muse, used of [illegible] in honor of Tragedies: as saith Virgile, 'Melpomene tragico proclamat mœsta boatu.'

By griesly gosts, The maner of Tragicall Poetes, [illegible] call for helpe of Furies, and damned ghostes: so [illegible] Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of [illegible]. And the rest of the rest.

Rare, is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.

Vast of, decay of so beautifull a peece.

Carke, care.

Ah why, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone [illegible]: nay, time was long ago.

Flouret, a diminutive for a little floure. This is [illegible] notable and sententious comparison, '*A minore [illegible] majus.*'

Relieven not, live not againe, s. not in theyr earthly [illegible]: for in heaven they enjoy their due reward.

The braunch, He meaneth Dido, who being as it [illegible] the mayne braunch now withered, the buddes, [illegible] is, beautie (as he sayd afore) can no more [illegible].

With cakes, fit for shepheards bankets.

Heame, for home, after the northerne pronounning.

Tinct, dyed or stayned.

The gaudie: the meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of her lyfe are made the honor of her funerall, as is used in burialls.

Lobbin, the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to have bene the lover and deere frende of Dido.

Rushrings, agreeable for such base gyftes.

Faded lockes, dryed leaves. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourse, spring.

Mantled medowes, for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale: whome the Poetes faine once to have bene a Ladye of great beauty, till, being ravished by hir sisters husbande, she desired to be turned into a byrde of her name, whose complaintes be very wel set forth of Ma. George Gascoin, a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late rymers, who, and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowen he altogyther wanted not learning) no doubt would have attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym aboundantly.

Cypresse, used of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the signe of all sorow and heavinesse.

The fatall sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they drawe out in length, till his fatal howre and timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is sayde to have cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

'Clotho colum bajulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.'

O trustlesse, a gallant exclamation, moralized with great wisedom, and passionate wyth great affection.

Beare, a frame, wheron they use to lay the dead corse.

Furies, of Poetes are feyned to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, which are sayd to be the Authours of all evill and mischiefe.

Eternall night, is death or darknesse of hell.

Betight, happened.

I see, a lively Icon or representation, as if he saw her in heaven present.

Elysian fieldes, be devised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Astert, befall unwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be white like Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye upon the Dreames of the same Authour.

Meynt, mingled.

EMBLEME.

Which is as much to say, *as death biteth not*. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with a timely harvest, we must be gathered in time, or els of our selves we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for evill, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to life. So that it agreeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan; wherein, as weary of his former wayes, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare; comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loves follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which, he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessive drouth, caused throughe a Comet or blazing

starre, by which hee meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoder heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an unseasonable harveste, wherein the fruites fall ere they rype. His latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

THE gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That Colin hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere:
There, as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous mone.

'O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,
And, when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest save from mischiefe the unwary sheepe,
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and warde;

'I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare
Rude ditties, tund to shepheards Oaten reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

'Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare:
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

'I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame.
What recked I of wintrye ages waste?—
Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste.

'How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
How have I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

'And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I to much beleeved my shepherd peeres,)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth,
A good old shephearde, Wrenock was his *name*,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

'Fro thence I durst in derring-doe compare
With shepheards swayne what ever fedde in field;
And, if that Hobbinol right judgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield:
For, if the flocking Nymphes did folow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

'But, ah! such pryde at length was ill repayde:
The shepheards God (perdie God was he nought)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbreyde,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Love they him called that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

'Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird up that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus seate.

'Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye,
But whether luck and loves unbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe:
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

'Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee
Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
The grieslie Tode-stoole growne there mought I se,
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same:
And where the chaunting birds luld me asleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grievous ynne doth keepe.

'Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde,
Also my age, now passed youngthly pryme,
To thinges of ryper season selfe applyed,
And learnd of lighter timber coates to frame
Such as might save my sheepe and me for shame.

'To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hunt

ed als the signes of heaven to ken,
hosbe fayles, where Venus sittes, and
ten.
ed time yet taught me greater thinges;
in rysing of the raging seas,
he of byrdes by beating of their
nges, [ease,
er of herbe, both which can hurt and
hich be wont t' enrage) the restlesse
eepe,
hich be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
lst the hidden kinds of many a wede,
it not ene to cure thy sore hart-roote,
anckling wound as yet does rifelye
eede. [wound?
vest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes
dyest thou stil, and yet alive art
unde?

my sommer worne away and wasted,
ny harvest hastened all to rathe;
that budded faire is burnt and blasted,
ny hoped gaine is turnd to scathe:
he seede that in my youth was sowne
ought but brakes and brambles to be
owne.

aghes with bloosmes that crowned
ere at firste,
nised of timely fruite such store,
both bare and barrein now at erst;
ring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
ed ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
est, wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

grant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
hered, as they had bene gathered long
otes bene dryed up for lacke of dewe,
ed with teares they han be ever
nong. [spight,
ho has wrought my Rosalind this
l the flowres that should her girlond
ght?

hat whilome wont to frame my pype
shifting of the shepheards foote,
es nowe have gathered as too ripe,
hem out as rotten and unsoote.

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

'And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wavering wynd.

'So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harveste hasts to stirre up Winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right: [stoure;
So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy
So now his blustring blast eche coste dooth scoure.

'The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright;
Delight is layd abedde; and pleasure past;
No sonne now shines; cloudes han all overcast.

'Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry glee;
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of thys stounde:
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree:
Was never pype of reede did better sounde.
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

'Gather together ye my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so liefe;
Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

'Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.'

COLINS EMBLEME.

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.

GLOSSE.

Chaucer, as hath bene oft sayd.
us, young lambes.
heir, seemeth to expresse Virgils verse.
n curat oves oviumque magistros.'
routabaste.

Cabinet, *Colinet*, diminutives.
Maze. for they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
Peres, felowes and companions.
Musick, that is Poetry, as Terence sayth, 'Qui artem tractant musicam;' speking of Poetes.

Derring doe, aforesayd.

Lions house: he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is love, had his abode in the whote signe Leo, which is in the middest of somer; a prettie allegory; whereof the meaning is, that love in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

His ray, which is Cupides beame or flames of Love.

A comete, a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his whote love.

Venus, the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heaven, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of his unquietnes in love.

Where I was: a fine description of the chaunge of his lyfe and liking, for all things nowe seemed to him to have altered their kindly course.

Lording: Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting, which is indeed lordly, not removing nor looking once aside, unlesse they be sturred.

Then as: The second part, that is, his manhoode.

Cotes, Sheepecotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale, or sallow, a kinde of woodde like Wyllow, fit to wreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish withall.

Phœbe fayles, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heaven.

Venus, s. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres being convenient for shepheardes to knowe, Theocritus and the rest use.

Raging seas: The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes, A kind of soothsaying used in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of byrds: First (as is sayd) invented by the I canes, and from them derived to the Romanes as it is sayd in Livie, were so superstitiously r in the same, that they agreed that every man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by to be brought up in that knowledge.

Of herbes: That wonderous thinges be wroug herbes, as well appeareth by the common worl them in our bodies, as also by the wonderfu chauntments and sorceries that have bene wr by them, insomuch that it is sayde that C famous sorceresse, turned men into sondry kin beastes and Monsters, and onely by herbes: a Poete sayth,

'Dea sæva potentibus herbis, &c.'

Kidst, knewest.

Eare, of corne.

Scathe, losse, hinderaunce.

The fragrant flowres, sundry studies and lau partes of learning, wherein our Poet is seen they witnesse which are privie to this study.

Ever among, Ever and anone.

Thus is my. The thyrde part wherein is set f his ripe yeeres as an untimely harvest that br eth little fruite.

So now my yeere: The last part, wherein h cribed his age, by comparison of wyntrye sta

Carefull cold, for care is sayd to coole the bl

Glee, mirth.

Hoary frost, a metaphore of hoary hoares tered lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights, is a conclusion of all: wha six verses he comprehendeth briefly all that touched in this booke. In the first vers delights of youth generally: In the second, the of Rosalind: In the thyrd, the keeping of sh which is the argument of all the Æglogues: I fourth, his complaints: And in the last two professed frendship and good will to his good fr Hobbinoll.

EMBLEME.

The meaning whereof is, that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for ever. And therefore Horace of his Odes, a worke though ful indede of great wit and learning yet of no so great weight and importaunce, boldly sayth,

'Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
'Quod nec imber edax, nec aquilo vorax.' &c.

Therefore let not be envied, that this Poet his Epilogue sayth, he hath made a Calender shall endure as long as time, &c. folowing the sample of Horace and Ovid in the like.

'Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, ignis,
'Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetus &c.

Lo! I have made a Calender for every yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall outweare;
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.

Goe, lyttle Calender! thou hast a fres porte;
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner s
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman pl awhyle;
But followe them farre off, and their high ste adore:
The better please, the worse despise I ask

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

COMPLAINTS:

CONTAINING SUNDRIE SMALL POEMES

OF THE

WORLDS VANITIE.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE MAKETH MENTION.

BY ED. SP.

A NOTE OF THE SUNDRIE POEMES CONTAINED IN THIS VO

1. *The Ruines of Time.*
2. *The Teares of the Muses.*
3. *Virgils Gnat.*
4. *Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.*
5. *The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.*
6. *Muiopotmos, or The Tale of th flie.*
7. *Visions of the Worlds Vanitie*
8. *Bellayes Visions.*
9. *Petrarches Visions.*

THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLE READER.

SINCE my late setting foorth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endevoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe; some of them having bene diveralie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure over Sea. Of the which I have, by good meanes, gathered togeather these fewe parcels present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogeather, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them; being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie grave and profitable. To whi understand that he besides wrote sunc namelie *Ecclesiastes* and *Canticum c* translated, *A senights slumber, T lovers, his Purgatorie*, being all de Ladies; so as it may seeme he men to one volume. Besides some other I looselie scattered abroad: as *T Pellican, The howers of the L sacrifice of a sinner, The seven Ps* which when I can, either by hi otherwise, attaine too, I meane lik your favour sake to set foorth. In time, praying you gentlie to accep and graciousalie to entertaine the ne *take leave.*

THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

onourable and bountifull Ladie, long sithens deepe sowed in my seede of most entire love and affection unto that most brave our noble brother deceased; which, te, began in his life time some what th, and to shew themselves to him, the weakenes of their first spring; ld in their riper strength (had it gh God till then to drawe out his red forth fruit of more perfection. God hath disdeigned the world of noble Spirit, which was the hope med men, and the Patron of my ses, togeather with him both their le further fruit was cut off, and also delight of those their first blossoms d quite dead. Yet, sithens my late into England, some frends of mine, ight much prevaile with me, and mmaund me) knowing with howe andes of duetie I was tied to him, nd unto that noble house, (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankefulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines*; yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it most speciallie concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden by manie singular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happinesse; and so humblie kisse your handes.

Your Ladiships ever
humblie at commaund.
E. S.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

ed me on day beside the shore
streaming Thamesis to bee,
re the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
there now remaines no memorie,
little moniment to see,
the travailer, that fares that way,
e was she,' may warned be to say.

the other side, I did behold
a sitting, sorrowfullie wailing,
her yeolow locks, like wyrie gold
r *shoulders carelesslie downe* trailing,
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing:
In her right hand a broken rod she held, [weld.
Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to

Whether she were one of that Rivers Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere love lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th' auncient Genius of that Citie brent:
But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

'Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whose happines the heavens envying,
From highest staire to lowest step me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.'

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint;
That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And after did her name of her request.
'Name have I none (quoth she) nor anie being,
Bereft of both by Fates unjust decreeing.

'I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see,
Verlame I was: what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastfull gras?

'O vaine worlds glorie! and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth!
Which, from their first untill their utmost date,
Taste no one hower of happines or merth;
But like as at the ingate of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.

'Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for devouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

'Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisedome knew the perfect somme?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' earth and of their raine?

'What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
Of whome no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the Persian Beares outragiousnesse,
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares,
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought heares,
That overran the East with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure?

'And where is that same great sev beast,
That made all nations vassals of h
To fall before her feete at her beh
And in the necke of all the world
Where doth she all that wondrous hide?
With her owne weight down presse lies,
And by her heaps her hugenesse t

'O Rome! thy ruine I lament and
And in thy fall my fatall overthro
That whilom was, whilst heavens
Deignd to behold me and their gift
The picture of thy pride in pompo
And of the whole world as thou wa
So I of this small Northerne world
cesse.

'To tell the beawtie of my building
Adornd with purest golde and prec
To tell my riches, and endowment
That by my foes are now all spent
To tell my forces, matchable to no
Were but lost labour, that few wo
And with rehearsing would me mo

'High towers, faire temples, goodl
Strong walls, rich porches, princel
Large streetes, brave houses, sacred
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately
Wrought with faire pillours and fin
All those (O pitie!) now are turn
And overgrowen with blacke obliv

'Theretoo for warlike power, and p
In Britannie was none to match w
That manie often did abie full sore
Ne Troynovant, though elder siste
With my great forces might comp
That stout Pendragon to his perill
Who in a siege seaven yeres about

'But long ere this, Bunduca, Brito
Her mightie hoast against my
Bunduca, that victorious conquere
That, lifting up her brave heroick
Bove womens weaknes, with th
fought,
Fought, and in field against them
Yet was she foyld, when as she m

'And though at last by force I were
Of hardie Saxons, and became the
Yet was I with much bloodshed
deere,
And prizde with slaughter of their

nt of whose sad funerall,
of the world, long in me lasted,
nought through spoyle of time is
d.

s, as if it never were;
rest, that me so honord made
rorld admired ev'rie where,
moake, that doth to nothing fade;
brightnes now appeares no shade,
shades, such as doo haunt in hell
. fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

high steeples whilom usde to stand,
e lordly Faulcon wont to towre
i but an heap of lyme and sand,
he-owle to build her balefull bowre:
e Nightingale wont forth to powre
plaints, to comfort wakefull
s, [Plovers.
aunt yelling Mewes and whining

the christall Thamis wont to slide
nnell, downe along the Lee,
i flowrie bankes on either side
Nymphes, with mirthfull jollitee,
o play, from all annoyance free,
o rivers course is to be seene,
fennes, and marshes ever greene.

at that gentle River for great

ips, which oft I to him plained,
inne the horrible mischiefe,
he saw my cruell foes me pained,
e streames with guiltles blood oft
d;
happie neighborhood farre fled,
ete waters away with him led.

where the winged ships were scene
ves to cut their fomie waie,
d Fishers numbred to have been,
lake looking for plenteous praie
h they with baits usde to betraie,
ke, nor anie fishers store,
p shall saile there anie more.

e gone, and all with them is gone;
me remaines, but to lament
ay, which no man els doth mone,
my fall with dolefull dreriment.
nfort in great languishment,
ied with compassion kinde,
es the anguish of the minde.

man bewaileth, but in game,
i teares from lamentable eie;
es that mentioneth my name
shred of posteritie,

Save One that, maugre fortunes injurie,
And times decay, and envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

'Cambden! the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
Cambden! though Time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

'But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed,
So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

'It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowmed race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soveraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

'I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on
beare;
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare;
Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or Requiem to saie.

'O! trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing;
And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow.

'All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That everie shower will wash and wipe away;
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie:
Therefore, what ever man bearst worldlie sway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

'He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And evill men, now dead, his deeds upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

'He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to revive,
Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.

'Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame.
Wake, shepheards boy, at length awake for shame!

'And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie,)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

'He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilste he lived was of none envyde,
And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
Deare unto all that true affection beare:
But unto thee most deare, O dearest Dame!
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of fame.

'He, whilest he lived, happie was through thee,
And, being dead, is happie now much more;
Living, that lincked chaunst with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
As living, and thy lost deare love deplore.
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die.

'Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever;
And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live:
Such grace the heavens doo to my verses give.

'Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die,
Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake povertie;
Whose great good deeds, in countrey and in towne,
Have purchast him in heaven an hap
Where he now liveth in eternall bl
And left his sonne t' ensue those st

'He, noble bud, his Grandsires liv
Under the shadow of thy countena
Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flo
In learned artes, and goodlie gover
That him to highest honour shall
Brave Impe of Bedford! grow apace
And count of wisedome more t
Countie.

'Ne may I let thy husbands sister
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke di
Out of his stocke and famous famil
Whose praises I to future age doo
And foorth out of her happie wom
The sacred brood of learning and a
In whom the heavens powrde all
upon her.

'Most gentle spirite, breathed from
Out of the bosome of the makers b
In whom all bountie and all vertue
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breast o
With treasure passing all this worl
Worthie of heaven it selfe, which
forth.

'His blessed spirite, full of power d
And influence of all celestiall grace
Loathing this sinfull earth and ear
Fled back too soone unto his nativ
Too soone for all that did his love
Too soone for all this wretched worl
Robd of all right and true nobilitie

'Yet, ere his happie soule to heave
Out of this fleshlie gaole, he did de
Unto his heavenlie maker to prese
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifise;
And chose that guiltie hands of en
Should powre forth th' offring of
blood:
So life exchanging for his countrie

'O noble spirite! live there ever bl
The worlds late wonder, and the he
Live ever there, and leave me here
With mortall cares and cumbrous w
But, where thou dost that happines
Bid me, O! bid me quicklie come t
That happie there I maie thee alwa

'Yet, whilest the fates affoord me vi
I will it spend in speaking of thy p
And sing to thee, untill that timeli
By heavens doome doo ende my eard

hou my humble spirite raise,
that sacred breath inspire,
here breathest perfect and entire.

sing; but who can better sing
wne sister, peerles Ladie bright,
e sings with deep harts sorrowing,
npered with deare delight,
eare I feele my feeble spright
se, and ravished with joy:
ade of mourning and anoy!

ng; but who can better sing
y selfe, thine owne selfes valiance,
thou livedst, madest the forrests
[daunce,
sownd, and flockes to leap and
rds leave their lambs unto mis-
ce,
shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare:
e those dayes, thrice happie were!

ore happie thou, and wretched wee
the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
now in Elisian fields so free,
s, and with Linus, and the choice
ver did in rimes rejoice, [layes,
and doost heare their heavenlie
eare thine, and thine doo better

ou livest, singing evermore,
ou livest, being ever song
living loved thee afore, [throng
ee worship mongst that blessed
Poets and Heroës strong.
here and there immortall art,
here through excellent desart.

neither of themselves can sing,
sung of others for reward,
re oblivion, as the thing
r was, ne ever with regard
shall of the later age be heard,
rustie darknes ever lie,
mentiond be with infamie.

eth it to have been rich alive?
great? what to be gracious?
death no token doth survive
eing in this mortall hous,
in dust, dead and inglorious,
whose breath but in his nostrels is,
o hope of happinesse or blis.

e great ones may remembred be,
eir daies most famouslie did florish;
no word we heare, nor signe now

s *wipt out with a sponge* to perishe,

Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live,
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give;
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie
And Jove, the father of eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

'The sevenfold yron gates of grislie Hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie
Out of dread darkenesse to eternall day, [die
And them immortall make, which els would
In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie.

'So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden girt Alcmena, for great merite,
Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,
To highest heaven, where now he doth inherite
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure.

'So raisde they eke faire Ledaes warlick twinnes,
And interchanged life unto them lent, [ginnes
That, when th' one diës, th' other then be-
To shew in Heaven his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

'So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred sisters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remove;
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia do feede.

'For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise wordes, taught in numbers for to
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay; [runne,
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

'In vaine doo earthly Princes, then, in vaine,
Seeke, with Pyramides to heaven aspired,
Or huge Colosses built with costlie paine,
Or brasen Pillours never to be fired,
Or Shrines made of the mettall most desired,

'But Fame with golden wings aloft doth fli
Above the reach of ruinous decay, [sk
And with brave plumes doth beate the azu
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away
Then, who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

'For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortall mak
With verses, dipt in deaw of Castalie:
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound!

'Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got
To sing his living praises being dead,
Deserving never here to be forgot,
In spight of envie that his deeds would spot:
Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded,
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

'Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
Of Salomon with great indignities,
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight:
But now his wisedome is disprooved quite;
For he, that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

'O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
To see that vertue should dispised

confusion in Holie Writ,
worke, might be compar'd to it.

labours of terrestriall wit,
so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
h storme does fall away, and flit,
he fruit of all your travailes toyle
ray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle!
owre fall sodainelie to dust,
with griefe thereof my heart was

III

see a pleasant Paradize,
ete flowres and daintiest delights,
earth man could not more devize,
ires choyce to feed his cheerefull
hts:
hich Merlin by his magicke slights
ie gentle Squire, to entertaine
Belphœbe, could this gardine
ie.

rt pleasure, bought with lasting
e!
iereafter anie flesh delight
blis, and joy in pleasures vaine,
I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
s it was scarce seemed anie sight?
ich once that beautie did beholde,
from teares my melting eyes with-
le.

IV

r this a Giaunt came in place,
us powre, and of exceeding stature,
durst vewe the horror of his face,
he milde of speach, and meeke of
ire:
hich in despight of his Creatour
ng tearmes defied the Jewish hoast,
this mightie one in hugenes boast;

he one he could to th' other coast
is strong thighes, and th' Ocean
rstride,
h his hand into his enemies hoast.
e end of pompe and fleshlie pride!
feete unwares from him did slide,
ne hee fell into the deepe Abisse,
ownd with him is all his earthlie
se.

V

I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
Sea from one to other side,
n prop or pillour it t' upholde,
he coloured Rainbowe arched wide:
great Arche, which Trajan edifide,
ronder to all age ensuing,
hable to this in equall vewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained.

VI

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not elswhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The Cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound, [nesse,
Was but earth, and with her owne weight-
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the rest must needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I

Upon that famous Rivers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde as ever Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie criew
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view:
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded,

And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly signe,
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

II

Whilest thus I looked, loe! adowne the Lee
I sawe an Harpe stroong all with silver twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yvorie,
Swimming, that whylome seemed to have been
The Harpe on which Dan Orpheus was seene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of Philisides now dead.

At length out of the River it was reard
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

III

Soone after this I saw, on th' other side,
A curious Coffer made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof mueh griev'd my pensive thought.

At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels, downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Above the reach of anie living sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

IV

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw never summers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo! her Bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight.

With that she started up with ch
When suddeinly both bed and all
And I in languor left there all ak

V

Still as I gazed, I beheld where s
A Knight all arm'd, upon a wing
The same that bred was of Medu
On which Dan Perseus, borne of b
The faire Andromeda from perill
Full mortally this Knight ywoun
That streames of blood foorth fl
gras.

Yet was he deckt (small joy to hi
With manie garlands for his victo
And with rich spoyles, which lat
Through brave atcheivements from
Fainting at last through long infi
He smote his steed, that straigh
him bore,
And left me here his losse for to

VI

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest g
Upon a brazen pillour standing h
Which th' ashes seem'd of some
Enclosde therein for endles memo
Of him, whom all the world did g
Seemed the heavens with the ea
agree,
Whether should of those ashes ke

At last me seem'd wing-footed M
From heaven descending to appeas
The Arke did beare with him abo
And to those ashes gave a second
To live in heaven where happines
At which the earth did grieve ex
And I for dole was almost like to

L' Envoy.

Immortall spirite of Philisides,
Which now art made the heaven
That whilome wast the worldes cl
Give leave to him that lov'de the
His losse, by lacke of thee to hea
And with last duties of this brok
Broken with sighes, to decke thy

And ye, faire Ladie, th' honour o
And glorie of the world your hi
scorne,
Vouchsafe this moniment of his l
With some few silver-dropping tea
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spri
So unto heaven let your high mi
And loath this drosse of sinfull w

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

...er brave and noble Ladie, the things, ...t make ye so much honored of the world ...ye bee, are such, as (without my sim- ...lines testimonie) are throughlie knowen ...all men; namely, your excellent beautie, ...ur vertuous behavior, and your noble match ...th that most honourable Lord, the verie ...eme of right Nobilitie: But the causes ...which ye have thus deserved of me to be ...ssured (if honour it be at all) are, both ...r particular bounties, and also some pri- ...te bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased ...r Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which ...nes I found my selfe in no part worthie, ...evised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make the same universallie knowen to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, thogh not worthy of your self, yet such as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.
ED. SP.

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

...EARSE to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
...e golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
...ose piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad tine,
...hich late ye powred forth as ye did sit
...side the silver Springs of Helicone,
...aking your musick of hart-breaking mone.

...r since the time that Phœbus foolish sonne
...hundered, through Joves avengefull wrath,
...r traversing the charret of the Sunne
...yond the compasse of his pointed path,
...f you, his mournfull Sisters, was lamented,
...ch mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space,
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyses
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voyces
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

K. K.

The trembling streames, which wont in chanels cleare
To romble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft,
Now, forst to overflow with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares.

The joyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faëries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete,
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin, thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

Heare, thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
And thou, our Syre, that raignst in Castalie
And mount Parnasse, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare, and behold the miserable state
Of us, thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorne,
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne,

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance,
But they, whom thou, great Jove, by doome unjust
Didst to the type of honour earst advaunce;

They now, puft up with sdeig
Despise the brood of blessed S

The sectaries of my celestiall
That wont to be the worlds c
And learned Impes that wont
And grow to height of kingdo
They underkeep, and with armes
Do beat their buds, that peri

It most behoves the honorabl
Of mightie Peeres true wisedo
And with their noble counte
The learned forheads, withou
Or rather learnd themselves
That is the girlond of Nobilit

But (ah!) all otherwise they
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdo
And to be learned it a base th
Base minded they that want
For God himselfe for wisedom
And men to God thereby are

But they doo onely strive the
Through pompous pride, and
In th' eyes of people they pu
And onely boast of Armes an
But vertuous deeds, which
first give
To their Grandsyres, they ca

So I, that doo all noble feates
To register, and sound in trum
Through their bad dooings,
Finde nothing worthie to be
For better farre it were to hi
Than telling them to blazon

So shall succeeding ages hav
Of things forepast, nor monin
And all that in this world is
Shall die in darknesse, and li
Therefore I mourne with deep
Because I nothing noble have

With that she raynd such st
teares,
That could have made a stoni
And all her Sisters rent their
And their faire faces with sal
So ended shee; and then the
Began her grievous plaint as

MELPOMINE.

O! who shall powre into my
A sea of teares that never ma
A brasen voice that may with
Pierce the dull heavens and fi
And yron sides that sighing
To waile the wretchednes of

d world! the den of wickednesse,
th filth and fowle iniquitie;
d world! the house of heavinesse,
e wreaks of mortall miserie;
d world! and all that is therein,
of Gods wrath, and slaves of sin.

ible creature under sky
t understanding doth appeare;
worlds affliction he thereby,
es freakes, is wisely taught to beare:
life the onely joy shee is,
y comfort in calamities.

he brest with constant patience
bitter throwes of dolours darts!
with rules of Sapience
minds, in midst of worldlie smarts:
sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
fresh his sprights when they be

is of reasons skill bereft,
he staffe of wisedome him to stay,
in midst of tempest left
helme or Pilot her to sway:
dreadfull is that ships event;
n that wants intendiment.

oo foolish men so much despize
store of this celestiall riches?
ey banish us, that patronize
of learning? Most unhappie
hes!
ie drowned in deep wretchednes,
see their owne unhappiness.

s and my professed skill
rith Tragick buskin to adorne,
cene with plaint, and outcries shrill
persons to misfortune borne;
ore tragick matter I can finde
men depriv'd of sense and minde.

life me seemes a Tragedy,
ights and sore Catastrophees;
ng to the world with weeping eye,
s dayes, like dolorous Trophees,
ith spoyles of fortune and of feare,
st laid forth on balefull beare.

ufull spectacles is fild,
ra or Persephone;
n true Tragedies am skild,
f wit, finde nought to busie me:
mourne, and pitifully mone,
mourning matter I have none.

e wofully to waile, and wring
d hands in lamentable wise;
Sisters, thereto answering, [cries.
lowd shrieks and drerie dolefull

So rested she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

THALIA.

Where be the sweete delights of learnings treasure
That wont with Comick sock to beautefie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beseene?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greisly countenaunce,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe Abysme,
Where being bredd, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudenes foule disguize.

All places they with follie have possest,
And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
Fine Counterfesaunce, and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced,
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie
Without regard, or due Decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,

Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne;
Not honored nor cared for of anie,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly;
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested shee; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

EUTERPE.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
Faire Philomele, when winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilest favourable times did us afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will,
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culvers, doo sit wayling now,

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre, [blasted;
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
And livelie spirits of each living wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night:
And monstrous error, flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

Image of hellish horrour, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the black Abysse,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenaunce
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his sonnes both Syre and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout, [defaced;
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings *raced*
And our chast bowers, in which all vertu rained,
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure Castalion,
The famous witnesse of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their fowle footing trade,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with paines,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards swaines
Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing,
They have cut downe, and all their pleasure That now no pastorall is to bee hard. [mard,

Instead of them, fowle Goblins and Shrich owles
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howles
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
So all is turned into wildernesse,
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose joy was earst with Spirit fill
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull
Doo mone my miserie with silence soft:
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heavens affoord me remedy.

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe,
And pitious lamentation did make;
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake.
So rested shee; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet, [spight
Feareles through his own fault or Fortune
To tumble into sorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Findes greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes, with laurell garlond cround
For vertues meed and ornament of wit,
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Bee now become most wretched wights ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of fowle infamy;
Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries;
They cherelie chaunt, and rymes at random fling,
The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies:
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes possesse,
And raigne in liking of the multitude;
The schooles they fill with fond new fanglenesse, [rude;
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes
Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their skill,
And say their musicke matcheth Phœbus quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine:
Faire Ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine;
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we silly Maides, whom they dispize
And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce,
From our owne native heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
Unlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake compassion our paine,
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answere to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,
Because none living pittieth our paine.

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,
That naught on earth her griefe might pacifie:
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
With shrikes and groanes and grievous agonie.
So ended shee; and then the next in rew
Began her *piteous plaint, as doth ensew.*

ERATO.

Ye gentle Spirits, breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse,
Forgetfull of your former heavinesse;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to deitie,
And blazon fourth an earthlie beauties praise
Above the compasse of the arched skie;
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stound
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentabl wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous stat
Of Lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Love with leawdn fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the devicefull matter of my song;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almighties bosome, where he nest
From thence infused into mortall brests.

Such high conceipt of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cann gesse,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist pack;
For lo! thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Lov
May now goe prune his plumes like ruff Dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Ven brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom what ever thing is good thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;

Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole;
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed is now lent to the foole:
He sings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayse.

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment?

For they, to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Joves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose living praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew;
Ne doo they care that late posteritie [dew,
Should know their names, or speak their praises
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excell,
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodnes of his owne free-*will.*

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie:
Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongst the Starrie seaven.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more;
Sith I no more finde worthie to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share:
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make
Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre;
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre:
So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew.

URANIA.

What wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With love of blindnesse and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkenesse without sovenance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenlie light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wisdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceipt of sin.

In this wide world in which they, wretche stray,
It is the onelie comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their da
But hell, and darkenesse, and the grislie gra
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace, [debo
That mindes of men borne heavenlie do

Through knowledge we behold the wor creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was;
And judge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse mas
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to kno
And what to man, and what to God, wee o

e wee mount aloft unto the skie,
into the Christall firmament:
behold the heavens great Hierarchie,
es pure light, the Spheres swift
ziment,
es and Intelligences fayre, [chayre.
els waighting on th' Almighties

with humble minde and high in-
ht,
ll Makers majestie wee viewe,
his truth, his glorie, and his might,
ie more than mortall men can vew.
gne Lord! O soveraigne happinesse,
e, and thy mercie measurelesse!

pinesse have they that doo embrace
pts of my heavenlie discipline;
e and sorrow and accursed case
r that scorne the schoole of arts divine,
sh me, which do professe the skill
men heavenly wise through humbled
l.

yet they mee despise and spight,
sweet contentment of my thought,
se my selfe with mine owne selfe-
ight,
iplation of things heavenlie wrought:
ng earth, I looke up to the sky,
g driven hence, I thether fly.

behold the miserie of men, [breed,
nt the blis that wisedom would them
brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den
r darkenes, and of gastlie dreed;
n I mourne, and for my selfe com-
ine,
ıy Sisters eake whom they disdaine.

t shee wept and waild so pityouslie,
eyes had beene two springing wells;
ıe rest, her sorrow to supplie,
r forth shrieks and cries and dreery
lls.
shee; and then the next in rew
r mournfull plaint, as doth ensew.

POLYHYMNIA.

l case desires a dolefull song,
vaine art or curious complements;
llid Fortune, into basenes flong,
ne the pride of wonted ornaments:
st are these ragged rimes for mee,
y sorrowes that exceeding bee.

reet numbers and melodious measures,
ich I wont the winged words to tie,
e a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
g let to runne at libertie

By those which have no skill to rule them right.
Have now quite lost their naturall delight,

Heapes of huge wordes uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though having little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secrét skill;
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the noursling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kesars and of Kings.

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers majestie,
That with rich bountie, and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poësie;
Ne onelie favours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peereles Poëtresse.

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poetresse,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse!
Live she for ever, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Some few beside this sacred skill esteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which, being lightned with her beawties beme,
Are thereby fild with happie influence;
And lifted up above the worldës gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit savour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did powre,
As if shee all to water would have gone;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake:
The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

WRONG'D yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto yourselfe, that onely privie are:
But if that any Oedipus unware
Shall chaunce, through power of some divining spright,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my evill plight,
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose upon the text;
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what so by my selfe may not be showen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.

VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now have playde (Augustus) wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have onely playde: let thus much then excuse
This Gnats small Poeme, that th' whole history
Is but a jest, though envie it abuse: [blame,
But who such sports and sweet delights doth
Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:
The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Joves progenie,
Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
Playing on yvorie harp with silver strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle n
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon besi
Faire Xanthus sprincled with Chimæras
Or in the woods of Astery abide;
Or whereas mount Parnasse, the Muses
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes
And the sweete waves of sounding Cast
With liquid foote doth slide downe easi

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie
Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
Go too, and, dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holie Pales,
To whome the honest care of husbandri
Returneth by continuall successe,
Have care for to pursue his footing light
Throgh the wide woods and groves, with
leaves dight.

[redacted]

I lifted am aloft
est wide and starrie sky:
tread (Octavius), which oft
givest courage worthily,
cred childe) come sliding soft,
eginnings graciously;
aves do sing that dreadfull
[ground.
loud did staine Phlegræan

horsy people, Centaures hight,
bloudie Lapithaes at bord:
t with tyranous despight
towres, and people slew with

thos through exceeding might
ne; nor yron bands abord
by their huge Navy cast,
renowne, so long since past.

rampled with horses feete,
ersians did the Greeks affray;
, as for her power more meete,
hœbus friendly leave) to play
; verse with tender feete.
sacred child) to thee alway,
ightsome glory strive,
lds endles ages to survive.

ie roome remaine for thee
ranks, where blessed soules

ing life with joyous glee,
le that thou deservest best,
yeares remembered be
en, of whom thou oft are blest;
r in all happinesse!
to our first businesse.

is mounted now on hight
ly towers, and shot each where
Charet glistering light;
a, with her rosie heare,
knes now had put to flight;
pheard, seeing day appeare,
gan drive out of their stalls,
where pasture best befalls.

untaines top he with them

grasse did cloath the open hills.
igst the woods and thickets

ies wandring at their wills,
es farre abroad through each
[fills,
greene grasse feeding their
through the hollow cliffes on hy
shrubs which growe thereby.

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges that freshly
bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves
doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another high doth overlooke
Her owne like image in a christall brooke.

O! the great happines, which shepheards have,
Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
Do ever creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye;
Ne glistering of golde, which underlayes
The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing
eye;
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth
by;
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
Of Bætus or of Alcons vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian seas brought far away;
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
With sundrie colours paints the sprinckled
lay:
There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme be-
dight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitefull Pales, and the forrest greene,
And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies
pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as christall
neate,
Do alwayes flow to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead, then, a more happie life
Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart
sincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare;
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,

That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He joyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth:
Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeless head,
And perfect pleasure buildes her joyous bowre,
Free from sad cares that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indevour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send;
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O flocks! O Faunes! and O ye pleasaunt Springs
Of Tempe! where the countrey Nymphs are rife, [sings
Through whose not costly care each shepheard
As merrie notes upon his rusticke Fife,
As that Ascræan bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyfull life;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
This Shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,
And, the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Goates, and drave them to a foord,
Whose cærule streame, rombling in Pible stone,
Crept under mosse as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave, from the force of Phœbus boyling ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to *lay.*

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wo
(O Delian Goddesse!) saw, to which of y
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus b
Cruell Agavè, flying vengeance sore
Of king Nictileus for the guiltis blood
Which she with cursed hands had shed be
There she halfe frantick, having slain
sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to sh

Here also playing on the grassy greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryad
With many Fairies oft were dannring
Not so much did Dan Orpheus represse
The streames of Hebrus with his song
weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesse
Staied thee, (O Peneus!) powring foorth to
From cheerefull lookes great mirth and g
some glee.

The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing a
A pleasant bowre with all delight abound
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepay
To rest their limbs with wearines redoun
For first the high Palme trees, with bram
Out of the lowly vallies did arise, [
And high shoote up their heads into the

And them amongst the wicked Lotos gr
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did s
And eke those trees, in whose transformes
The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the
decay
Of Phaeton, whose limbs, with lightening
They, gathering up, with sweete teare
lament.

And that same tree, in which Demophoo
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one:
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to
an one;
The Oke, whose Acornes were our foode, b
That Ceres seede of mortall men were kn
Which first Triptoleme taught how
sowne.

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an hea
signe;
Which coveting, with his high tops exte
To make the mountaines touch the s
divine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment

Holme that loves the watrie

Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

st the clambring Yvie grew,
nton armes with grasping hold,
'oplar happely should rew
rokes, whose boughes she doth

twigs, till they the top survew,
pallid greene her buds of gold.
yrtle tree to her approach,
lfull of her olde reproach.

lirds, in their wide boughs em-
[consent;
sundrie tunes with sweete
a silver Spring, forth powring
eames, a gentle murmure sent;
gs, bred in the slimie scowring
ores, their jarring voyces bent,
oppers chirped them around;
yrie Echo did resound.

nt place this Shepheards flocke
re, their wearie limbs to rest,
and everie hollow rocke,
on them the whistling wind
t; [stocke,
Shepheard self, tending his
ntaine side, in shade to rest,
lumbring sleep oppressed him
und, and seized everie lim.

traines nought tooke he keep,
the grassie greene dispredd,
did trust to careles sleep;
ng down his drouping drowsie

is molten heart did steep,
and feare of all falshedd;
stant fortune, bent to ill,
schance his quietnes to spill.

ted time in that same place
Serpent, all with speckles pide,
selfe in moorish slime did trace,
boyling heate himselfe to hide:
with rolling wreathed pace,
it tongue the emptie aire did

scalie boughts with fell despight,
seem'd appalled at his sight.

d more having himselfe enrolde,
breast he lifteth up on hie,
ud vaunt his head aloft doth

ve, spotted with purple die,
did shine like scalie golde;
*eyes, glaunc*ing full dreadfullie,

Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine and most trustie guide
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on everie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines that anie one should dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent:
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his jawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle nourseling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the sleepie Shepheard went;
And, marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare
Shewd the two pearles which sight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruzing slewe
As in avengement of his heedles smart,
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde
What God or Fortune would assist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre;
And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake
And gazing ghastly on, (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard)
Yet when he saw him slaine himselfe he cheard.

The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With greislie countenaunce and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, 'What have I, wretch, deserv'd, that
Into this bitter bale I am outcast, [thus
Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

'So livest thou; but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fire-brond, encountring me,
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

'And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

'Ay me!

ele, of neither well withstood,
wounds their carcases doth rend;
both doe mortall foes remaine,
brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

If there is no end of paine,
r labour may intreated bee;
all these am carried faine,
owers farre different I see,
se over to th' Elisian plaine:
ersephone, encountring mee,
fellow Furies earnestlie
ight firebronds me to terrifie.

Alceste lives inviolate,
care, for that her husbands daies
ng by changing fate for fate.
s also the immortall praise
le, most faithfull to her mate,
d from her farre awayes
of yongmen which her woo'd,
th darts, lie wallowed in their

ydice thence now no more
life, but there detained bee
ack, being forbid before:
uilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.
was, and worthie spirite bore,
ose lowest shadowes goe to see,
eeve that anie thing could please
or Stygian powres appease:

burning waves of Phlegeton,
me mournfull kingdomes, com-

orrour and fowle fashion;
d vawtes; and Tartar covered
night, and darke confusion;
nt seates, whose Judge is deadlie

after death doth punish sore
ich life hath trespassed before.

ortune made Dan Orpheus bolde;
running rivers still did stand,
e beasts their furie did withhold,
heus musicke through the land:
, deep grounded in the earthly

if they could him understand;
l woods, which were of sense be-
[ceav'd.
r hard barke his silver sound re-

Moone her hastie steedes did

emes along the starrie skie;
monthly Virgin!) thou delay
ourse, to heare his melodie?

The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to move as easily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

'She, (Ladie) having well before approoved
The feends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her ey-sight turne arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved;
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

'Ah! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted,
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted:
And you beside the honourable band
Of great Heroës doo in order stand.

'There be the two stout sonnes of Aeacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyëous
Through their Syres dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

'For th' one was ravisht of his owne bond-
maide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy;
But th' other was with Thetis love assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his joy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and
coy;
That from th' Argolick ships with furious yre
Bett back the furie of the Trojan fyre.

'O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great warre, which Trojanes oft be-
helde?
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrian soyle with bloodie rivers
swelde,
And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corses,
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;
Whilst Hector raged with outragious minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to
have tynde.

'For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
And, like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the Navie of their enemies.

'So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships from turning home againe
To Argos; th' other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.
Thus th' one Aeacide did his fame extend;
But th' other joy'd, that, on the Phrygian playne
Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,
He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.

'Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent;
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment;
Therefore from him Laërtes sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæsus fall,
And eſte in Dolons subtile surprysall.

'Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,
And blacke Læstrigones, a people stout:
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
Manie great bandogs which her gird about:
Then doo the Aetnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out:
Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
And griesly Feends of hell him terrifie.

'There also goodly Agamemnon bosts,
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts;
Under whose conduct

antique fame of stout Camill
; and constant Curtius,
at his vowed life to spill
s health, a gulph most hideous
'owne with his owne corps did

powers; and prudent Mutius,
sh endur'd the scorching flame,
oe by ensample of the same.

e Curius, companion
ses, lives in endles rest;
minius, whose devotion
he fires scorn'd furie to detest;
praise of either Scipion
est place above the best,
ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
eir forces, sound their praises

or ever through their lasting

rretch, am forced to retourne
:es that Phœbus sunnie rayes
se, where soules doo alwaies
;
aylings shores to waste my dayes,
eton with quenchles flames doth
[sever
t Minos righteous soules doth
ones, to live in blisse for ever.

thus the cruell fiends of hell,
ig snakes, and thousand yron
s, [compell
me of that their cruell Judge
rture, and impatient paines,
leath and just complaint to tell:
he whom my poore ghost com-
hor of her ill unwares, [plaines
ear'st my intollerable cares.

ore as bequeathing to the winde,
returning to thee never,
s lamentable plaint behinde:
1 haunt he soft downe-rolling
[minde;
eene woods and fruitful pastures
tting aire my vaine words sever.'
said, he heavily departed
s crie, that anie would have
d.

ie sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
eavie Shepheard, wondrous cares
red minde full sore opprest;
sorrow he no longer beares

For that Gnats death, which deeply was
imprest,
But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such a through their
might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same River lurking under greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And, squaring it in compasse well beseene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured
space:
His yron-headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifide;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to
growe:
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die;
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe;
The Marigolde, and cherefull Rosemarie;
The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does
flowe;
The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Costmarie;
And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle;
And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toyle.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre,
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frank-
incence;
And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre;
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;
Red Amaranthus, lucklesse Paramour;
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatso other hearb of lovely hew, [forth,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE

LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE

LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most faire and vertuous Ladie; having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth. Simple is the device, and the composition n carrieth some delight, even the rath of the simplicitie and meannesse thi ated. The same I beseech your Lad in good part, as a pledge of that which I have made to you; and k you untill, with some other mor labour, I do redeeme it out of yo and discharge my utmost dutie. wishing your Ladiship all increase and happinesse, I humblie take lea

Your La: ever humbl

E

PROSOPOPOIA: OR MOTHER HUBBERDS TAL

It was the month in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver bowre the Sunne received;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die,
Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reaso
That it to Leaches seemed strange an
My fortune was, mongst manie other
To be partaker of their common woe:
And my weake bodie, set on fire wit
Was rob'd of rest and naturall relief
In this ill plight there came to visit
Some friends, who, sorie my sad cas
Began to comfort me in chearfull wi
And meanes of gladsome solace to d
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to do
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe

t my troubled sense how to deceave
, that might unquiet fancies reave;
g all in seates about me round,
ant tales (fit for that idle stound)
a course to waste the wearie howres.
of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
ave Knights, and their renowned
ires;
e Faeries and their strange attires;
of Giaunts, hard to be beleeved;
elight thereof me much releeved.
he rest a good old woman was,
her Hubberd, who did farre surpas
n honest mirth, that seem'd her
:
her turne was come her tale to tell,
strange adventure, that betided
ie Foxe and th' Ape by him mis-
led;
for that my sense it greatly pleased,
y spirite heavie and deseased,
termes as she the same did say,
I her words remember may.
aide me needes heretoo to call;
style, and matter meane withall.
(said she) before the world was
d,
nd th' Ape, disliking of their evill
estate, determined to seeke [lyeke,
ines farre abroad, lyeke with his
ere craftie and unhappie witted;
es might no where be better fitted.
hat first this cause of griefe did finde,
hus plaine his case with words un-
ie.
r Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
sure bands in friendship to be tide)
may I more trustely complaine
light that doth me sore constraine,
thereof to finde due remedie?
n, my paine and inward agonie.
e yeares I now have spent and worne
regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
Countrey service as I might,
dare saie, than the prowdest wight;
hoped to be up advaunced,
d parts; but still it has mischaunced.
fore that no lenger hope I see,
d fortune still to follow mee,
lifted up on high where I did looke,
turne the next leafe of the booke:
at anie way I doo betake,
y Gossip privie first to make.'
deare Gossip, (answer'd then the
)
your sad words my wits awhape,
cause your griefe doth great appeare,
ecause my selfe am touched neare:
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
Whilest others alwayes have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away havē swept;
That now unto despaire I gin to growe,
And meane for better winde about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
Thy councell: two is better than one head.'
'Certes (said he) I meane me to disguize
In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize;
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Or like a Gipsen, or a Juggeler,
And so to wander to the worldes ende,
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete
Is full of fortunes, and adventures straunge,
Continuallie subject unto chaunge.
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice.'
'Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous
well;
And would ye not poore fellowship expell,
My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
In this adventures chauncefull jeopardie:
For to wexe olde at home in idlenesse
Is disadventrous, and quite fortunelesse;
Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee.'
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
On their intended journey to proceede;
And over night whatso theretoo did needе
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments unto them tooke,
And put themselves (a Gods name) on their
way;
Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t' advise.
'Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
What course ye weene is best for us to take,
That for our selves we may a living make.
Whether shall we professe some trade or skill,
Or shall we varie our device at will,
Even as new occasion appeares?
Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares
To anie service, or to anie place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon.'
'Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in season;
For everie thing that is begun with reason
Will come by readie meanes unto his end,
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I advize upon the case,
That not to anie certaine trade or place,

Nor anie man, we should our selves applie;
For why should he that is at libertie [borne,
Make himselfe bond? sith then we are free
Let us all servile base subjection scorne;
And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And chalenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest doo rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creture,
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.
That was the golden age of Saturne old,
But this might better be the world of gold;
For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot:
We will not be of anie occupation;
Let such vile vassals, borne to base vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle;
But we will walke about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our case our treasure.
Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggers bee;
For they doo swinke and sweate to feed th other, [gather,
Who live like Lords of that which they doo
And yet doo never thanke them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
Lords of the world; and so will wander free
Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie:
Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so manie)
Light not on some that may our state amend:
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end.'
Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce;
Yet, well considering of the circumstaunce,
As pausing in great doubt, awhile he staid,
And afterwards with grave advizement said:
'I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell;
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that Beggers life is best; [all.
And they, that thinke themselves the best of
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall, that we shall ronne
Into great daunger, like to bee undone,
Thus wildly to wander in the
Withouten pasport or good wi
For feare least we like rogue puted,
And for eare-marked beasts al
Therefore, I read that we our
How to prevent this mischief
And how we may, with most
Beg amongst those that begge
'Right well, deere Gossip, ye
(Said then the Foxe) but I
For ere we farther passe I wil
A pasport for us both in fittes
And by the names of Souldier
That now is thought a civile l
Be you the Souldier, for you l
For manly semblance, and warre:
I will but wayte on you, and,
Falls out, my selfe fit for fashion.'
The pasport ended, both the
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit
In a blew jacket with a crosse
And manie slits, as if that he
Much blood throgh many receaved,
Which had the use of his right
Upon his head an old Scotch
With a plume feather all to p
His breeches were made after
Al Portugese, loose like an en
And his hose broken high ab
And his shooes beaten out wi
But neither sword nor dagger
Seemes that no foes reven feare:
In stead of them a handsome
On which he leaned, as one fa
Shame light on him, that t illusion,
Doth turne the name of Sould
And that, which is the nobles
Brings to reproach and comm
Long they thus travailed, yet
Adventure which might them
Yet manie waies they sought,
Yet for their purposes none fit
At last they chaunst to meet
A simple husbandman in garn
Yet though his vesture were bace,
A good yeoman he was of hon
And more for thrift did car clothing:
Gay without good is good
The Foxe him spying, bad th
To play his part, for loe! he w

er'd not,) should them entertaine,
hem timely profite for their paine.
e Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
shoulders high his bat to beare,
ervice he were fit to doo;
rift for him he did it too:
forward he his steps did straine,
handsome swaine it him became,
they nigh approached, that good

wander loosly, first began
f custome, what and whence they
e Ape, 'I am a Souldiere, [were?
n warres have spent my deerest

service lost both limbs and good;
nstrain'd that trade to overgive,
to seeke some meanes to live:
t it you in pitie please t' afford,
eadie, both in deed and word,
faithfull service all my dayes.
orld (that same he weeping sayes)
ne the stowtest hearts to lowest

doth bravest mindes abate,
hem seeke for that they wont to

nd of hope at once forlorne.'
man, that heard him thus com-

as he had felt part of his paine;
spos'd him some reliefe to showe,
sbandrie he ought did knowe,
o plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
o ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to

labour els he was prepar'd,
s life is labourous and hard?
Ape him hard so much to talke
hat did from his liking balke,
ave slipt the coller handsomly,
said: 'Good Sir, full glad am I,
t paines may anie living wight;
te maymed limbs lack wonted

kindly services as needeth.
right hand the mouth with diet

ay no painfull worke endure,
labour can it selfe enure:
anie other place you have,
es small paines, but thriftines to

verlooke, or trust to gather,
ne trust as your owne ghostly
r.'
t the husbandman gan him avize,
him were fittest exercise
Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
'Gladly (said he) what ever such like paine
Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine;
But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
(Might it you please) would take on me the keep.
For ere that unto armes I me betooke,
Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I have not loste:
Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coste,
(Meaning the Foxe) will serve my sheepe to gather,
And drive to follow after their Belwether.'
The Husbandman was meanly well content
Triall to make of his endevourment;
And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
Giving accompt of th' annuall increce [fleece.
Both of their lambes, and of their woolly
Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
And the false Foxe his dog (God give them paine!)
For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run,
And doo returne from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
Expired had the terme, that these two javels
Should render up a reckning of their travels
Unto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wist what answere unto him to frame,
Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
For their false treason and vile theeverie:
For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
Had they to shew; but, ever as they bred,
They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed;
For that disguised Dog lov'd blood to spill,
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will.
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
And when lambes fail'd the old sheepes lives they reft;
That how t' acquite themselves unto their Lord
They were in doubt, and flatly set abord.
The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
Respite till morrow t' answere his desire;
For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad next day that all should readie be:
But they more subtill meaning had than he;
For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent:
And that same evening, when all shrowded were
In careles sleep, they without care or feare

Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde,
And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde.
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night.
So was the husbandman left to his losse,
And they unto their fortunes change to tosse:
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing manie through their cloaked guile,
That at the last they gan to be descryed
Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte,
For none would give, but all men would them wyte: [living,
Yet would they take no paines to get their
But seeke some other way to gaine by giving,
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For manie beg which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range:
For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
Who passing foorth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell, [meete,
At length chaunst with a formall Priest to
Whom they in civill manner first did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
The man straightway his choler up did move,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile,
For following that trade so base and vile:
And askt what license, or what Pas they had?
'Ah! (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving,
Or asked for their pas by everie squib,
That list at will them to revile or snib:
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheles, because you shall not us misdeeme,
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee.'
Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little els (God wote) could thereof skill;
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne medled with their controversi
All his care was, his service well
And to read Homelies upon holi
When that was done, he migh
playes:
An easie life, and fit high God to
He, having overlookt their pa
Gan at the length them to rebuk
That no good trade of life did e
But lost their time in wandring
Seeing the world, in which they
Had wayes enough for all therei
Such grace did God unto his cre
Said then the Foxe; 'Who ha
not tride,
From the right way full eath
We are but Novices, new come
We have not yet the tract of ani
Nor on us taken anie state of life
But readie are of anie to make p
Therefore might please you, wh
have proved,
Us to advise, which forth but la
Of some good course that we
take;
Ye shall for ever us your bondm
The Priest gan wexe halfe p
praide,
And thereby willing to affoord t
'It seemes (said he) right we
Clerks,
Both by your wittie words, and
Is not that name enough to mak
To him that hath a whit of Nat
How manie honest men see ye
Daylie thereby, and grow to go
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to C
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prel
All jolly Prelates, worthie rule t
Who ever them envie: yet spite
Why should ye doubt, then, but
Might unto some of those in tim
In the meane-time to live in goo
Loving that love, and hating th
Being some honest Curate, or s
Content with little in condition
'Ah! but (said th' Ape) the c
drous great,
To feed mens soules, and hath an
'To feede mens soules (quoth he)
For they must feed themselves, do
We are but charg'd to lay the m
Eate they that list, we need to
But God it is that feedes them
The bread of life powr'd downe
place.
Therefore said he, that with the
Did rule the Jewes, All shalbe

hath Jesus Christ now to him
t,
e flock is rightly fed, and taught:
iepheard, and the Priest is hee;
shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
rewith doo not your selfe dismay;
ines so great, but beare ye may,
reat, as it was wont of yore,
ayes, ne halfe so streight and sore.
ne used duly everie day
e and their holie things to say,
nd even, besides their Anthemes
e,
Masses, and their Complynes meete,
es, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
ries, their singings, and their gifts.
se needlesse works are laid away;
weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
to doo our small devotion,
follow any merrie motion.
yde to fast, but when we list;
garments base of wollen twist,
ie finest silkes us to aray,
God we may appeare more gay,
Aarons glorie in his place:
ifit it is, that person bace
th vile cloaths approach Gods
stie,
uncleannes may approachen nie;
men, which anie master serve,
nts for their service should deserve;
it serves the Lord of hoasts most
,
n highest place, t' approach him
,
peoples prayers to present
hrone, as on ambassage sent
id fro, should not deserve to weare
better than of wooll or heare.
may have lying by our sides
Lasses, or bright shining Brides:
tyde to wilfull chastitie,
he Gospell of free libertie.'
he ended had his ghostly sermon,
was well induc'd to be a Parson,
Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
benefice he might aspire?
re (said the Priest) is arte indeed:
deep learning one thereout may
;
e ground-worke is, and end of all,
aine a Beneficiall.
ore, when ye have in handsome wise
attyred, as you can devise,
ne Noble-man your selfe applye,
eat one in the worldës eye,
a *zealous disposition*
l so to his religion.

There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale;
For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
And seeme as Saintlike as Saint Radegund:
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke:
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice
seeke,
And be thou sure one not to lacke or long.
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to
lie,
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock.
So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
Unlesse thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick;
And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
These be the wayes by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard;
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Courtier needes must recompenced bee
With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The Primitias of your Parsonage:
Scarse can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
But that it must be gelt in privitie.
Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
But of more private persons seeke elswhere,
Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
For some good Gentleman, that hath the right
Unto his Church for to present a wight,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise;
That if the living yerely doo arise
To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast
wonne:
Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the rest to shift,
Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is unlern'd
Living to get, and not to be discern'd.
But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer
wayes,
For learning sake to living them to raise;
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
T' accept a Benefice in peeces riven.
How saist thou (friend) have I not well dis-
courst
Upon this Common-place, (though plaine, not
wourst?)
Better a short tale than a bad long shriving:
Needes anie more to learne to get a living?'
'Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he)
Ye a great master are in your degree:

Great thankes I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doo not doubt but duly to encline
My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.'
The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare:
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
Through the Priests holesome counsell lately tought, [wroght,
And throgh their owne faire handling wisely
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained,
And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they revell route and goodly glee;
But, ere long time had passed, they so ill
Did order their affaires, that th' evill will
Of all their Parishners they had constraind;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd,
That Pursivants he often for them sent;
But they neglected his commaundëment.
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he published to holde
A Visitation, and them cyted thether:
Then was high time their wits about to geather.
What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbor Priest, for light condition,
To whom their living they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So passing through the Countrey in disguize,
They fled farre off, where none might them surprize;
And after that long straied here and there,
Through everie field and forrest farre and nere,
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
But almost stery'd did much lament and mourne.
At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise;
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,
Said; 'Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth *hide.*
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you secret favour give.'

'Foolish Foxe (said the Mule) thy wretche need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow bree
For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarse thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.'
'Ay me! (said then the Foxe) whom evill ha
Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence com
yee;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps some good unwreeting beare.'
'From royall Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found: he nothing can admire,
That hath not seene that heavens portracture,
But tidings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers, as the tide, doo rise and fall.'
'But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway,
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We make seeke favour of the best of all?'
'Marie, (said he) the highest now in grace
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight;
But chieflie joyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde.
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is joy to see:
So well his golden Circlet him beseemeth.
But his late chayne his Liege unmeete teemeth;
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply
Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,
And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
And yet full few which follow them, I see,
For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soo
That ye may better thrive than thousands m
'But (said the Ape) how shall we come in,
That after we may favour seeke to win?'
'How els (said he) but with a good bold fa
And with big words, and with a stubbie

y thinke of you in generall,
you which is not at all:
that which is, the world now
h,
at) but by that same that seemeth.
t but that ye well can fashion
heretoo, according to occasion.
ll; good Courtiers may ye bee!'
eighing, from them parted hee.
s craftie couple to devize,
Court themselves they might
;
ey themselves meant to addresse,
de there happier successe.
shifted, that the Ape anon
cloathed like a Gentleman,
Foxe, as like to be his groome,
Court in seemly sort they come;
nd Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
toes, stalketh stately by,
some great Magnifico,
loth amongst the boldest go;
n Reynold, with fine counterfe-
credite and his countenaunce.
Courtiers gaze on everie side,
him, with big lookes basen wide,
hat mister wight he was, and
e:
lad in strange accoustrements,
th queint devises, never seene
re, yet there all fashions beene;
in newfanglenesse did pas.
viour altogether was
ca, much the more admyr'd;
es loftie, as if he aspyr'd
nd sdeign'd the low degree; [see
ch did such strangenesse in him
eanes gan of his state enquire,
is servant thereto hire:
hly arm'd against such coverture,
o all, that he was sure
leman of high regard, [far'd,
gh the world had with long travel
e manners of all beasts on ground;
iv'd, to see if like he found.
he Ape at first him credit gaine,
vards he wisely did maintaine
showe, and daylie more augment
fine feates and Courtly comple-
[spring,
play, and dannce, and vaute, and
els pertaines to reveling,
h kindly aptnes of his joynts.
ould doo manie other poynts,
Court him served to good stead:
gst Ladies could their fortunes

Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well.
But he so light was at legierdemaine,
That what he toucht came not to light againe;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them that they greatly him mistooke.
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie;
And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
But the right gentle minde woulde bite his lip,
To heare the Javell so good men to nip;
For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers love to gybe and fleare
At everie thing which they heare spoken ill,
And the best speaches with ill meaning spill,
Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous
thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or despite:
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie;
But heares and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie:
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
As that same Apish crue is wont to doo:
For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie;
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker worme of everie gentle brest;
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise:
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne
steedes,
Now practising the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare.
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes
most needfull)
Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen
bowe,
And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride;
Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
Of Musicks skill revives his toyled spright;
Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts;
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes:
Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernment,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowmed Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposis,
And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praise:
For he is fit to use in all assayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and civill governaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courting most applie:
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th' intent of Counsells, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men somewhile,
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
Which through wise speaches and grave conference
He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde,
But unto such the Ape lent not his minde:
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descrie his lewd conditions;
But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thriftles games that may be found;
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre *unfit*
With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly ristiss,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rise
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A Pandares coate (so basely was he borne),
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah! for shame,
Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is virtue to advaunce, and vice deride,
Ne with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetrie be named!
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire,
That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and deface
The Sectaries thereof, as people base [scorne
And simple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewed,
Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewed,
Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewd speach
Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
And mocke Divines and their profession.
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to advaunce,
And to uphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could devise:
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce; yet sure his honesti
Got him small gaines, but shameles flatteria
And filthie brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good Ladies gift
But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'
Was his man Raynolds purchase which
gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practise ill

and cleanly knaverie,
maintain'd his masters braverie.
made another slipprie slight,
himselfe, in common sight,
sages fit for everie sted,
he thousands cleanly coosined:
Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
his credite he did often leave
his gay Masters hopelesse dett·
Lawyer, when he land would lett,
imples in his Masters name,
ad never, nor ought like the same.
he be a Broker, and draw in
and money, by exchange to win:
he seeme a Farmer, that would

f woods, which he did lately fell,
cattle, or such other ware,
coosin men not well aware:
hich there came a secret fee, [bee.
, that he his countenaunce might
ll this, he us'd oft to beguile
s, that in Court did haunt some;
:;
id learne their busines secretly,
iforme his Master hastely,
meanes might cast them to pre-

sute the which the other ment.
e false Reynold would abuse
Suter, and wish him to chuse
being one of great regard
compas anie sute not hard,
s paines were recompenst with
n.
worke ths silly man by treason
Masters frivolous good will,
t power to doo him good or ill.
thing is Suters state!
able man, whom wicked fate
ht to Court, to sue for had ywist,
ave found, and manie one hath
l
nowest thou, that hast not tride,
t is in suing long to bide:
ood dayes, that might be better
:;
g nights in pensive discontent;
day, to be put back to morrow;
hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
hy Princes grace, yet want her
es;
r asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
soule with crosses and with cares;
r heart through comfortlesse dis-
s; [ronne,
to crowche, to waite, to ride, to
o *give, to want, to* be undonne.

Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke,
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie:
That curse God send unto mine enemie!
For none but such as this bold Ape, unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his Master furnish can.
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
His craftie feates, but that they were descride
At length by such as sate in justice seate,
Who for the same him fowlie did entreate;
And having worthily him punished,
Out of the Court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
That wont provide his necessaries, gan
To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
His countenance in those his garments olde;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him uncased gan deride,
Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
Whose part once past all men bid take away:
So that he driven was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
Then, closely as he might, he cast to leave
The Court, not asking any passe or leave;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Foxe, his copesmate he had found,
To whome complayning his unhappy stound,
At last againe with him in travell joynd,
And with him far'd some better chaunce to fynde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so farre to seeke for misery,
And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did goe,
Lo! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde,
And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away:

For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In case the good, which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake; [growe
Yet, as he could, he askt how good might
Where nought but dread and death do seeme in show? [sound,
'Now, (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke good)
Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all
Subject unto that powre imperiall.' [wretch,
'Ah! but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch,
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?'
'Fond Ape! (sayd then the Foxe) into whose brest
Never crept thought of honor, nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One joyous howre in blisfull happines,
I chose before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile harted cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme:
Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme,
And I creepe under ground, both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach.'
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise:
But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away?
'Marie, that shall your selfe, (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;
Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, my owne deare brother, take good hart,
And ever thinke a Kingdome is your part.'
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adventer,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,
And everie stick that underneath did ly,
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he le
To everie sound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now stopt, now crept, now le
ward drew,
That it good sport had been him to have sp
Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde)
Through his fine handling, and his cleasly pa
He all those royall signes had stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne asi
Into a secret corner unespide.
Whither whenas they came they fell at wra
Whether of them should be the Lord of Le
For th' Ape was stryfull, and ambitious,
And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous
That neither pleased was to have the myne
Twixt them divided into even twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone;
For Love and Lordship bide no paragone.
'I am most worthie, (said the Ape) sith I
For it did put my life in jeopardie:
Thereto I am in person and in stature
Most like a Man, the Lord of everie creature
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly soveraigne.'
'Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are awry
For though to steale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did first devise the plot by pollicie;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit:
For which also I claime my selfe more fit
Than you to rule; for government of state
Will without wisedome soone be ruinate.
And where ye claime your selfe for outw
shape
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spir
But I therein most like to him doo merite,
For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse,
The title of the Kingdome to possesse.
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
Unto this point, we will appease our jarre;
And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall have both crowne and gov
ment,
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a la
And hereupon an oath unto me plight.'
The Ape was glad to end the strife so li
And thereto swore; for who would not
sweare,
And oft unsweare, a Diademe to beare?
Then freely up those royall spoyles he to
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quoddes,

mbled, and upon his head
, and on his backe the skin he did,
e Foxe him helped to array.
he was all dight, he tooke his way
est, that he might be seene
e beasts in his new glory sheene.
wo first whome he encountred were
e and th' Asse, who, striken both
feare,
him, gan fast away to flye;
hem the Foxe alowd did cry,
Kings name bad them both to stay,
ayne that thereof follow may.
ythles, were they restrayned so,
e Foxe forth toward them did goe,
lis-waded them from needlesse feare,
e King did favour to them beare;
re dreadles bad them come to Corte,
l beasts should do them any torte
road; ne would his majestye
ut well, with gracious clemencye,
he knew to him both fast and true.
aded them, with homage due
s to humble to the Ape prostrate,
y to them bowing in his gate,
them with chearefull entertayne.
h proceeding with his princely
ne,
met the Tygre, and the Bore,
h the simple Camell raged sore
ords, seeking to take occasion
leshly corpse to make invasion:
as they this mock-King did espy,
lous strife they stinted by and by,
ndeed that it the Lyon was.
prove whether his powre would pas
sent the Foxe to them streightway,
ling them their cause of strife be-
y;
t wrong on eyther side there were,
ould warne the wronger to appeare
w next at Court, it to defend;
n-time upon the King t' attend.
Foxe so well his message sayd,
roud beasts him readily obayd:
he Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
ncorag'd by the crafty Foxe;
indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
e Beasts him feared as they ought,
ed unto his palaice hye;
ing Congé, each one by and by
o his home in dreadfull awe,
he feared sight which late they
e.
, thus seized of the Regall throne,
y counsell of the Foxe alone,
vide for all things in assurance,
rule might lenger have endurance.

First to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
That none might enter but with issue hard:
Then, for the safegard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:
With those himselfe he strengthned mightelie,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill;
And all wylde beasts made vassals of his pleasures, [treasures.
And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private
No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard of season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arroganunce:
Such followes those whom fortune doth advaunce.

But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part;
For whatsoever mother-wit or arte
Could worke, he put in proofe: no practise slie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.
All offices, all leases by him lept,
And of them all whatso he likte he kept.
Justice he solde injustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was;
But, so he got it, little did he pas.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle;
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices:
He cloathed them with all colours, save white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were:
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let:
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.

And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to encrease the common treasures store;
But his owne treasure he encreased more,
And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast
To ruine (for what thing can ever last?)
And whilest the other Peeres, for povertie,
Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
And their olde Castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous over-all,
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long moniment:
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie.
The Realmes chiefe strength and girlond of the crowne. [adowne,
All these through fained crimes he thrust
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace;
For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisdome he above their learning deemed.
As for the rascall Commons least he cared,
For not so common was his bountie shared:
Let God, (said he) if please, care for the manie,
I for my selfe must care before els anie.
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine, [gaine.
So great he was in grace, and rich through
Ne would he anie let to have accesse
Unto the Prince, but by his owne addresse,
For all that els did come were sure to faile.
Yet would he further none but for availe;
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine, [plaine;
Came to the Court, her case there to com-
How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemie,
Had sithence slaine her Lambe most cruellie,
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
'Soft, Gooddie Sheepe! (then said the Foxe) not soe:
Unto the King so rash ye may not goe;
He is with greater matter busied
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne, certes, may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
And seeke with slaunder his good nam
For there was cause, els doo it he wo
Therefore surcease, good Dame, a
depart.'
So went the Sheepe away with heav
So many moe, so everie one was use
That to give largely to the boxe refu
Now when high Jove, in whose
hand
The care of Kings and power of
Sitting one day within his turret hy
From whence he vewes, with his bla
Whatso the heaven in his wide re
taines,
And all that in the deepest earth rem
And troubled kingdome of wilde b
helde,
Whom not their kindly Sovereigne
But an usurping Ape, with guile sub
Had all subverst, he sdeignfully it s
In his great heart, and hardly did re
But that with thunder bolts he had h
And driven downe to hell, his dewes
But, him avizing, he that dreadfull
Forbore, and rather chose with scorn
Him to avenge, and blot his brutish
Unto the world, that never after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infami
And his false counsellor, the cause of
To damne to death, or dole perpetual
From whence he never should be quit,
Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal
And bad him flie with never-resting
Unto the forrest, where wilde beasts
And there enquiring privily, to learn
What did of late chaunce happen to
stearne,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he
And whence were all those plaints
brought
Of wronges, and spoyles, by salva
committed?
Which done, he bad the Lyon be re
Into his seate, and those same treac
Be punished for their presumptuous
The Sonne of Maia, soone as he re
That word, streight with his azure
cleav'd
The liquid clowdes, and lucid firma
Ne staid, till that he came with ste
Unto the place where his prescript
There stouping, like an arrowe fro
He soft arrived on the grassie plain
And fairly paced forth with easie pa
Till that unto the Pallace nigh he c
Then gan he to himselfe new shape
And that faire face, and that Ambro
Which wonts to decke the Gods 'mo

ie the shinie firmament,
it for that rude rabblement,
by the gates in strange disguize,
ire of some in secret wize,
King, and of his government,
Foxe, and his false blandishment:
ore he heard each one complaine
ses both in realme and raine;
to prove more true he meant to see,
witnes of each thing to bee.
head his dreadfull hat he dight,
eth him invisible in sight,
th th' eyes of all the lookers on,
m thinke it but a vision.
ower of that he runnes through
nies swerds; [herds
wer of that he passeth through the
wilde beasts, and doth beguile
ie mouthes of the expected spoyle;
wer of that his cunning theeveries
worke, that none the same espies;
h the power of that, he putteth on
e he list in apparition.
head he wore, and in his hand
aduceus, his snakie wand,
the damned ghosts he governeth,
rules, and Tartare tempereth.
he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
he harts of all his enemyes;
him list, an universall night
the world he makes on everie
Syre with Alcumena lay. [wight;
ght, into the Court he tooke his
[scride,
gh the gard, which never him de-
gh the watchmen, who him never
e:
h he past into each secrete part,
e saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,
abounding with fowle injuries,
ith treasure rackt with robberies;
e defilde with blood of guiltles
ts, [beheasts:
d been slaine to serve the Apes
malice, pride, and covetize,
nes raigning with riotize;
e infinite extortions,
gh the Foxes great oppressions,
complaints thereof could not be
e.
en he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
no more endure, but came his way,
o seeke the Lion where he may,
ight worke the avengement for this
me [blame.
two caytives, which had bred him
ing all the forrest busily,
found, where sleeping he did ly,
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From underneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced up to rize.
The Lion looking up gan him avize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him; for fantasie is strong.
'Arise, (said Mercurie) thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
The whilste thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with dishonour blent:
Arise, and doo thyself redeeme from shame,
And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame.'
Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart;
And, rouzing up himselfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach, but no where it espide.
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right sore:
But when his Crowne and scepter both he wanted, [panted;
Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and
And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours, [honours.
To them that had purloyn'd his Princely
With that in hast, disroabed as he was,
He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forrest with astonishment
Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
At last he came unto his mansion,
Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
And manie warders round about them stood:
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left;
And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
But the false Foxe, when he the Lion heard,
Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
And turning all unto the Apes confusion.
Nath'les the royall Beast forbore beleeving,
But bad him stay at ease till further preeving.
Then, when he saw no entraunce to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,

Upon those gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe
Those warders strange, and all that els he met.
But th' Ape still flying he no where might [get:
From rowme to rowme, from beam to beame he fled
All breathles, and for feare now almost ded;
Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught,
And forth with shame unto his judgement brought.
Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,
To heare their doome, and sad ensample see.

The Foxe, first Author of that
He did uncase, and then away
But th' Apes long taile (which he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of
Since which all Apes but hal have left,
And of their tailes are utterlie be
So Mother Hubberd her discou
Which pardon me, if I amisse ha
For weake was my remembrance
And bad her tongue that it tolde.

THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

I

Ye heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep Abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shreiking yell.
Thrice having seene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compasse over-all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing!

II

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre;
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze,
And Nylus nurslings their Pyramides faire;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of Joves great Image in Olympus placed;
Mausolus worke will be the Carians glorie;
nd Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced:
he antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
he great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
nd what els in the world is of like worth,
me greater learned wit will magnifie:
But I will sing above all moniments
even Romane Hils, the worlds Seven Wonderments.

III

u stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
ought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,
These same olde walls, olde arches, wh seest,
Olde Palaces, is that which Rome men
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and wast,
And how that she, which with her m
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herself last;
The pray of time, which all things d
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
Remaines of all. O worlds inconstancie!
That which is firme doth flit and fall away
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

IV

She, whose high top above the starres did
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing;
Jove fearing, least if she should greater grow
The Giants old should once again uprise,
Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hils, which be nowe
Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
And Cælian on the right; but both her feet
Mount Viminall and Aventine doo meete.

V

Who lists to see what ever nature, arte,
And heaven could doo, O Rome! thee let him

...se thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
...hat which but the picture is of thee.
...is no more: but if the shade of Rome
...y of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
...like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
...Magicke skill out of eternall night.
...corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
...her great spirite, rejoyned to the spirits
...this great masse, is in the same enwombed;
...her brave writings, which her famous merite
...spight of time out of the dust doth reare,
...doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

VI

...ch as the Berecynthian Goddesse bright,
...her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
...ed that so manie Gods she brought to light;
...ch was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
...s Citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
...nown'd for fruite of famous progenie,
...ose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
...t by her selfe, her equall match could see.
...ne onely might to Rome compared bee,
...d onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble:
...did the Gods by heavenly doome decree,
...t other earthlie power should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce, [vaunce.
And did her courage to the heavens ad-

VII

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine;
Triumphant Arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall;
Alas! by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate;
For if that time make ende of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd, [strength
That one would weene that one sole Cities
Both land and sea in roundnes had survew'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,
Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth join'd to the heaven hie;
To th' end that, having all parts in thei power, [quight
Nought from the Romane Empire might b
And that though time doth Commonwealth devowre,
Yet no time should so low embase their hight
That her head, earth'd in her foundation deep,
Should not her name and endles honou keep.

IX

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods unkinde,
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie crea ture;
Why have your hands long sithence traveiled
To frame this world that doth endure so long
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no less firme and strong
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone hav
Are temporall, and subject to decay: [bein
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some that weene the contrarie i thought,
That all this whole shall one day come t nought.

X

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which b charmes
Atcheived the golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;
So this brave Towne, that in her youthlie dai
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowmed nourslings praise
The firie sunnes both one and other hous:
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules so ranke seed to represse,
Emongst themselves with cruell furie strivin
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mei cilesse;
Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
Which whilom did those earthborn brethre blinde.

XI

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,
Puft up with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seem'd above heavens powre it selfe to a vaunce;

Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instil'd.
Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre,
And, beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his sire,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

XII

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let flie,
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' earth under her childrens weight did grone,
And th' heavens in glorie triumpht over all:
So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the heaven, that gan her force to feare.
But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

XIII

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, (Rome) their conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced,
But that this nothing, which they have reft,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee

XIV

men in Summer fearles passe the foord
ich is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
l with his tumbling streames doth beare aboord
ploughmans hope and shepheards labour vaine:
as the coward beasts use to despise
noble Lion after his lives end,
ting their teeth, and with vaine fool-hardise
r the foe that cannot him defend:

And as at Troy most dastards
Did brave about the corpes of
So those, which whilome w
cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to
Now on these ashie tombes
And, conquer'd, dare the C
daine.

XV

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie g
Which, joying in the brightnes
Brought foorth those signes of y
tuous boasts
Which now their dusty reliques d
Tell me, ye spirits, (sith the darks
Of Styx, not passable to soules re
Enclosing you in thrice three ward
Doo not restraine your images still
Tell me then, (for perhaps some on
Yet here above him secretly doth h
Doo ye not feele your torments to
When ye sometimes behold the ruin
Of these old Romane works, built w
hands,
Now to become nought els but heaped

XVI

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from
In a great mountaine heap't with
noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred
Against a Rocke to breake with dre
poyse:
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe bla
Tossing huge tempests through the trou
skie,
Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in v
To stop his wearie cariere suddenly:
And as ye see huge flames spred diverdle
Gathered in one up to the heavens to sprea
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily.
So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre,
As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over all
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

XVII

So long as Joves great Bird did make his flig
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us ha
Heaven had not feare of that presumptuo
might,
With which the Giaunts did the Gods assay
But all so soone as scortching Sunne had brea
His wings which wont the earth to overspred
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sen
That antique horror, which made heaven
adredd.
Then was the Germane Raven in disguise
That Romane Eagle seene to cleave asunder,

rds heaven freshly to arise
ese mountaines, now consum'd to
der; [lightning,
ll the foule, that serves to beare the
no more seen flying, nor alighting.

XVIII

pes of stones, these old wals, which
see,
enclosures but of salvage soyle;
brave Pallaces, which maystred bee
were shepheards cottages somewhile.
e the shepheards Kingly ornaments,
tout hynde arm'd his right hand with
ele:
their rule of yearely Presidents
at, and sixe months greater a great
le;
ade perpetuall, rose to so great might,
oe th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
eaven it selfe, opposing gainst her
r to Peters successor betooke; [might,
shepheardlike, (as fates the same
eseeing)
hew that all things turne to their first
ing.

XIX

perfect, which th' heaven beautefies;
imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
doth feede our spirits and our eies,
at doth consume our pleasures soone:
ishap the which our daies outweares,
ood hap of th' oldest times afore,
the time of her great ancesters,
ndora, locked long in store.
nie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
all good and evill was enclosed,
avenly vertues from these woes as-
ling,
heaven, from sinfull bondage losed;
ir great sinnes, the causers of their
ine,
these antique ruines yet remaine.

XX

wise than raynie cloud, first fed
thly vapours gathered in the ayre,
in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
age himselfe in Tethys bosome faire;
nting up againe from whence he came,
great bellie spreds the dimmed world,
e last, dissolving his moist frame,
or snowe, or haile, he forth is horld;
, which was first but shepheards shade,
by degrees, grewe to such height,
eene of land and sea her selfe she
ade.
ot able to beare so great weight,
Her power, disperst through all the world
did vade; [fade.
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall

XXI

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissaunce
Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave Citie,
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mis-
chaunce,
Sustein'd the shocke of common enmitie;
Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was never seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with brave
intent.
But, when the object of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
As he that having long in tempest sailed,
Faine would arive, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him drive,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

XXII

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa, and Byze,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arize;
Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
Harten against her selfe her conquer'd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world
afore,
Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while:
So, when the compast course of the universe
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undonne:
The seedes, of which all things at first were
bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

XXIII

O! warie wisedome of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoile should be
forborne,
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cancring laisure not be overworne:
He well foresaw how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires;
For, in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to passe, when, swolne with
plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would
abide.

XXIV

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts,
What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbew'd,
That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romanes)) your hard destinie,
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie joynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,
By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde, with levell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

XXVI

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squaire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
But him behooves to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scortch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome;
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:
For th' auncient Plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

XXVII

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of state,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie;
Judge, by these ample ruines vew, the rest
The which injurious time hath quite outworne;
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best;
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne.
Then also marke how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay:
That one would judge, that the Romaine Dame
Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

XXVIII

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophees olde,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke, all rotten and unsound,
Onely supports herselfe for meate of worms;
And, though she owe her fall to the first
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde:
Who such an Oke hath seene, let him record
That such this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongst all Cities florished much more.

XXIX

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise,
All that which Greece their temples to enbrave
After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise;
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave
All that Lysippus practike arte could forme,
Apelles wit, or Phidias his skill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne.
And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonne
All that which Athens ever brought forth wise
All that which Afrike ever brought forth
All that which Asie ever had of prise,
Was here to see. O mervelous great change!
Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament,
And, dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

XXX

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first showes,
Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth
And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes
Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring;
And as in season due the husband mowes

ring lockes of those faire yeallow
sares, [rowes,
bound in sheaves, and layd in comely
e naked fields in stackes he reares:
the Romane Empire by degree,
. Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
of it but these olde markes to see,
1 all passers by doo somewhat pill:
ey which gleane, the reliques use to
ather, [scater
1 th' husbandman behind him chanst to

XXXI

ne is now nought but a champian
ide,
ll this worlds pride once was situate.
e to thee, whosoever dost abide
, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
e thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
borne Souldier which Rhine running
inks:
ly cause, O Civill furie! art, [spight,
sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy
me thy hand against thy proper hart;
nd that when thou wast in greatest
ght,
atnes growne, through long prosperitie,
then adowne might'st fall more hor-
blie.

XXXII

, my verses, that posteritie
suing shall you ever read?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her
meed?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deignd to
give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities;
For if that time doo let thy glorie live,
Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou
bee,
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th' olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of
brave wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long hast traveld, by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decayes!
Needes must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other give eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy
prayse
Excelling all that ever went before.
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almightie to adore.
Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your
name,
And fill the world with never dying fame!

MUIOPOTMOS,

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE LADIE CAREY.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE LA : CAREY.

ave and bountifull La: for so excel-
urs as I have received at your sweet
to offer these fewe leaves, as in re-
e, should be as to offer flowers to the
· their divine benefites. Therefore I
termined to give my selfe wholy to
quite abandoned from my selfe, and
absolutely vowed to your services: which in
all right is ever held for full recompence of
debt or damage, to have the person yeelded.
My person I wot wel how little worth it is.
But the faithfull minde and humble zeale
which I beare unto your La: may perhaps be
more of price, as may please you to account

and use the poore service thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honourable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spred in the mouths of al men: with which I have also presum verses, and under your nam the world this small Poëm seeching your La: to take all things therein according graciousnes to make a mild humbly pray for your happi

Your La: e

MUIOPOTMOS: OR THE FATE OF THE BUT

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through prowd ambition and hart-swelling hate,
Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small jarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect, [nyne!
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and waylfull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes: And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll; and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed,
Above th' ensample of his equall peares,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure prove such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdaine to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast;
And, with unwearied wings, each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowmed sire.

For he so swift and nimble w
That from this lower tract he
Up to the clowdes, and ther
To mount aloft unto the Cris
To view the workmanship of
Whence, down descending, he
Upon the streaming rivers, s
And oft would dare to tem
winde.

So on a Summers day, when
With gentle calme the world
And high in heaven Hyperio
Ascending did his beames abr
Whiles all the heavens on
smilde,
Yong Clarion, with vauntfull
After his guize did cast abroa
And theretoo gan his furnitur

His breastplate first, that was o
Before his noble heart he firm
That mought his life from yr
And ward his gentle corpes fr
For it by arte was framed to
The bit of balefull steele and
No lesse than that which Vulca
Achilles life from fate of Troy

And then about his shoulders
An hairie hide of some wilde
In salvage forrest by adventu
And reft the spoyle his ornam
Which, spredding all his bac
full view
Made all that him so horrible
Thinke him Alcides with the
When the Næmean Conquest

Upon his head his glistering B
The which was wrought by w
And curiously engraven, he di
The metall was of rare and pa
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse fr
Nor costly Oricalche from su

as could both Phœbus arrowes
l,
yling darts of heaven beating hard.

o deadly weapons fixt he bore,
atlaunced towards either side,
harpe speares his enemies to gore:
rarlike Brigandine, applyde
yes forth her threatfull pikes afore
es which in them sad death doo
e:
flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
im their terrour more adornes.

shinie wings as silver bright,
ith thousand colours, passing farre
rs skill, he did about him dight:
o manie sundrie colours arre
re; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
hed with manie a twinckling starre;
Bird in her ey-spotted traine
oodly colours doth containe.

t be withouten perill spoken?)
r God, the sonne of Cytheree,
on wretched lovers to be wroken,
d spoyles of bleeding harts to see,
his wings so manie a changefull
en.
ge Lord! forgive it unto mee,
gainst thine honour I have tolde;
hose wings were fairer manifolde.

a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
them, him secretly envide,
that two such fannes, so silken soft
n faire, her Love would her provide;
hen them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
that would with grace be gratifide,
would steale them privily away,
to her so precious a pray.

that dame Venus, on a day
when flowres doo clothe the fruitful
und,
abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
aire damzels, flocking her arownd,
flowres her forhead to array:
the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
tery, excelling all the crewe
us usage and unstained hewe;

ing nimbler joynted than the rest,
industrious, gathered more store
lds honour than the others best;
ey in secret harts envying sore,
nus, when her as the worthiest
d', that Cupide (as they heard before)
her secret aide, in gathering
lap the children of the spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering jealous
feare,
Not yet unmindfull how not long agoe
Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare,
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;
And, giving hastie credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzell, by her heavenly
might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plenteous-
lie
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none
were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth
beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight.
Over the fields, in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champain o're he soared light;
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes
green,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.
But none of these, how ever sweete they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:
His choicefull sense with every change doth
flit:
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excell the naturall with made delights;
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most varietie
And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is sweete)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete,
Or of the deaw which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete;
And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise;
The wholesome Saulge, and Lavender still gray, [eyes,
Ranke-smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Isope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigoldes, and Bees-alluring Thime
Sweet Marjoram, and Daysies decking prime:

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veyne-healing Verven, and hed-purging Dill,
Sound Savorie, and Bazil hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perseline,
Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of everie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then, when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly joyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie, [ture,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious fea-
To take what ever thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state,
Or who can him assure of happie day,
Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About us daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doome
Ordained have, how can fraile fleshly wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some
Do serve to them, and with importune might
Warre against us, the vassals of their will.
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion! though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie Flie,
Whose cruell fate is woven even now
Of Joves owne hand, to worke thy miserie.
Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
Which thy old Sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent:
Nought may thee save from heavens svrengiment.

It fortuned (as heavens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of spight,
Had lately built his hatefull mansion;
And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay,
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterflie
In this faire plot dispacing too and fro,
Feareles of foes and hidden jeopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie.
His heart did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with ranckling poyson swelde,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground
Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddesse, having hard
Her blazed fame which all the world had filled
Came downe to prove the truth, and the reward
For her prais-worthie workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd
The Goddesse selfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

d the chalenge not refuse,
d with her the paragon to make:
r worke they sit, and each doth
se
ie she will for her tapet take.
gur'd how Jove did abuse
e a Bull, and on his backe
gh the sea did beare; so lively
ne, [weene.
rue Sea, and true Bull, ye would

l still backe unto the land to looke,
lay-fellowes aide to call, and feare
ng of the waves, that up she tooke
efeete, and garments gathered neare;
d!) how she in everie member
oke,
:he land she saw no more appeare,
le wildernes of waters deepe:
she greatly to lament and weepe.

Bull she pictur'd winged Love,
yong brother Sport, light fluttering
waves, as each had been a Dove;
his bowe and shafts, the other
ring
; Teade about his head did move,
ir Syres new love both triumphing:
ie Nymphes about them flocking
nd, [sound.
ie Tritons which their hornes did

d about her worke she did empale
faire border wrought of sundrie
wres,
with an Yvie-winding trayle:
worke, full fit for kingly bowres;
)ame Pallas, such as Envie pale,
good things with venemous tooth
rowres, [bright
t accuse. Then gan the Goddesse
likewise unto her worke to dight.

the storie of the olde debate
e with Neptune did for Athens trie:
ods doo sit around in royall state,
in midst with awfull Majestie,
the strife betweene them stirred
e:
he Gods, by his like visnomie
be knowen; but Jove above them
,
eat lookes and power Imperiall.

em stands the God of Seas in place,
that sea-coast Citie as his right.
kes the rockes with his three-forked
ace;
orth issues a warlike steed in sight,

The signe by which he chalengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous
Did surely deeme the victorie his due: [might,
But seldome seene, forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her selfe she gives her Aegide shield,
And steelhed speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon
dredd [did yield
She smote the ground, the which streight foorth
A fruitfull Olyve tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admir'd: then, all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olyves hoarie.

Emongst these leaves she made a Butterflie,
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken downe with which his backe is
dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid;
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne:

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe
empted;
And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
And weaving straight a net with manie a fold
About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely spoune that scarce they could be
spide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne,
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne,
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost,
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,

Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the Lemnian God framde craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shame-
full sin,
Was like to this. This same he did applie
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could devise.
At length, the foolish Flie, without foresight,
As he that did all daunger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelesslie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemie.

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine;
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons
store,
Was fil'd with hope his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that having spide
Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe; till, seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings unawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I finde lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe
show?
Helpe, O thou Tragick Muse! me to devise
Notes sad enough t' expresse this bitter throw
For loe! the drerie stownd is now arrived,
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some ungracious blast, out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine, perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O sad hap, and howre unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall overthroe.

There the fond Flie, entangled, strugled long
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine:
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twain
In lymie snares the subtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine
And, all his yongthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyraunt did espie,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce mig
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the resistles pray; and, with fell spight,
Under the left wing stroke his weapon slie
Into his heart, that his deepe-groning spright
In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

L

One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodne
disgraced!
On which when as my thought was throg
Unto my eyes strange showes presented w
Picturing that which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full ne
Such as they were (faire Ladie!) take in wo
That when time serves may bring thi
better forth.

II

a day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
ill as white as driven snowe,
n hornes embowed like the Moone,
flowring meadow lying lowe:
ares the verdant grasse did growe,
ay floures did offer to be eaten;
h fatnes so did overflowe, [beaten,
ll wallowed in the weedes downe
ith them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Brize, a scorned little creature,
is faire hide his angrie sting did
aten,
so sore, that all his goodly feature
his plenteous pasture nought him
sed:
e small the great is oft diseased.

III

fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
nnie banke outstretched lay,
us length, a mightie Crocodile,
'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
d people travailing that way, [pride.
ll things lesse than his disdainful
tle Bird cal'd Tedula,
f thousands which on earth abide,
this hideous beast to open wide
y gates of his devouring hell,
m feede, as Nature did provide,
awes, that with blacke venime swell.
en should greatest things the least
laine,
t so small so mightie can constraine?

IV

y Bird, that beares Joves thunder-
),
lid scorne the simple Scarabee,
is highest service, and good hap,
e all other Foules his thralls to bee:
Flie, that no redresse did see,
re the Eagle built his towring nest,
ling fire within the hollow tree,
his yong ones, and himselfe distrest;
him in anie place to rest,
in Joves owne lap his egs to lay;
thering also filth him to infest,
the filth his egs to fling away:
ich when as the Foule was wroth,
l Jove,
w the least the greatest may reprove.'

V

e sea turning my troubled eye,
fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
es the sea before his face to flye,
his flaggie finnes doth seeme to
sepe
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide Abysse him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder.
And all the waves were stain'd with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seems small in common eyes.

VI

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of
speare [golde,
With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht
And forkhed sting that death in it did beare,
Strove with a Spider his unequall peare;
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtill vermin, creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;
Which, through his entrailes spredding di-
versly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells brust,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
O! how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft
forlorne!

VII

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A litle wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde and bared she became.
I, which this sight beheld, was much dis-
mayed
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

VIII

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeouslie,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglie;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nosthrils creeping, so him pained,

That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie
stained. [glorie,
Let therefore nought, that great is, therein
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

IX

Looking far foorth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight
Faire blew the winde into her bosome right;
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All sodainely there clove unto her keele
A little fish, that men called Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the
heele, [away.
That winde nor tide could move her thence
Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small
a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satisfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his
And all his glory in his cruell clawes. [pride,
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile even to his jawes:
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth
drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his
pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire:
That dead himselfe he wisheth for de
So weakest may anoy the most of mi

XI

What time the Romaine Empire bore th
Of all the world and florisht most in mi
The nations gan their soveraigntie di
And cast to quitt them from their b
quight:
So, when all shrouded were in silent ni
The Galles were, by corrupting of a m
Possest nigh of the Capitol through sli
Had not a Goose the treachery bewray
If then a Goose great Rome from ruine
And Jove himselfe, the patron of the pl
Preserved from being to his foes betra
Why do vaine men mean things so much
And in their might repose their assu
ance,
Sith nought on earth can chaleng
endurance?

XII

When these sad sights were overpast and
My spright was greatly moved in her r
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distr
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved bre
To scorne all difference of great and sm
Sith that the greatest often are oppresst,
And unawares doe into daunger fall.
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall
Learne by their losse to love the low de
And, if that fortune chaunce you up to
To honours seat, forget not what you b
For he, that of himselfe is most secur
Shall finde his state most fickle a
sure.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by
Rome;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do
come, [hee)
And crying lowd, Loe! now beholde (quoth
What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times d
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting fai
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in vi
But shining Christall, which from top t
Out of her womb a thousand rayons thr
On hundred steps of Afrike golds encha
Golde was the parget; and the seeling
Did shine all scaly with great plates of
The floore of Jasp and Emeraude was di
O worlds vainesse! Whiles thus I did b

quake shocke the hill from lowest
threw this frame with ruine great.

III

sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
ch way in square appeare to mee,
ortion'd up unto his hight,
rcher might his level see:
reof a pot did seeme to beare,
mettall, which we most do honour:
golden vessel couched weare
f a mightie Emperour:
corners of the base were pight,
e frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
mbe for such a worthy wight.
rorld doth nought but grievance!
mpest from the heaven descend,
is brave monument with flash did

IV

e up on yvorie pillowes tall,
s were of richest mettalls warke,
rs Alablaster, the fryses christall,
front of a triumphall Arke:
e purtraid was a Victorie,
Nimph, that wings of silver weares,
mphant chayre was set on hie,
at glory of the Romaine peares.
t seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
wrought by his owne industry,
er-dartes for Jove his syre doth fit.
more see faire thing under sky,
mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
lain fall to dust consumed quight.

V

he faire Dodonian tree far seene,
en hills to spread his gladsome
me,
erours bedecked with his greene,
bancks of the Ausonian streame:
y an auncient Trophee was addrest,
a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
t brave races greatnes did attest,
me from the Troyan blood did flow.
vas so rare a thing to vew;
a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
r of these noble boughs down threw:
wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
e, I saw the roote in great disdaine
of forked trees send forth againe.

VI

olfe under a rockie cave
wo whelpes; I saw her litle ones
dalliance the teate to crave, [nones
her neck wreath'd from them for the
I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage [blood
T'embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie, [rended.
That with an hundred speares her flank wide
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle;
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

VII

I saw the Bird that can the sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight;
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
Untill she raught the Gods owne mansions:
There was she lost; when suddaine I behelde,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in firie fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the foule, that doth the light dispise,
Out of her dust like to a worm arise.

VIII

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a strange beast with seven heads arose, [coure,
That townes and castles under her brest did
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew;
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew, [as thought,
That sperst these cloudes; and, in so short
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

IX

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Satúrnlike awe
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd foorth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore aflot,
Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood

And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes: His left the palme tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull olive wield;
And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

X

Hard by a rivers side a virgin faire, [throbs,
Folding her armes to Heaven with thousand
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
'Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour up did raise?
Suffisd it not that civill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this hydra [new,
Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes
So many Neroes and Caligulaes [anew,
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?'

XI

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
Which, like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout up to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie.
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On everie side a thousand shining beames:
When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious flames;
That it, which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

XII

saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
s cleare as Christall gainst the Sunnie beames,
he bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
at bright Pactolus washeth with his streames;
seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;
there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
aanie accords more sweete than Mermaids song:
eates and benches shone as yvorie,
undred Nymphes sate side by side about;

When from nigh hills, with hideou
A troupe of Satyres in the place did
Which with their villeine feete th
did ray [Nymp
Threw down the seats, and

XIII

Much richer then that vessell seem'd
Which did to that sad Florentine app
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst
Upon the Latine Coast herselfe to rea
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with d
threat,
This ship to which none other might
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure, drowned in the
But I the ship saw after raisd' again.

XIV

Long having deeply gron'd these Visions sad,
I saw a Citie like unto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame.
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if aught under heaven might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
On all which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this citie faire.

XV

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heavens still wavering thus,
I saw Typhœus sister comming neare;
Whose head, full bravely with a morion
Did seeme to match the Gods in Majestie.
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe
Over all the world did raise a Trophee hie,
An hundred vanquisht Kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull
wize.
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heavens in warre against her rise:
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of
thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden
[wonder.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

I

y at my window all alone,
ıge things happened me to see,
ieveth me to thinke thereon.
ıand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
te the greatest god delite;
ys did her pursue in chace,
one was blacke, the other white:
force so in their cruell race
he haunches of that gentle beast,
ıst, and in short time, I spide,
.e, where she, alas, opprest,
ound, and there untimely dide.
ı vanquishing so noble beautie,
me wayle so hard a destenie.

II

ı tall ship did appeare,
leben and white Yvorie;
golde, of silke the tackle were:
winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
ıwhere did show full bright and

ıgures this gay ship fraighted was:
torme did so turmoyle the aire,
up the sea, that she (alas)
ock, that under water lay,
past all recoverie.
ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
r spirite with perplexitie,
moment to see lost and drown'd,
iches as like cannot be found!

III

r branches did I see arise
esh and lustie Lawrell tree,
rong greene wood; of Paradise
ılant I thought myselfe to see:
' birds therein yshrowded were,
ı shade their sundrie melodie,
eir sweetnes I was ravish't nere.
ı Laurell fixed was mine eie,
ı everie where to overcast,
l was the welkin all about.
ı flash of heavens fire out brast,
ı royall tree quite by the mote;
ıkes me much and ever to com-
:;
h shadow shalbe had againe.

IV

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Wherto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall:
That my glad hart thereat did much rejoyce.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight; [houre,
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;
Untill he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late devoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phœnix there alas,
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so foorthwith in great despight he dide;
That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight:
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
Milde, but yet Love she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
As snowe and golde together had been wrought:
Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure;
And, well assur'd, she mounted up to joy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy!
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable!

VII

When I behold this tickle trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe;
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.

And ye, faire Ladie, in whose boun
All heavenly grace and vertue shri
When ye, these rythmes doo rea
the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke
And though ye be the faire
creatures,
Yet thinke, that death shall
goodly features.

DAPHNAÏDA:

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BYNDO
AND WIFE OF ARTHURE GORGES, ESQUIER.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADY

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON.

By ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTH-HAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceassed, as the particular goodwill which I bear unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their Prince and Countrey: besides, so lineally are they descended Howards, as that the Lady Ann eldest daughter to John Duke was wife to Sir Edmund, moth Edward, and grandmother to S and Sir Thomas Gorges, knightes: fore I doe assure my selfe that no done to the White Lyon, but w gratefull to your Ladiship, who and children do so neerely partic the bloud of that noble family. dutie I recommende this Pamphl good acceptance thereof, to your favour and protection. London, Januarie, 1591.

Your Honours humbly

DAPHNAÏDA.

WHAT-EVER man be he whose heavie minde,
With griefe of mournefull great mishap oppresst,
Fit matter for his cares increase would finde,
Let reade the rufull plaint herein e
Of one, (I weene), the wofulst man
Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand pe

› else in pleasure findeth sense,
wretched life dooth take delight,
ᵉ banisht farre away from hence;
sacred Sisters here be hight,
ıey of sorrowe heavilie can sing;
heir heavie song would breede de-
ıt;
ıo tunes, save sobs and grones, shall
ʒ.

f them, and their sweet harmonie,
three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
› the direfull threds of destinie,
ᵉir wrath breake off the vitall bands,
hereto; and let the dreadfull Queene
ıes deepe come from the Stygian
ınds,
· Ghosts, to heare the dolefull teene.

› evening, when the wearie Sun,
layes long labour drew to rest,
ie steeds, now having overrun
ıst skie, gan water in the west,
›roade to breath the freshing ayre
ılds, whose flowring pride, opprest
y frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

e unto my minde a troublous thought,
ʏly dooth my weaker wit possesse,
rest untill it forth have brought
borne Infant, fruit of heavinesse,
› conceived hath through meditation
rorlds vainnesse and lifes wretched-
se,
my soule it deepely doth empassion.

ınzed on the miserie
ımen live, and I of many most
ʒrable man; I did espie
wards me a sory wight did cost,
ı black, that mourning did bewray,
ob staffe in hand devoutlie crost,
ıme Pilgrim come from farre away.

ase locks uncombed and unshorne,
ʒ adowne, and beard all overgrowne,
he seemd to be sum wight forlorne;
› the earth his heavie eyes were
owne,
ıg light; and ever as he went
l soft, and inly deepe did grone,
ıeart in peeces would have rent.

ing nigh, his face I vewed nere,
ıe semblant of his countenaunce
I had his person seene elsewhere,
Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;
ᵉ, the jollie Shepheard swaine
t full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
ith pleasance *every* wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguize,
I softlie sayd, Alcyon! There-with-all
He lookt aside as in disdainefull wise,
Yet stayed not, till I againe did call: [sound,
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow
'Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treades this day on
ground?'

'One, whome like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And given like cause with thee to waile and
weepe; [beare.
Griefe findes some ease by him that like does
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle shepheard! stay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie eare
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay.'

'Cease, foolish man!' (saide he, halfe wroth-
fully)
'To seeke to heare that which cannot be tolde,
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplye
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne doo I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.'

'Then be it so,' (quoth I) 'that thou are bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee theretoo con-
strained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be main-
tained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.'

'Who life dooes loath, and longs to bee unbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh,'
quoth he, [ground,
'Nought cares at all what they, that live on
Deem the occasion of his death to bee;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie,
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

'Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my
griefe, [nought,
And carest for one that for himselfe cares
(Signe of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought;)
I will to thee this heavie case relate:
Then harken well till it to ende bee brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

'Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest
know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keepe,
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth
flow,

And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or
chaunce,
For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

'It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native Rose before the chaunge
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie playne
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine.

'Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome
seene,
And gan to cast how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene;
So well I wrought with mildnes and with
paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver
chaine.

'And afterwards I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and salvage
were,
For being borne an auncient Lions haire,
And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of
cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

'For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by mee or watch or sleepe
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

'Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe;
My lovelie Lionesse without beheast
So carefull was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

'Oft did the Shepeheards, which my hap did
heare,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envide,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they tride,
They her did praise, and my good fortune
blesse.

'Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my joy would have no en
But oh, fond man! that in worlds fickleness
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels be
To make new matter fit for Tragedies;

'For whilest I was thus without dread or dis
A cruell Satyre with his murdrous dart,
Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatall wound of deadlie smart,
And reft fro me my sweete companion,
And reft fro me my love, my life, my hart;
My Lyonesse (ah, woe is mee!) is gon!

'Out of the world thus was she reft awaie,
Out of the world, unworthie such a spoyle,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray
Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyle
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament:
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soyle
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weep,
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares
steepe;
But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe:
'Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

'Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy loved Lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds m
possesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassalesse: [ca
Therefore more plaine areade this doubt

Then sighing sore, 'Daphne thou knewst
quoth he,
'She now is dead;' ne more endured to say,
But fell to ground for great extremitie:
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and, lightlie him upreari
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my self, through griefe, in dead
drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigat
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empassionate:
As stubborne steed, that is with curb
strained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gai
And, breaking fourth at last, thus dearn
plained:

I

man henceforth that breatheth vitall
ayre
nour heaven, or heavenlie powers adore,
so unjustlie doe their judgments share
earthlie wightes, as to afflict so sore
nocent, as those which do transgresse,
not spare the best or fayrest, more
orst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse?

be right, why did they then create
rld so fayre, sith fairenesse is neglected?
e be they themselves immaculate,
t things be not by them respected?
re, shee pure, most faire, most pure shee
was,
by them as thing impure rejected;
e in purenesse heaven it selfe did pas.

enesse and in all celestiall grace,
en admire in goodlie womankinde,
excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
on earth like Angell new divinde,
with wisedome and with chastitie,
the dowries of a noble mind,
did her beautie much more beautifie.

e hath bred (since fayre Astræa left
full world) more vertue in a wight;
hen she parted hence, with her she
eft [quight.
nope, and robd her race of bountie
ay the shepheard lasses now lament;
ble losse by her hath on them light,
e both her and bounties ornament.

Elisa, royall Shepheardesse,
ises of my parted love envy,
hath praises in all plenteousnesse
upon her, like showers of Castaly,
own Shepheard, Colin, her owne Shep-
ierd,
r with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
ck muse full hardly to be betterd.

the Rose, the glorie of the day,
ne the Primrose in the lowly shade:
h! not mine; amisse I mine did say:
ne, but His, which mine awhile her
nade;
be His, with him to live for ay.
so faire a flower so soone should fade,
rough untimely tempest fall away!

ll away in her first ages spring,
yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her
inde, [did bring,
il st *her braunch faire blossomes* foorth
away against all course of kinde.

For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fel away like fruit blowne downe with winde.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my under-song.

II

'What hart so stony hard but that would weepe,
And poure foorth fountaines of incessant teares?
What Timon but would let compassion creepe
Into his brest, and pierce his frosen eares?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well,
I wasted have, my heart-blood dropping weares, [fell.
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome

'Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travaile downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

'Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
"Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!
Ah! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chanst some evill tourne!

'"I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needes depart from thee,
And straight obay his soveraine beheast;
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment!

'"Our daies are full of dolor and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease;
Why then should I desire here to remaine!
Or why should he, that loves me, sorie bee
For my deliverance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward joyes to see!

'"I goe, and long desired have to goe;
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest;
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally Him praise that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

'"Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My yong Ambrosia; in lieu of mee,
Love her; so shall our love for ever last.

Thus, deare! adieu, whom I expect ere long."—
So having said, away she softly past:
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make mine undersong.

III

So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speaches doo compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endles care:

'And when those pallid cheekes and ashy hew,
In which sad Death his pourtraicture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearfull brow,
Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happie was I then, and wretched now!

'How happie was I when I saw her leade
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd!
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosie garland crownd!
And when she list advance her heavenly voyce,
Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to rejoyce.

'But now, ye Shepheard lasses! who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy-dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

'Let Bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever Shepheard sound his Oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasance; but let ghastlinesse
And drery horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavinesse:

'Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drougth drie up the christall wells;
Let th' earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,
And th' ayre be filled with noyse of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

'And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of uglinesse;
For she it is that hath me done this wrong
No nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

IV

'My little flocke, whom earst I lov'd so well,
And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter Astrofell,
And stinking Smallage, and unsavorie Rew;
And, when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolves; ne will I rew
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

'Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse heavens I doo daylie call;
But heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry;
And cruell Death doth scorne to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dy.

'The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remaine:
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake,
By living long to multiplie their paine:
Els surely death should be no punishment,
As the Great Judge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

'Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away:
For worthie of a better place was she:
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doo service day by day.

'For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction wast my better age:
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes doo raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may finde:
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

'And she, my love that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which shee joyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pitie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

n I have with sorowe satisfide
ortune fates, which vengeance on me
eke,
heavens with long languor pacifide,
pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
d for me; for which I daylie long;
till then my painful penance eeke.
hepheard! weep, to make my under-
ng.

V

orth I hate what ever Nature made,
er workmanship no pleasure finde,
be all but vaine, and quickly fade;
as on them blowes the Northern winde,
rie not, but flit and fall away,
behind them nought but griefe of
inde,
cking such as thinke they long will
ay.

he heaven, because it doth withhold
my love, and eke my love from me;
e earth, because it is the mold
slime and fraile mortalitie:
e fire, because to nought it flyes;
e Ayre, because sighes of it be;
e Sea, because it teares supplyes.

he day, because it lendeth light
l things, and not my love to see;
e darknesse and the drery night,
they breed sad balefulnesse in mee;
times, because, all times doo flye
way, and may not stayed bee,
speedie post that passeth by.
to speake, my voyce is spent with
ying; [cares;
heare, lowd plaints have duld mine
tast, for food withholds my dying;
see, mine eyes are dimd with teares;
smell, no sweet on earth is left;
feele, my flesh is numbd with feares:
senses from me are bereft.

ll men, and shun all womankinde;
because as I they wretched are;
r, for because I doo not finde
with them, that wont to be their
marre:
I hate, because it will not last;
h I hate, because it life doth marre;
I hate that is to come or past.

he world, and all in it I hate,
it changeth ever too and fro,
er standeth in one certaine state,
unstedfast, round about doth goe
fill-wheele in midst of miserie,
ith streames of wretchednesse and woe,
g lives, and living still does dye.

'So doo I live, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine!
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolor and disdaine!
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my under-
song,

VI

'Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
And doo not dye then in despight of death;
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares finde quiet! Is it so uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

'To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe;
Therefore to dye must needes be joyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so;
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

'Yet, whilest I in this wretched vale doo stay
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for fraïltie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

'But, as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire Eurydice, her daughter deere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie
thought;
So will I travell whilest I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth neere
To loose his teeme, will I take up my Inne.

'Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine ey-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

'And ever as I see the starres to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call
How my fair Starre (that shinde on me so
Fell sodainly and faded under ground; [bright)
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

'But soone as day doth shew his deawie face,
And calls foorth men unto their toylesome traine,

I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some deepe cave, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my under-
song.

VII

'Hencefoorth mine eyes shall never more be-
hold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall moulde,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight;
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be helde in anie stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

'And ye fond men! on fortunes wheele that
ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away; [usance
For nought of them is yours, but th' onely
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

'And ye, true Lovers! whom desastrous
chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferaunce,
When ye doo heare me in that desert place
Lamenting lowde my Daphnes Elegie,
Help me to wayle my miserable case,
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

'And ye, more happie Lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doo heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to
me,
May happen unto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

'And ye, my fellow Shepheards! which do
feed
Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines;
And, when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines
That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdaine.

'And ye, faire Damsels! Shepheards de
delights, [sca
That with your loves do their rude hearts pa
When as my hearse shall happen to ya
sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypresse
And ever sprinckle brackish teares among,
In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus lar

'And ye, poore Pilgrimes! that with restles
toyle
Wearie your selves in wandring desert ways,
Till that you come where ye your vowes
assoyle,
When passing by ye read these wofull lays,
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong
And mourne for me that languish out my
dayes. [song
Cease, Shepheard! cease, and end thy under

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began t
faint,
As if againe he would have fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light
Amooved him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred fac
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outragious passion nigh appeased,
I him desirde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my Cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd which him so sore beat

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leave he foorth did go
With staggring pace and dismall lookes dismay
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot weene.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

BY ED. SPENCER.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAINE OF HER MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL.

Sir,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies
is as yee thinke, though not greatly well
espied, nor altogither undutifull, though
t precisely officious, I make you present of
is simple pastorall, unworthie of your
ghor conceipt for the meanesse of the stile,
t agreeing with the truth in circumstance
d matter. The which I humbly beseech
u to accept in part of paiment of the infi-
te debt in which I acknowledge my selfe
bounden unto you, for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my late being in England, and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December, 1591.

Yours very humbly.
ED. SP.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

IE shepheards boy (best knowen by that name)
at after Tityrus first sung his lay,
ies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
te (as his custome was) upon a day,
urning his oaten pipe unto his peres,
e shepheard swaines that did about him play:
ho all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
d stand astonisht at his curious skill,
ke hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders
last, when as he piped had his fill, [sound.
rested him: and, sitting then around,
e of those groomes (a jolly groome was he,
ever piped on an oaten reed,
d lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
ght Hobbinol:) gan thus to him areed.
'Colin, my liefe, my life, how great a losse
d all the shepheards nation by thy lacke:
d I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse!
at, sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
as heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
st made *us all so blessed and so blythe.*
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie: [sythe,
The woods were heard to waile full many a
And all their birds with silence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languor did lament:
But now both woods and fields and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
That us, late dead, has made againe alive:
But were it not too painfull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.'
To whom the shepheard gently answered thus;
'Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet:
For of good passed newly to discus,
By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.
And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,

Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure.
Wake then, my pipe; my sleepie Muse, awake;
Till I have told her praises lasting long:
Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake;—
Harke then, ye jolly shepheards, to my song.'
With that they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.
'One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore;
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe,
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon; (for well that skill he cond:)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, until we both were weary.'
There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake:
'And, should it not thy readie course restraine,
I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie;
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse.'
'Nor of my love, nor of my lasse (quoth he,)
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desart chose to dwell.
But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his banckes ap
'Of fellowship (said then that he
Record to us that lovely lay againe
The staie whereof shall nought th
Who all that Colin makes do covet
'Heare then (quoth he) the tenor o
In sort as I it to that shepheard told
No leasing new, nor Grandams fable
But auncient truth confirm'd with cred
'Old father Mole, (Mole hight tha
tain gray
That walls the Northside of Armulla
He had a daughter fresh as flowre of
Which gave that name unto that pleas
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so h
The Nimph, which of that water co
charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth ru
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth
It giveth name unto that auncient Ci
Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old;
Whose ragged ruines breed great n
To travailers, which it from far behold
Full faine she lov'd, and was belov'd
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hig
So hight because of this deceitfull tra
Which he with Mulla wrought to win
But her old sire more carefull of her
And meaning her much better to pref
Did thinke to match her with the n
flood,
Which Allo hight, Broad-water called
And wrought so well with his continua
That he that river for his daughter w
The dowre agreed, the day assigned
The place appointed where it should b
Nath-lesse the Nymph her former liki
For love will not be drawne, but
ledde;
And Bregog did so well her fancie we
That her good will he got her first to
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way sh
And eke from far observ'd, with jealo
Which way his course the wanton
bent;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull
The wily lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he
That, whilest the one was watcht,
might
Passe unespide to meete her by the w
And then, besides, those little stre
broken
He under ground so closely did conv
That of their passage doth appeare n
Till they into the Mullaes water slide
So secretly did he his love enjoy

secret, but it was descride,
her father by a shepheards boy,
drous wroth, for that so foule de-
ght,
venge did roll downe from his hill
ghtie stones, the which encomber
ght
ge, and his water-courses spill.
iver, which he was of old,
was made, but scattred all to nought;
emong those rocks into him rold,
is name: so deare his love he bought.'
having said, him Thestylis bespake;
my life this was a mery lay,
of Colin selfe, that did it make.
now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
tie did that other shepheard sing:
covet most the same to heare,
se most to covet forreine thing.'
shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare:
was all a lamentable lay
unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
ia the Ladie of the Sea,
om her presence faultlesse him debard.
and anon, with singults rife,
out, to make his undersong;
loves queene, and goddesse of my life,
ll me pittie, when thou doest me
ong?'
an a gentle bonylasse to speake,
rin hight; 'Right well be sure did
aine, [breake,
ld great Cynthiaes sore displeasure
e to take him to her grace againe.
n further, Colin, as befell
m and thee, that thee did hence dis-
ade.' [well,
thus our pipes we both had wearied
e) and each an end of singing made
o cast great lyking to my lore.
t dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
isht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
t waste, where I was quite forgot.
ch to leave, thenceforth he counseld
ee, [full
for man, in whom was ought regard-
d with him, his Cynthia to see;
race was great, and bounty most re-
ardfull.
er peerlesse skill in making well,
the ornaments of wondrous wit,
all womankynd did far excell;
the world admyr'd, and praised it:
with hope of good, and hate of ill,
erswaded forth with him to fare.
tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill:
edments else need shepheard to pre-
are.

So to the sea we came: the sea, that is
A world of waters heaped up on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.'
'And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull?'
'Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear: [gaping direfull
Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes
Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare, [cold,
And yet would live with heart halfe stonie
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes [hell.
Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to
For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold! an huge great vessell to us came,
Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it scornd the daunger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed togither with some subtile matter.
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to move it selfe upon the water.
Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was, [raine,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor Laile, nor
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboord us gently did receave,
And without harme us farre away did beare,
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Under what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.—
'If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?'
'These be the hills (quoth he) the surges hie,
On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne:

At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And, I among the rest, of many least,
Have in the Ocean charge to me assigned;
Where I will live or die at her beheast,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend
To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be shorne, [end.
And fold them up, when they have made an
Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land: [serve
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandëment at hand.'
Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, least land we never should have eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We Lunday passe; by that same name is ment
An island, which the first to west was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in jeopardie, [hemd,
And round about with mightie white rocks
Against the seas encroching crueltie. [fields
Those same, the shepheard told me, were the
In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed;
Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red:
The first, to which we nigh approched, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which us did beare;
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthias land.
'What land is that thou meant, (then Cuddy sayd)
And is there other then whereon we stand?'
'Ah! Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thous a fon, [worke:
That hast not seene least part of natures
Much more there is unkend then thou doest kon, [lurke.
And much more that does from mens knowledge

For that same land much larger is then this
And other men and beasts and birds doth fee
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herba is,
And all things else that living creatures nee
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy Fanchins praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare:
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies.' [he
'But if that land be there (quoth he) w
And is theyr heaven likewise there all cer?
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces ther
Like as in this same world where we do wun?'
'Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this
For there all happie peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse.
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bordrags, nor no hue and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger: [tro
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope de-
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use:
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse.'
'But say on further (then said Corylas)
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded.'
'Foorth on our voyage we by land di passe,
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still guyded,
Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came:
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if Her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee:
Or like faire Phebes garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, her wisdome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can deeme

lo I, base shepheard, bold and
things so sacred to prophane?
t' adore, with humble mind,
the heavens in shape humane.'
Alexis broke his tale asunder,
y wondring at thy Cynthiaes

fe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
ising doest thy selfe upraise.
are what grace she shewed thee,
at shepheard strange thy cause
ced.'
heard of the Ocean (quoth he)
oddesse grace me first enhanced,
oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
enceforth therein gan take de-

l at timely houres to heare,
y notes but rude and roughly
easure of her owne great mynd,
us worth, she mott my simple
[fynd
t country shepheard ought could
ening to, emongst the learned
g.' [shee
said Alexis then) what needeth
vat a shepheardesse her selfe,
many shepheards in her fee,
e sing, a simple silly Elfe?
shepheards which do serve her

t not their mery pipes applie?
ipes untunable and craesie,
nnot her honour worthylie?'
(said Colin) neither so, nor so:
epheards be not under skie,
able, when they list to blow
loud, her name to glorifie.
l Harpalus, now woxen aged
ervice of faire Cynthia:
Corydon though meanly waged,
vit of most I know this day.
sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
frame an everlasting dittie,
le spright for Daphnes death
ourn
of love to endlesse plaints of

boy, pursue that brave conceipt
e Eglantine of Merifiure;
notes unto their wonted height,
y Muse and mates to mirth allure.
Palin worthie of great praise,
e at my rustick quill:
pleasing Alcon, could he raise
m laies to matter of more skill.

And there is old Palemon free from spight
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster throughly taught
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few;
Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
His Eliseïs would be redde anew.
Who lives that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun:
That, when he finisht hath as it should be,
No braver Poeme can be under Sun.
Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse when it with bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
And to what course thou please thy selfe advance:
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his,
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne:
He whilest he lived was the noblest swaine,
That ever piped in an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine, [skill,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing
And there, though last not least, is Aetion,
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe Heroically sound.

All these, and many others mo remaine,
Now, after Astrofell is dead and gone:
But, while as Astrofell did live and raine,
Amongst all these was none his paragone.
All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make:
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.'
Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida:
'Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia:
But of so many Nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd;
That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest.'
'Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserve!
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve;
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shee,
And I hers ever onely, ever one:
One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none.' [Mayd,
Then thus Melissa said; 'Thrise happie
Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie: [made
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast
Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?'
'They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
That all I praise; but in the highest place,
Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read, [dight
Whose goodly beames though they be overr-
With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright;
She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind,
And courts chief garlond with all vertues dight,
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance;
Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare
With silver deaw upon the roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mansilia, [praise
Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthia's
That same is she to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neeces death I did complaine:
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faire Galathea with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her won; but here with us
About the borders of our rich Coshma,
Now made of Maa, the Nymph delitious.
Ne lesse praise-worthie faire Neera is,
Neera ours, not theirs, though there she be;
For of the famous Shure, the Nymph she is,
For high desert, advaunst to that degree.
She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praise-worthie Stella do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed are;
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre.
Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
The honor of the noble familie:
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie;
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis.
Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull Charillis:
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,
That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
But sweet Charillis is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
And, it embracing deare without disdaine,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest! [be
Of all the shepheards daughters which this
And yet there be the fairest under skie,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eie:

pride and primrose of the rest,
the Maker selfe to be admired;
a goodly beacon high addrest,
ith sparks of hevenlie beautie fired.
yllis, whether fortunate
fortunate may I aread,
l is from Cupids yoke by fate,
ch she doth new bands adventure
ead:—
, what ever thou hast heard to be
that praysd diversly apart,
n maist them all assembled see,
up in the threasure of her hart.
sse worthie, gentle Flavia,
haste life and vertue I esteeme:
sse worthie, curteous Candida,
ue love and loyaltie I deeme.
et many mo that Cynthia serve,
ble Nymphs, and high to be com-
nded:
ll should praise as they deserve,
would faile me ere I halfe had ended:
in closure of a thankfull mynd,
best to hold eternally [shrynd,
unteous deeds and noble favours
liscourse them to indignifie.'
ng said, Aglaura him bespake:
ll worthie were those goodly favours
n thee, that so of them doest make,
requitest with thy thankfull labours.
reat Cynthias goodnesse, and high
ce,
storie which thou hast begunne.'
eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
egin, then know how to have donne.
gift, and everie goodly meed,
e on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
e day, in which she did a deed,
s a yeare it duly to display. [ing,
s were like a streame of honny fleet-
h doth softly trickle from the hive,
melt the hearers heart unweeting,
to make the dead againe alive.
s were like great clusters of ripe
apes,
nd the braunches of the fruitfull vine;
fall into each mouth that gapes,
he same with store of timely wine.
es were like beames of the morning
n, [East,
king through the windowes of the
st the fleecie cattell have begun
perled grasse to make their feast.
ghts are like the fume of Frankincence,
om a golden Censer forth doth rise,
wing forth sweet odours mounts fro
ence
globes up to the vauted skies.

There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Emongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.
'Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such loftie flight base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie.'
'True (answered he) but her great excellence
Lifts me above the measure of my might:
That, being fild with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrapt in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:
And, when I speake of her what I have thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth:
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
And, when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
Her name in every tree I will endosse, [grow:
That, as the trees do grow, her name may
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen terms to frame:
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name. [call,
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who so ye be, that still survive,
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be witnesse of her bountie here alive, [shewed.'
Which she to Colin her poore shepheard
Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
Saying: 'Why Colin, since thou foundst such
With Cynthia and all her noble crew; [grace
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew;
And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle?
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.'
'Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states' annoy:

But I, by that which little while I prooved,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hooved,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there descryde.'

'Shepheard, (said Thestylis) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie.'

'Cause have I none (quoth he) of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which, through report of that lives painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home to seeke for it,
And leave their lambes to losse, misled amisse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slaundring his well-deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
A filed toung, furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines;
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unlesse to please it selfe it can applie;
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares:
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares;
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie, [away
Nought else but smoke, and fumeth soon
Such is their glorie that in simple eie [go
Seeme greatest, when their garments are mo
So they themselves for praise of fooles do sti
And all their wealth for painting on a wall:
With price whereof they buy a golden tel
And purchace highest rowmes in heven
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie [hal
Do wander up and downe despyséd of all:
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in will call.'

'Ah! Colin, (then said Hobbinol) the time
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest,)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in Princes Court thou vewest.
Of which among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now gheare:
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden of straunge languages in charge
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore unjustly thou doest wyte them all
For that which thou mislikedst in a few.'

'Blame is (quoth he) more blameless generall,
Then that which private errours doth pursew:
For well I wot, that there amongst them is
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faulty bee;
For all the rest do most-what fare amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drownded lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nousling still they lurke,
Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse;
And do themselves, for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they esteeme,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
Denies them quite for servitours of his.

s Love then (said Corylas) once
ownе
and his sweet lore professed there?
sure he was our God alone,
woond in fields and forests here:'
), (quoth he) Love most aboundeth
ere.
e walls and windows there are writ,
f love, and love, and love my deare,
heir talke and studie is of it.
here doth brave or valiant seeme,
that some gay Mistresse badge he
ares:
ne himselfe doth ought esteeme,
e swim in love up to the eares.
of love, and of his sacred lere,
ould be) all otherwise devise,
e poore shepheards are accustomd
re,
do sue and serve all otherwise:
lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
atie mysteries they do prophane,
his ydle name to other needs.
complement for courting vaine.
hey do not serve as they professe,
e him serve to them for sordid uses:
dread Lord, that doest liege hearts
ssesse,
thy selfe on them for their abuses.
poore shepheards whether rightly so,
gh our rudenesse into errour led,
religion how we rashly go
that God, that is so greatly dred;
the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
ithout Syre or couples of one kynd;
us selfe doth soly couples seeme,
le and female through commixture
ynd:
and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
he gardens of Adonis nurst:
growing he his owne perfection
rought,
rtly was of all the Gods the first.
t he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
so fell and puissant he grew,
ve himselfe his powre began to dread,
ing up to heaven, him godded new.
ence he shootes his arrowes every
here
world, at randon as he will,
aile men, his wretched vassals here,
himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
im worship, so we him adore
mble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
true loves he may us evermore
, and of their grace us dignifie:
here shepheard, ne yet shepheards
aine,

What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie
yield.' [rage
'Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall
Of Love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy
brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art
possest.
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of love I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest
bee,
So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see.'
'Of loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre
divine.
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie downe to peize; the hungry
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie. [t' eat,
So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by litle learne to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull
day:
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway:
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie
nature.
Soone as on them the Suns life-giving light
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget:
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Dove
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet:
But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation.

For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd;
Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd:
Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound;
But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to love apace,
With praiers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares; and, when he list shew grace, [die.
Does graunt them grace that otherwise would
So love is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powrfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme,
And with chaste heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.'
So having said, Melissa spake at will;
'Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
Of Love and beautie; and, with wondrous skill,
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd,
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound.
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend.
'That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare:
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.'
'Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire
To use him so that used her so well; [Mayd
Or who with blame can justly her upbrayd
For loving not? for who can love co
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thi
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine;
For demigods they be and first did s
From heaven, though graft in frailne nine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it
How one, that fairest Helene did rev
Through judgement of the gods ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd le
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes
And made amends to her with treble
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I rad
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye mi
'Ah! shepheards, (then said Colin weet
How great a guilt upon your heads y
To make so bold a doome, with words
Of things celestiall which ye never sa
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emo
But of divine regard and heavenly he
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so
But to my selfe the blame that lookt
So hie her thoughts as she her se place,
And loath each lowly thing with loth
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe
To simple swaine, sith her I may not
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my w
Such grace shall be some guerdon for th
And long affliction which I have end
Such grace sometimes shall give me liefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be re
And ye, my fellow shepheards, which
And heare the languors of my too lon
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world
This simple trophé of her great conqu
So, having ended, he from ground
And after him uprose eke all the rest
All loth to part, but that the gloomin
Warnd them to draw their bleating rest.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

ARDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten
ed, [smart;
es to plaine your loves concealed
h your piteous layes have learnd to
reed
ion in a countrey lasses hart
, ye gentle shepheards, to my song,
ce my dolefull plaint your plaints
noog.

lone I sing this mournfull verse,
rafulst verse that ever man heard tell:

To you whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

ASTROPHEL.

LE shepheard borne in Arcady,
est race that ever shepheard bore,
he grassie bancks of Hæmony
pe his sheep, his litle stock and store:
efully he kept them day and night,
e fields; and Astrophel he hight.

Astrophel, the pride of shepheards raise,
Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love:
ding all the pastors of his daies,
iat seemly shepheard might behove.
hing onely fayling of the best,
was not so happie as the rest.

n the time that first the Nymph his
nother [feed;
th did bring, and taught her lambs to
ler swaine, excelling far each other,
ly shape, like her that did him breed,
r up *fast in goodnesse and in grace,*
bly faire wox both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usuage and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemed made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
As Somers larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.

—— many a Nymph both of the wood
brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsoc
To heare the charmes of his enchanting sk
And brought him presents, flowers if it w
prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest
aire.
Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all
upon her.

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed;
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine.)
But with brave deeds to h——

were ye, when he of you had need,
wound that wondrously did bleed!

hed boy, the shape of dreryhead,
sample of mans suddein end:
ileth but thou shalt be dead,
nplaynd, of foe or frend:
ne is nigh, thine eylids up to close,
thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

hepheards, sewing of the chace,
e forest raunged on a day,
fortune came unto the place,
he luckleese boy yet bleeding lay;
g lay, and yet would still have bled,
od hap those shepheards thether led.

his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
ir armes then softly did him reare:
wild) unto his loved lasse,
t love, him dolefully did beare.
let beare that ever man did see,
phel, but dearest unto mee!

she saw her love in such a plight,
led blood and filthie gore deformed,
to be with flowers and gyrlonds
it,
are favours dearly well adorned;
he fairest face that eye mote see,
se did deforme, like him to bee.

locks that shone so bright and long,
beames in fairest somers day,
tore, and with outragious wrong
red cheeks the roses rent away;
ire brest, the threasury of joy,
l thereof, and filled with annoy.

face, impictured with death,
l oft with teares, and dried oft:
weet kisses suckt the wasting breath
lips like lilies pale and soft:
e cald to him, who answerd nought,
by his lookes did tell his thought.

f her impatient regret,
s mone the which she for him made,
an tell, nor any forth can set,
ose heart like sorrow did invade.
en paine his vitall powres had spent,
l life her wearie lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like turtle chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
Transformed them, there lying on the field,
Into one flowre that is both red and blew;
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes;
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes:
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well:
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel:
And, when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loved him full deare,
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great griefe opprest:
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre, since first on grassie greene [seen.
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

(These verses are supposed to have been written by Mary Countess of Pembr sister to Sir Philip Sidney.)

Ay me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient griefe!
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriven heart may find reliefe!
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremédied wo:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also il; [to spill?
That which they made, who can them warne

To men? ah! they alas! like wretched bee,
And subject to the heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide whatever they decree,
Their best redresse is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their usury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in untimely howre.
Great losse to all that ever him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses, [gon:
Sith the fayre flowre, which them adornd, is

The flowre, which them adornd, is
ashes,
Never againe let lasse put gyrlond u
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cyp
And bitter Elder, broken from the

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he
Who ever made such layes of love as
Ne ever read the riddles, which he sa
Unto your selves, to make you mery
Your mery glee is now laid all abo
Your mery maker now alasse! is d

Death, the devourer of all worlds del
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my
Both you and me, and all the world
Hath robd of joyance, and left sad a
Joy of the world, and shepheards
hee!
Shepheards, hope never like again

Oh Death! thou hast us of such rich
Tell us at least, what hast thou with
What is become of him whose flowre
Is but the shadow of his likenesse go
Scarse like the shadow of that whi
Nought like, but that he like a s
pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was
With all the dowries of celestiall gra
By soveraine choyce from th' heven
select,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels rac
O! what is now of it become aread
Ay me! can so divine a thing be
Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise
Where like a new-borne babe it soft
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise
And compast all about with roses
And daintie violets from head to f

There thousand birds, all of celestiall
To him do sweetly caroll day and ni
And with straunge notes, of him we
stood,
Lull him asleep in Angelicke delight

Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine,
And kindling love in him above all measure;
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling paine:
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from jealous rancor free

There liveth he in everlasting blis,
Sweet spirit never fearing more to die:
No dreading harme from any foes of his,
No fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.
Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

But live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament!

Not thee that doest thy heavens joy inheri,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning, in others, our own miseries.

WHICH when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne:
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
As everie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes unto the time addrest:
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

(This and the succeeding Poem are supposed to have been written by Lodowick Bryskett.)

COME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake your watry bowres,
Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament:
Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
Of Liffies tumbling streames: Come, let salt teares of ours
Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one deadly wound
Joyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the consent
Which fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher powres;
The dreery day in which they have from us yrent
The noblest plant that might from East to West be found.
Mourne, mourn, great Philips fall, mourn we his wofull end,
Whom spitefull Death hath pluct untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie frute.
Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath moved thee
Of such a shining light to leave us destitute?
Thou with benigne aspect sometime did-st us behold,
Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,
And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute
Fame and renowme to us for glorious martiall deeds.
But now thy ireful 'bemes have chill'd our harts with cold;
Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land:
Farre off to others now thy favour honour breeds,
And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our clime, (I feare;)
For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at hand,
Thou wouldst have heard the cry that woful England made;
Eke Zelands piteous plaints, and Hollands toren heare,
Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry mynd:
Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yeeld their shade,
And wailing to let fall the honor of their head;
And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde.
Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,
Who, cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare, calling the heavens unkinde.
The Thames was heard to roare, the Seyne and eke the Mose,
The Schald, the Danow selfe, this great mischance did rue,
With torment and with grief: their fountaine pure and cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling flouds declar'd their woes.
The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue, [and neere,
The Silvan Gods likewise, came running farre
And all with teares bedeawd, and eyes cast up on hie; [to crie.
O help, O help, ye Gods, they ghastly gan
O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight, [out his age.
And graunt that natures course may measure
The beasts their foode forsooke, and, trembling fearfully, [so fright.
Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them
Out from amid the waves, by storme then stirr'd to rage, [Ocean hoare,
This crie did cause to rise th' old father
Who grave with eld, and full of majestie in sight, [teares and plaints,
Spake in this wise. 'Refrain (quoth he) your
Cease these, your idle words, make vaine requests no more. [fixed stint
No humble speech, nor mone, may move the
Of destinie or death: Such is His will that paints [with store
The earth with colours fresh; the darkest skies
Of starry lights: And though your teares a hart of flint [will prevaile.'
Might tender make, yet nought herein they
Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to feele [dint
His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage franke as steele, [exprest,
With cheerfull face, where valour lively was
But humble mynd, he said: 'O Lord, if ought this fraile [t' advaunce;
And earthly carcasse have thy service sought
If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest; [spent
If justice to maintaine that valour I have
Which thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I might advaunce [if thou think best;
Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord)
Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be bent, [set;
If that prefixed time be come which thou hast
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be plast [blood
In th' everlasting blis, which with thy precious
Thou purchase didst for us.' With that a sigh he fet,
And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast;
His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,

Which languisheth being shred by past. [veines,
A trembling chilly cold ran th
With eies brimfull of teares to s
howre,
Whose blustring sighes at first thei
Next, murmuring ensude; at la
forbeare
Plaine outcries, all against the h
Depriv'd us of a spright so per
rare. [h
The sun his lightsom beames did
For griefe, whereby the earth
eternally: [turn'd the
The mountaines eachwhere shook
And th' aire gan winterlike to ra
apace: [fie
And grisly ghosts by night were
Amid the clouds with claps of th
did seeme [b
To rent the skies, and made bot
The birds of ill presage this luck
foretold, [made
By dernfull noise; and dogs wi
Some mischief was at hand: for s
esteeme
As tokens of mishap, and so have
Ah! that thou hadst but hear
Stella plaine
Her greevous losse, or seene her he
While she, with woe opprest, her
unfold. [should
Her haire hung lose, neglect,
And from those two bright starres
time so deere, [fo
Her heart sent drops of pearle, w
Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroo
with paine,
And piteously gan say: 'My true
Alas, and woe is me! why should
frowne
On me thus frowardly to rob me o
What cruell envious hand hath
away,
And with thee my content, my com
Thou onelie wast the ease of troubl
When they did me assaile; in th
did rest.
Alas, what now is left but grief, th
Afflicts this wofull life, and with
rage
Torments ten thousand waies m
O greedie envious heav'n, what ne
have
Enricht with such a jewell this un
To take it back againe so soone!
shall [sinc
Mine eies see ought that may

onely treasure hides, the joyes of my poore hart! [equall
here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so thinkes it were with thee in heav'n I did abide: [part,
nd as our troubles all we here on earth did reason would that there of thy most happie state
had my share. Alas, if thou my trustie guide Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone [late,
darknesse and astray; weake, wearie, deso- ang'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
e with thee to the place of rest where thou art gone!' [her toong;
his said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide had insteed of more words, seemd that her eies a lake [therefro:
Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously had, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round about her roong. [slaine,
If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis ight moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe, [emong,
is noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares ould sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her paine:
urora halfe so faire her selfe did never show, hen, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise. [of raine,
he blinded Archer-boy, like larke in showre at bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend [faire eies;
nder those cristall drops, which fell from her nd at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely wise. [amend,
et, sorie for her grief, which he could not he gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those lights,
hose lights through which his glory and his conquests shine.
he Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,
long her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.
ll things with her to weep, it seemed, did en- cline, [stones so cold.
he trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the he aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine, and mist,
'orbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe;
Vhich made them eftsoones feare the daies of Pirrha shold [untwist.
f creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds or Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine,
nd with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire, [mans guide.
nd Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the ship-

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his traine, [ed th' aire,
Who, letting loose the winds, tost and torment-
So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide, [waves,
Or else were swallowed up in open sea with
And such as came to shoare were beaten with despaire. [still to slide,
The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so
Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden hollow caves [mans eye,
Along his banks with fog then shrowded from
Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did crie. [stil it craves)
His nimphs were seen no more (thogh custom
With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or sport,
Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,
The pleasant dantie fish to entangle or deceive.
The shepheards left their wonted places of resort, [mery layes
Their bagpipes now were still; their loving
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks men might perceive
To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect,
And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and dayes [plaints, and mone.
Nought els was to be heard, but woes, com-
But thou (O blessed soule!) doest haply not respect [pure affect,
These teares we shead, though full of loving
Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne, [reignes;
Where full of majestie the High Creator
In whose bright shining face thy joyes are all complete, [alwaies one,
Whose love kindles thy spright; where happie
Thou liv'st in blis that earthly passion never staines; [tar sweete
Where from the purest spring the sacred Nec-
Is thy continuall drinke; where thou doest gather now
Of well emploied life th' inestimable gaines,
There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place, [bow,
And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he sets to thee, and there doth tell [boast
Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that
Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrhus, Hannibal,
Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell
In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do ad- mire. [tall,
All halle, therefore, O worthie Phillip immor-

The flowre of Sydneyes race, the honour of thy name! [aspire,
Whose worthie praise to sing, thy Muses not
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall;
Yet wish their verses might so farre a thy fame
Extend, that envies rage, nor time, mi the same.

A PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, ETC.

LYCON. COLIN.

LYCON.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown? How with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees,
Phillisides is dead. Up jolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: but, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

Colin. Ah Lycon, Lycon! what need skill, to teach [long
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints? how
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest thou) [each
To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no,
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heavie cheare.
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre

COLIN.

Doth us invite to make a sad consort;
Come, let us joyne our mournfull so
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enf
Thy voice; and Eccho will our words
Lycon. Though my rude rymes ill w verses frame,
That others farre excell, yet will I for
My selfe to answere thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with hi
But if my plaints annoy thee where th
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O
To pardon me, and hear this hard const
With patience while I sing, and pittie
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwel
In these wilde woods: if ever piteous
We did endite, or taught a wofull min
With words of pure affect his griefe to
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then g
And I will follow thee, though farre b
Colin. Phillisides is dead. O harmful
O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion,
When shalt thou see, emong thy shephe
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom unn
Envie could touch for vertuous life an
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred Pales, where with h
Untrust she sitts, in shade of yonder
And her faire face, bent sadly downe, d
A floud of teares to bathe the earth; a
Doth call the heav'ns despightfull, en
Cruell his fate, that made so short an
Of that same life, well worthie to hav
Prolonged with many yeares, hap famous.
The Nymphs and Oreades her round a
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene
And with shrill cries, beating their breats,

e direfull dart that death sent out
he fatall stroke. The starres they
me,
e or carelesse seeme at their request.
nt shade of stately groves they shun;
re their cristall springs, where they
nt frame
rres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,
hemselves free from the scorching Sun,
the hollow caves where horror darke
ell, whence banisht is the gladsome
e, [their time
ke; and there in mourning spend
ilfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle
d barke,
to beare a bourdon to their plaint.
Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
uld my toong expresse thee? who is
t
phold thy hopes, when they do faint,
ifortunate! What spitefull fate,
klesse destinie, hath thee bereft
ief comfort, of thy onely stay!
become thy wonted happie state,
herein through many a hill and dale,
pleasant woods, and many an un-
owne way,
e bankes of many silver streames,
him yodest; and with him didst scale
gie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine!
h the Muses sporting, while those
kindled in his noble breast, [beames
ter did so gloriously forth shine!
is me!) they now yquenched are
inly, and death hath them opprest.
er Neptune, with sad countenance,
sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
te feete washeth (wailing this mis-
iance)
cliffes. His sacred skirt about
ods all are set; from their moist caves
s comfort gathered there they be.
mis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
ifull Severne, with the rest are come
their lord to mourne, and eke to see
full sight, and sad pomp funerall,
ead corps passing through his king-
me. [crown'd,
their heads, with Cypres gyrlonds
ofull shrikes salute him great and
nall.
lfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
s, their last accents doth resownd.
Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age!
world! O brookes and fountains
cere!
O dales, O woods! that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare:
Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To hearken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts!
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts
Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree,
Happie name! happie tree! faire may you
grow, [gives
And spred your sacred branch, which honor
To famous Emperors and Poets crowne,
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now,
What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads
adowne!
For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.
Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite,
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest
bide. [above,
Looke down a while from where thou sitst
And see how busie shepheards be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love.
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
(Whose lerned muse thou cherisht most why-
leare,)
Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to us both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypres boughes be
spred; [strew;
Behold these floures which on thy grave we
Which faded, shew the givers faded state. [pure)
(Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose praiers importune shall the heav'ns for
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure: [ay,
That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name
With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest
flowres;
And that for ever may endure thy fame.
Colin. The sun (lo!) hastned hath his face
to steep [showres
In western waves; and th' aire with stormy
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.
Virtute summa: cætera fortuna
I. B.

AN ELEGIE,

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHEL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING.

(*This Poem was written by Matthew Roydon.*)

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid the aire;
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire;
The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant;
The maiden Unicorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
With love-juice staind the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the poets braine;
And Phillis philbert there away,
Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie;
And, for the bed of love forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull ebonie:
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an ampitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees;
One sort is this, another that,
Here Philomell, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in love doth dwell.

The skie-bred Egle, roiall bird,
Percht there upon an oke above;
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love.
The Swan that sings about to dy,
Leaving Meander stood thereby.

And, that which was of woonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie;
And, on a Cædar in this coast,
Built up her tombe of spicerie,
As I conjecture, by the same
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse;
A man or stone, I knew not that:
No stone; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might have torne the vitall strings:
Then down his cheeks the teares so flowes,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound;
He wofully gan to complaine;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine:
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heavily he gan to say:

O sunne! (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine?
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine:
Shine upon those possesse delight,
And let me live in endlesse night.

e that liest upon my soule,
vie as a mount of lead,
nnant of my life controll,
t me quickly with the dead;
s of this hart, this sprite, and will,
e in the brest of Astrophill.

ou, compassionate of my wo,
birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
ssurde ye long to kno
be the sorrowes me agreev's;
en ye then to that insu'th.
heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

new, who knew not Astrophill?
I should live to say I knew,
ave not in possession still!)
s knowne permit me to renew;
iim you know his merit such,
nnot say, you heare, too much.

n these woods of Arcadie
iefe delight and pleasure tooke,
n the mountaine Parthenie,
the chrystall liquid brooke,
Muses met him ev'ry day
it taught him sing, to write, and say.

he descended downe to the mount,
ersonage seemed most divine,
usand graces one might count
his lovely cheerfull eine;
heare him speake and sweetly smile,
were in Paradise the while.

et attractive kinde of grace,
assurance given by lookes,
nuall comfort in a face,
ineaments of Gospell bookes;
owe that countenance cannot lie
ose thoughts are legible in the eie.

never eie did see that face,
never eare did heare that tong,
never minde did minde his grace,
ever thought the travell long;
eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
re with his sweete perfections caught.

d, that such a worthy man,
iom so rare desarts did raigne,
ed thus, must leave us thau,
we to wish for him in vaine!
ould the stars that bred that wit,
force no longer fixed sit!

being fild with learned dew,
Muses willed him to love;
instrument can aptly shew,
finely our conceits will move:
Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this:
Tis likely they acquainted soone;
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our Astrophill did Stella love;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill?
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath love and judgement too
Sees more than any other doo.

Then Astrophill hath honord thee;
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be
And live by vertue of his inke;
For by his verses he doth give
To short-livde beautie aye to live.

Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approoved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sinne nor blame,
To love a man of vertuous fiame.

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.

Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar,)
Such majestie (quoth he) is seeld,
Such majestie my mart may mar;
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

In this surmize he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede;
The flame and bolt togither shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine.

This word (was slaine) straightway did move,
And natures inward life strings twitch;
The skie immediately above
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds from out the ground
Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall;
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And Philomell for Astrophill
Unto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
Shewd feeling passion of his death;
Me thought she said, I tell thee truthe,
Was never he that drew in breath
Unto his love more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan, that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing:
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death gives life; and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of each kinde,
Fired the Phœnix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phœnix nere should

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring neere that
But hardly a peere to that, I doubt
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That under branches ere can bee
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sigh
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting
To signifie to Jove the case,
What sorrow nature doth sustain
For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And while I followed with mine ey
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke:
The trees, beasts, birds, and gr
gone;
So was the friend that made thi

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deepe compassion in my spright
My melting hart issude, me thoug
In streames forth at mine eies ari
And here my pen is forst to shri
My teares discollor so mine inke

AN EPITAPH

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

(The Authors of the two following poems are unknown.)

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy time-*lesse fate.*

Drawne was thy race aright from
line;
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts tha
The common mother that all creatur
Doth vertue show, and princely linag

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly
That God thee gave, who found it
deere
For this base world, and hath resumde
To sit in skies, and sort with powres

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford
youth; [n
The heavens made hast, and staid w

uits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
rill, thy words; thy words the seales of truth.

gifts and wisedom rare imployd thee thence, [kings;
at from kings with those more great than
hope men had to lay the highest things
y wise youth, to be transported hence!

ace to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
countries love, religion, and thy friends:
rorthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
her defence, for whom we labor all.

re didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age, [might;
h, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes
rising day saw never wofull night,
i past with praise from of this worldly stage.

k to the campe, by thee that day was brought, [fame;
t thine owne death, and after thy long
ns to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
the expreat, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon? [sure
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope un-
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure;
Oh! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died;
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmed in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall:
Envie her sting, and spite hath left her gall;
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hannibal died, our Scipio fell;
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time! [rime,
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthlesse
Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

ENCE augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage, [the wonder of our age;
ld are my thoughts, which lov'd, and lost,
quickned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now, [quick, I know not how.
ag'de I write, I know not what: dead,

rd harted mindes relent, and rigors teares abound, [no fault she found;
d envie strangely rues his end, in whom
owledge her light hath lost, valor hath slaine her knight; [worlds delight.
ney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the

ice pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride; [my spring tide:
ne crieth out, My ebbe is come; his life was
me mournes in that she lost the ground of her reports; [sundry sorts.
h living wight laments his lacke, and all in

was (wo worth that word!) to ech well thinking minde [vertue ever shinde,
spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose
claring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ, [deepest works of wit.
rhest conceits, longest foresights, and

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al in vain do mone:
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world with cries; [ladder to the skies.
Death slue not him, but he made death his

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the wrong; [thred is al to long,
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe, [ending griefe.
Must spend my ever dying daies in never

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels run on,
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and never meet in one; [sorrowes cell,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my
Shall not run out, though leake they will, so liking him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreames; [thy beames!
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy; eclipsed are
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts which quietnes brings foorth; [minds of woorth.
And farewel friendships sacred league, uniting

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes, [assignes;
And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie
Let all, that sweete is, voyd; in me no mirth may dwell: [content, farewell!
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which a to skill, [knowes not bo
And endlese griefe, which deads my
Go, seeke that haples tombe; which to finde, [so good
Salute the stones, that keep the lims

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE BY

EDMUNDE SPENSER.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

SIR ROBART NEEDHAM, KNIGHT.

Sir, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deserving gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser: whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work, I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name, to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your judgement and delighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wishe Englande, nowe at the length cro Seas in your happy companye, (t your selfe unknowne) seemeth to ma of you, as meetest to give her countenaunce, after her retourne: her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sort seeming your gentle minde, and h and take in worth my good will h seeke no more but to shew my selfe all dutifull affection.

TO THE AUTHOR.

Darke is the day, when Phœbus face is shrowded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray:
But, when they see his glorious raies unclowded,
With steddy steps they keepe the perfect way:
So, while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
Invention weepes, and pens are cast aside;
The time, like night, deprivd of chearefull day;
And few do write, but (ah!) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
Dawnting thereby our neighbours auncient pride.
That do, for poesie, challendge cheefest name:
So we that live, and ages that succeede,
With great applause thy learned works shall reede.
G. W. Senior.

Ah! Colin, whether on the lowly plai
Pyping to shepherds thy sweete roun
Or whether singing, in some lofty vai
Heroick deedes of past or present dai
Or whether in thy lovely mistris prai
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill:
Thy muse hath got such grace and please,
With rare invention, bewtified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill?
O! therefore let that happy muse proc
To clime the height of Vertues sacred
Where endles honour shall be made th
Because no malice of succeeding da
Can race those records of thy hastin
G.

I

[illegible]re, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
[illegible] hold my life in their dead-doing might,
[illegible] handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
[illegible] captives trembling at the victors sight.
[illegible] happy lines! on which, with starry light,
[illegible]se lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
[illegible] reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
[illegible]tten with teares in harts close-bleeding book.
[illegible] happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
[illegible] Helicon, whence she derived is;
[illegible]hen ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
[illegible]y soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

II

Unquiet thought! whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart;
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
Till greater then my wombe thou woxen art:
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood;
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
But, if in presence of that fayrest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;
And, with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat:
Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish: [perish.
If not, die soone; and I with thee will

III

The soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
Witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed!
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fyre
In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse rayzed; [dazed.
That, being now with her huge brightnesse
Base thing I can no more endure to view:
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew. [dew.
So when my toung would speak her praises due
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment;
And, when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravisht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

IV

New yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:
And, bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date
Bids all old *thoughts to die in dumpish* spright:
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheeriesse bower,
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
And warnes the Earth with divers-colord flowre
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

V

Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I doo most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envide:
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foule dishonor:
Threatning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
Such pride is praise; such portlinesse is honor;
That boldned innocence beares in hir eies;
And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies. [ner,
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

VI

Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire [aspire.
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever:
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chast affects that naught but death can sever;
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

VII

Fayre eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is contaynd in you,
The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart,
Into the object of your mighty view? [dart,
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired:
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred

Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best;
That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

VIII

More then most faire, full of the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker neere;
No eies but joyes, in which al powers conspire,
That to the world naught else be counted deare; [guest
Thrugh your bright beams doth not the blinded
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within; [speake;
You stop my toung, and teach my hart to
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong thrugh your cause, but by your vertue weak. [never;
Dark is the world, where your light shined
Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

IX

Long-while I sought to what I might compare [spright;
Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark
Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun; for they doo shine by night;
Nor to the Moone; for they are changed never;
Nor to the Starres; for they have purer sight;
Nor to the Fire; for they consume not ever;
Nor to the Lightning; for they still persever;
Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender;
Nor unto Cristall; for nought may them sever;
Nor unto Glasse; such basenesse mought offend her.
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

X

Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me?
See! how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see
The huge massacres which her eyes do make;
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take,
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth *comptroll*
All this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equal
As she doth laugh at me, and
pain her sport.

XI

Dayly when I do seeke and sew for
And hostages doe offer for my truth
She, cruell warriour, doth herselfe a
To battell, and the weary war renew
Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or wi
To graunt small respit to my restles
But greedily her fell intent poursew
Of my poore life to make unpittied
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to as
I would her yield, her wrath to pac
But then she seeks, with torment and
To force me live, and will not let m
All paine hath end, and every
peace;
But mine, no price nor prayer may

XII

One day I sought with her hart-thr
To make a truce, and termes to entr
All fearelesse then of so false enimi
Which sought me to entrap in treas
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
A wicked ambush which lay hidden
In the close covert of her guilefull e
Thence breaking forth, did thick
throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so stro
Was forst to yeeld my selfe into the
Who, me captiving streight with
wrong,
Have ever since me kept in cruell b
So, Ladie, now to you I doo comp
Against your eies, that justice I m

XIII

In that proud port, which her so goodl
Whiles her faire face she reares up t
And to the ground her eie-lids low
Most goodly temperature ye may d
Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull
For, looking on the earth whence
Her minde remembreth her mortalit
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth retu
But that same lofty countenance
scorne
Base thing, and thinke how she to he
Treading downe earth as lotheome
lorne,
That hinders heavenly thoughts wi
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke
Such lowlinesse shall make you lo

XIV

Retourne agayne, my forces late d
Unto the siege by you abandon'd

ıe it is to leave, like one afrayd,
peece, for one repulse so light.
ch strong castles needeth greater
ht [belay:
e small forts which ye were wont
ghty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
to yield unto the first assay.
refore all the forces that ye may,
ncessant battery to her heart;
prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and
may;
gins can the proudest love convert:
those fayle, fall downe and dy before
r;
ng live, and living do adore her.

XV

full Merchants, that, with weary
rle, [gain;
most pretious things to make your
the Indias of their treasure spoile;
edeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
ny love doth in her selfe containe
vorlds riches that may farre be found:
res, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine;
, loe, hir lips be Rubies sound;
, hir teeth be Pearles, both pure and
, her forehead Yvory weene; [round;
her locks are finest Gold on ground;
her faire hands are Silver sheene:
at which fairest is, but few behold,
ind adornd with vertues manifold.

XVI

as I unwarily did gaze [light;
e fayre eyes, my loves immortall
les my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
erceive how, in her glauncing sight,
of loves with little wings did fly;
their deadly arrowes, fyry bright,
rash beholder passing by.
hose archers closely I did spy,
his arrow at my very hart:
ddenly, with twincle of her eye,
nzell broke his misintended dart.
ıe not so doon, sure I had bene slayne;
it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

XVII

ious pourtraict of that Angels face,
amaze weake mens confused skil,
worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
n, what pencill, can expresse her fill?
gh he colours could devize at will,
his learned hand at pleasure guide,
embling, it his workmanship should
ill;

Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide; [hart;
The charming smiles, that rob sence from the
The lovely pleasance; and the lofty pride;
Cannot expressed be by any art. [neede,
A greater craftesmans hand thereto doth
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

XVIII

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare:
And drizling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pitty on my payneful smart;
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but water,
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter. [vaine,
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

XIX

The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes al lovers wayt upon their king,
Who now is comming forth with girland crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded,
Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

XX

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure;
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to devoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylde,

Then either Lyon or the Lyonesse;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
Fayrer then fayrest! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

XXI

Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;
And, with sterne countenance, back again doth chace
Their looser lookes that stir up lustes impure;
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;
And with another doth it streight recure;
Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives away. [lookes;
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!

XXII

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is;
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse!
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre;
And on the same my hart will sacrifise,
Burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:
The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept
Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

XXIII

Penelope, for her Ulisses sake,
Deviz'd a Web her wooers to deceave;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unreave:
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceave,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne:
For all that I in many dayes doo weave,
In one short houre I find by her undoone.
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end:
For with one looke she spils that long I sponne:
And with one word my whole years work doth rend.

Such labour like the Spyders web I
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken w
wynd.

XXIV

When I behold that beauties wonderm
And rare perfection of each goodly pa
Of natures skill the onely complesm
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull s
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe w
mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames d
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the Gods in councell did sq
Into this sinfull world from heaven to
That she to wicked men a scourge
bee,
For all their faults with which they th
But, since ye are my scourge, I
treat,
That for my faults ye will me gentl

XXV

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe e
And know no end of her owne myserv
But wast and weare away in termes s
Twixt feare and hope depending doub
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your p
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too w
tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye h
A close intent at last to shew me grace
Then all the woes and wrecks which I
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embra
And wish that more and greater they
be,
That greater meede at last may turne

XXVI

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpe his l
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh n
Sweet is the Firbloome, but his br
is rough;
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but ye
enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempred
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at w
Most sorts of men doe set but little sto
Why then should I accounpt of litt
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me

XXVII

'roud! now tell me, why should faire
be proud,
worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
er now thereof ye little weene!
oodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,
loffe her fleshes borrowd fayre attyre,
forgot as it had never beene;
any now much worship and admire!
then shall after it inquire,
mention shall thereof remaine,
at this verse, that never shall expyre,
your purchas with her thankles paine!
be no lenger proud of that shall perish:
that, which shall you make immortall,
cherish.

XXVIII

urel-leafe, which you this day doe
weare,
ne great hope of your relenting mynd:
ce it is the badge which I doe beare,
ring it, doe seeme to me inclind:
wre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
ykewise your gentle brest inspire
weet infusion, and put you in mind
t proud mayd, whom now those leaves
ttyre:
Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
Thessalian shore from him did flie:
ich the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
transforme into a laurell-tree.
fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus
chace,
your brest his leafe and love embrace.

XXIX

ow the stubborne damzell doth de-
rave
ple meaning with disdaynfull scorne;
the bay, which I unto her gave,
pts my self her captive quite forlorne.
(quoth she) is of the victours borne,
them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
y therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,
the glory of their famous deedes.
she will the conquest challeng needs,
accept me as her faithfull thrall:
r great triumph, which my skill ex-
eeds,
trump of fame blaze over-all.
would I decke her head with glorious
aves, [prayse,
fill the world with her victorious

XXX

is lyke to yse, and I to fyre;
nes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
But harder growes the more I her intreat!
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayd by her hart-frosen cold;
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
And feele my flames augmented manifold!
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden
yse;
And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
Should kindle fyre by wonderfull devyse!
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kynd.

XXXI

Ah! why hath nature to so hard a hart
Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace!
Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
And all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beastes of bloody race
A dreadfull countenaunce she given hath;
That with theyr terrour al the rest may
chace,
And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater
scath,
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew;
That she the better may in bloody bath
Of such poor thralls her cruell hands embrew.
But, did she know how ill these two accord
Such cruelty she would have soone abhord

XXXII

The paynefull smith, with force of fervent
heat,
The hardest yron soone doth mollify;
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
Her hart more harde then yron soft a whit;
Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
Doe beat on th' andvile of her stubberne wit:
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde;
And harder growes, the harder she is smit
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
And she to stones at length all frosen turne!

XXXIII

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred Empresse, my dear dred,
Not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead.
But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;
Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?

How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tædious toyle!
Sins that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle.
Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest;
Or lend you me another living brest.

XXXIV

Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray!
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast;
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorow, and sad pensivenesse.

XXXV

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
Still to behold the object of their paine,
With no contentment can themselves suffize;
But, having, pine; and, having not, complaine.
For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
But lothe the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

XXXVI

Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease;
But al my dayes in pining langour spend,
Without hope of aswagement or release?
Is there no meanes for me to purchace peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;
But that their cruelty doth still increace,
And dayly more augment my miseryes?
But, when ye have shewd all extremityes,
Then thinke how litle glory ye have gayned
By slaying him, whose life, though ye despyse,
Mote have your life in honour long maintayned.
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

XXXVII

What guyle is this, that those her golden
She doth attyre under a net of gold; [tresses
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold, or heare, may scarse be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Theyr weaker harts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, myne eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net.
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden bee!

XXXVIII

Arion, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas:
Through the sweet musick, which his harp did make,
Allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the Dolphin from her stubborn will;
But in her pride she dooth persever still
All carelesse how my life for her decayes:
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
To spill were pitty, but to save were prayse,
Chose rather to be praysed for doing good
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltles blood.

XXXIX

Sweet Smile! the daughter of the Queene of Love,
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
With which she wants to temper angry Jove
When all the gods he threats with thunder dart:
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadness
A melting pleasance ran through every part,
And me revived with hart-robbing gladness.
Whylest rapt with joy resembling heavenly madnes,
My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce:
And feeling thence, no more her sorowe sadnesse,
Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce.
More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosiall meate,
Seemd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

XL.

hen she smiles with amiable cheare,
me whereto can ye lyken it;
n each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
ired Graces as in shade to sit.
t seemeth, in my simple wit,
e fayre sunshine in somers day;
hen a dreadfull storme away is flit,
the broad world doth spred his goodly
ay;
whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
ry beast that to his den was fled,
orth afresh out of their late dismay,
the light lift up theyr drouping hed.
storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
that sunshine, when cloudy looks are
leared.

XLI

nature, or is it her will,
cruell to an humbled foe?
e; then she may it mend with skill:
then she at will may will forgoe.
er nature and her wil be so, [most,
e will plague the man that loves her
e delight t' encrease a wretches woe;
her natures goodly guifts are lost:
t same glorious beauties ydle boast
bayt such wretches to beguile,
g long in her loves tempest tost,
mes at last to make her pitious spoyle.
rest fayre! let never it be named,
so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

XLII

e which me so cruelly tormenteth,
ing is in my extreamest paine,
l the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
re I love and doe embrace my bane.
wish (for wishing were but vaine)
quit fro my continual smart;
her thrall for ever to remayne,
ld for pledge my poore captyvēd hart;
ich, that it from her may never start,
yf please her, bynd with adamant
hayne: [vart
n all wandring loves, which mote per-
assurance, strongly it restrayne.
let her abstaine from cruelty.
loe me not before my time to dy.

XLIII

then silent be, or shall I speake?
I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
I silent be, my hart will breake,
ed be with overflowing gall.
yranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
my toung with proud restraint to tie;
ther I may speake nor thinke at all,
a stupid stock in silence die!

Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

XLIV

When those renoumed noble Peres of Greece,
Thrugh stubborn pride, amongst themselves did
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece; [jar,
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake. [arre;
But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
And griefe renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increase.

XLV

Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall clene,
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew:
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre Idea of your celestiall hew
And every part remaines immortally:
And were it not that, through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
Clearer then cristall, would therein appere.
But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
Remove the cause by which your fayre beames darkned be.

XLVI

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way:
But then from heaven most hideous stormes are sent,
As willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obay?
The heavens know best what is the best for me:
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must bee.
But ye high hevens, that all this sorowe see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
Aswage your storms; or else both you, and she,
Will both together me too sorely wracke.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine
The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

XLVII

Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes,
Untill ye have theyr guylefull traynes well tryde:
For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish theyr bayts doe hyde:
So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde
Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay;
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell pryde,
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle;
That they take pleasure in her cruell play,
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.
O mighty charm! which makes men love theyr bane, [payne.
And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with

XLVIII

Innocent paper; whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to avenge her yre:
And, ere she could thy cause wel understand,
Did sacrifize unto the greedy fyre.
Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned;
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned.
Whom she, all carelesse of his griefe constrayned
To utter forth the anguish of his hart:
And would not heare, when he to her complayned
The piteous passion of his dying smart.
Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

XLIX

Fayre cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
Then know that mercy is the Mighties jewell:
And greater glory thinke, to save then spill.
But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes;
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemyes:
Let them feele the utmost of your crueltyes;
And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo:
But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy too.
Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be;
So shall you live, by giving life to me.

L

Long languishing in double malady
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies griefe;
There came to me a leach, that would apply
Fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vayne man, quod I, that hast but little pryde
In deep discovery of the mynds disease;
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then, with some cordialls, seeke first to appease
The inward languor of my wounded hart.
And then my body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet cordialls passe Physitions art.
Then, my lyfes Leach! doe your skill reveale:
And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.

LI

Doe I not see that fayrest ymages
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let theyr famous moniments to fade?
Why then doe I, untrainde in lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend?
Sith neve rought was excellent assayde
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure:
So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure:
Onely my paines wil be the more to get her:
But, having her, my joy wil be the greater.

LII

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld
To sorrow and to solitary paine;
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Long-while alone in langour to remaine.
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;
But sudden dumps, and drery sad distrayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penaunce make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.

LIII

The Panther, knowing that his spotted hyde
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks the fray;
Within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whylest he on them may pray.
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play,
For, with the goodly semblant of her hew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew:
Good shames to be to ill an instrument.

rey doth with beautie best agree,
eyr Maker ye them best may see.

LIV

rlds Theatre in which we stay,
yke the Spectator, ydly sits;
me, that all the pageants play,
g diversly my troubled wits.
I joy when glad occasion fits,
in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
r, when my joy to sorrow flits,
id make my woes a Tragedy.
eholding me with constant eye,
ot in my merth, nor rues my smart:
I laugh, she mocks; and, when I cry,
es, and hardens evermore her hart.
ien can move her? if nor merth nor
ne,
o woman, but a sencelesse stone.

LV

her beauty doe behold,
with doe her cruelty compare,
of what substance was the mould,
her made attonce so cruell faire.
for her high thoghts more heavenly

; for her love doth burne like fyre:
for she is not so light or rare:
for she doth friese with faint desire.
is another Element inquire
he mote be made, that is, the skye.
heaven her haughty lookes aspire:
er mind is pure immortall hye.
th so heaven ye lykened are the best,
in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI

be sure, but cruell and unkind,
rgre, that with greedinesse [find
er bloud; when he by chance doth
east, doth felly him oppresse.
ye sure, but proud and pittilesse,
rme, that all things doth prostrate;
tree alone all comfortlesse,
it strongly, it to ruinate.
ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
cke amidst the raging floods:
hich, a ship, of succour desolate,
r wreck both of her selfe and goods.
ip, that tree, and that same beast,
l,
ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

LVII

rriour! when shall I have peace
h you?
it is this warre now ended were
Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to beare:
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appeare,
That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my hart through-launced every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
That al my wounds wil heale in little space.

LVIII

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
In her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde:
That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assurd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre:
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd,
Her glories pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance;
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Fals lowest; for on earth nought hath endurance. [so farre,
Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme
That to your selfe ye most assured arre!

LIX

Thrise happie she! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and setled so in hart,
That nether will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start;
But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Nether to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

LX

They, that in course of heavenly spheares are skild,
To every planet point his sundry yeare:

This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

LXI

The glorious image of the Makers beautie,
My soverayne saynt, the Idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought,
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly borne;
And with the crew of blessed Sayncts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;
The bud of joy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre;
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!
Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

LXII

The weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course anew:
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our mynds, and former lives amend;
The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares joy forth freshly send,
Into the gloomine world, [illegible]

hereby much greater glory gate,
d ye sorted with a princes pere:
your light doth more itselfe dilate,
my darknesse, greater doth appeare,
ince your light hath once enlumind me,
my reflex yours shall encreased be.

LXVII

a huntsman after weary chace,
the game from him escapt away,
ne to rest him in some shady place,
anting hounds beguiled of their pray:
long pursuit and vaine assay,
all weary had the chace forsooke,
itle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
g to quench her thirst at the next
rooke:
he, beholding me with mylder looke,
not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide;
hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
th her owne goodwill hir fyrmely tyde.
ge thing, me seemd, to see a beast so
wyld,
oodly wonne, with her owne will be-
guyld.

LXVIII

lorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day,
aake thy triumph over death and sin;
aving harrowd hell, didst bring away
ty thence captive, us to win:
yous day, deare Lord, with joy begin;
ant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,
with thy deare blood clene washt from
ve for ever in felicity! [sin,
at thy love we weighing worthily,
kewise love thee for the same againe;
r thy sake, that all lyke deare didst
buy,
ove may one another entertayne!
t us love, deare love, lyke as we ought:
is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

LXIX

mous warriors of anticke world
rophees to erect in stately wize;
ch they would the records have enrold
yr great deeds and valorous emprize.
rophee then shall I most fit devize,
ch I may record the memory
loves conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
d with honour, love, and chastity!
his verse, vowd to eternity,
e thereof immortall moniment;
ll her prayse to all posterity,
ay admire such worlds rare wonderment:
happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
on at last with labour and long toyle.

LXX

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd; [spring,
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilest it
is prime;
For none can call againe the passed time.

LXXI

I oy to see how, in your drawen work,
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare;
And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
In close awayt, to catch her unaware:
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning
snare
Of a deare foe, and thralled to his love;
In whose streight bands ye now captived are
So firmely, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all above
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglan-
tine;
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

LXXII

Oft, when my spirit doth spred her bolder
winges,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky;
It down is weighd with thoght of earthly
And clogd with burden of mortality; [things,
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth
Resembling heavens glory in her light, [spy,
Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back
doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bath in blisse, and mantleth most at
ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such hevens
blisse.

LXXIII

Being my self captyved here in care,
My hart, (whom none with servile bands can
tye,

But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,)
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Lyke as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
To feed his fill, flyes backe unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
To sing your name and prayses over-all:
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

LXXIV

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:
The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent:
The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed:
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be praysed.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves, and washed it away:
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray. [assay
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, quod I; let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where, whenas death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

LXXVI

Fayre bosome! fraught with vertues richest tresure,
The neast of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the paradice of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that hevenly spright;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astr
Whiles diving deepe through amorous sight,
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pra
And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in M
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,
They loosely did theyr wanton wings displ
And there to rest themselves did boldly pla
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy re
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

LXXVII

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne;
A goodly table of pure yvory,
All spred with juncats, fit to entertayne
The greatest Prince with pompous roialty:
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
Twoo golden apples of unvalewd price;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice;
That many sought, yet none could ever taste
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Para dice
By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.
Her brest that table was, so richly spredd:
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have fedd.

LXXVIII

Lackyng my love, I go from place to place,
Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the hynd; [face,
And seeke each where, where last I sawe her
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd:
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd;
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:
But, when myne eyes I thereunto direct,
They ydly back returne to me agayne:
And, when I hope to see theyr trew object,
I fynd my selfe but fed with fancies vayne.
Cease then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see;
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

LXXIX

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me:
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew:
But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.

ue beautie: that doth argue you
ine, and borne of heavenly seed;
rom that fayre Spirit, from whom al
e
ect beauty did at first proceed:
ely fayre, and what he fayre hath
ade;
er fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

LXXX

ong a race as I have run
Faery land, which those six books
mpile,
e to rest me being halfe fordonne,
er to myselfe new breath awhile.
a steed refreshed after toyle,
y prison I will breake anew;
dy will that second worke assoyle,
ng endevour and attention dew.
give leave to me, in pleasant mew
my muse, and sing my loves sweet
ise;
mplation of whose heavenly hew,
to an higher pitch will rayse,
her prayses yet be low and meane,
the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

LXXXI

my love, when her fayre golden
ares [marke,
loose wynd ye waving chance to
hen the rose in her red cheekes
peares:
eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
en her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
ious merchandize she forth doth lay;
en that cloud of pryde, which oft doth
rk
ly light, with smiles she drives away.
st she, when so she doth display
with pearles and rubyes richly dight;
hich her words so wise do make
ir way
the message of her gentle spright.
t be works of natures wonderment:
a the worke of harts astonishment.

LXXXII

y life! full oft for loving you
y lot, that was so lucky placed;
the more your owne mishap I rew,
so much by so meane love embased.
the equall hevens so much you
ced
in the rest, ye mote invent
enly wit, whose verse could have
hased
ious name in golden moniment.

But since ye deigned so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth;
That little, that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortall prayses forth:
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

LXXXIII

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest;
Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest:
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
And modest thoughts breathd from weltempred sprites,
Goe visit her in her chast bowre of rest
Accompanyde with angelick delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most joyous sights,
The which my selfe could never yet attayne:
But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her too constant stiffenesse doth constrayn.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

LXXXIV

The world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
So does the Cuckow, when the Mavis sings,
Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admyre;
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill. [shal thunder,
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump
Let the world chose to envy or to wonder.

LXXXV

Venemous tounge, tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell
Theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
Of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well;
Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,
In my true love did stirre up coles of yre,

The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
And, catching hold on thine owne wicked hed,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred!
Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy reward,
Dew to thy selfe, that it for me prepard!

LXXXVI

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morne.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seeme a myle.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last;
But joyous houres doe fly away too fast.

LXXXVII

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray;
I wander as in darkenesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest da
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes va
But th' onely image of that heavenly ray
Whereof some glance doth in mine ey
mayne.
Of which beholding the Idaea playne,
Through contemplation of my purest par
With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayn
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.
But, with such brightnesse whylest
my mind,
I starve my body, and mine eyes doe b

LXXXVIII

Lyke as the Culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her ma
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful
For his returne that seemes to linger lat
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my l
And, wandring here and there all desola
Seek with my playnts to match that mo
dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous si
Whose sweet aspect both God and mat
move,
In her unspotted pleasaunce to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre li
mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively

EPIGRAMS.

I

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyve to grope for honny:
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

II

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close convay
Into the others stead:
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

III

I saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And sayd to her; 'All hayle, my mother
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
'Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.'

IV

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumb
All in his mothers lap;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet n
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with
And saw the beast so small;
'Whats this (quoth he) that gives so gr
That wakens men withall?'
In angry wize he flyes about,
And threatens all with corage stout.
To whom his mother closely smiling, say
'Twixt earnest and twixt game:

u thyselfe likewise art lyttle made,
gard the same.
hou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
in earth, to rest:
n thou art disposed cruelly,
epe thou doost molest.
her change thy cruelty.
ke leave unto the fly.'

e, the cruell boy, not so content,
eds the fly pursue;
s hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
ght for to subdue.
n on it he hasty hand did lay,
him stung therefore:
alasse, he cryde, and wel-away!
d am full sore:
that I so much did scorne,
t me with his little horne.'

mother straight he weeping came,
griefe complayned:
d not chose but laugh at his fond
ad to see him pained. [game,
ow (quod she) my sonne, how great
whom thou dost wound: [the smart

Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found:
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make.'

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock:
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed wel
With salve of soveraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis?

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady:
But he, soone after, fresh againe enured
His former cruelty.
And since that time he wounded hath my
With his sharpe dart of love: [selfe
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
His mothers heast to prove.
So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

EPITHALAMION.

d sisters, which have oftentimes
né ayding, others to adorne, [rymes,
thought worthy of your gracefull
the greatest did not greatly scorne
theyr names sung in your simple
in theyr praise; [layes,
ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
ath, or love, or fortunes wreck did
se,
g could soone to sadder tenor turne,
the woods and waters to lament
full dreriment:
hose sorrowfull complaints aside;
ing all your heads with girlands
wnd,
mine owne loves prayses to resound;
same of any be envide:
as did for his owne bride!
my selfe alone will sing; [ring.
shall to me answer, and my Eccho

ore the worlds light-giving lampe
n beame upon the hils doth spred,
sperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
rake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
bowre of my beloved love,

My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many
a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can
heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare:
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale posies,

And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers. [tread,
And let the ground whereas her foot shall
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take; [light,
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure, [ncer;
With your steele darts doo chace from comming
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among!
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr *eccho ring.*

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were [beame
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight: [beare
But first come ye fayre houres, which were
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre: [Queene
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing.
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groom
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse:
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse.
But let this day, let this one day, be myne
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and their eccho ring.

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet
That all the sences they doe ravish quite:
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iõ Hymen, Hymen, they do shout:
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,

vance, doe thereto applaud,
dvaunce her laud;
ore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
e woods them answer, and theyr
o ring.

e she comes along with portly pace,
e from her chamber of the East,
th to run her mighty race,
white, that seemes a virgin best.
her beseemes, that ye would weene
ll she had beene.
ose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
with perle, and perling flowres
eene,
golden mantle her attyre;
crowned with a girland greene,
some mayden Queene.
t eyes, abashed to behold
azers as on her do stare,
owly ground affixed are;
t up her countenance too bold,
to heare her prayses sung so loud,
m being proud.
doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
e woods may answer, and your eccho
.

merchants daughters, did ye see
creature in your towne before;
o lovely, and so mild as she,
th beautyes grace and vertues store?
r eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
ad yvory white, [rudded,
es lyke apples which the sun hath
rke cherryes charming men to byte,
ike to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
yke lyllies budded,
e necke lyke to a marble towre;
r body like a pallace fayre,
up, with many a stately stayre,
seat and chastities sweet bowre.
l ye still ye virgins in amaze,
o to gaze,
forget your former lay to sing,
the woods did answer, and your
o ring?

aw that which no eyes can see,
d beauty of her lively spright,
ith heavenly guifts of high degree,
e then would ye wonder at that
t,
astonisht lyke to those which red
mazeful hed.
is sweet love, and constant chastity,
fayth, and comely womanhood,
honour, and mild modesty;

There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threa-
And unrevealed pleasures, [sures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your
echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almighties view;
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their
eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your
eccho ring.

Now al is done: bring home the bride againe;
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine
With joyance bring her and with jollity.

Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East. [love!
Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead, [dread]
And guydest lovers through the nights sad
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their *echo ring!*

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights
Enough it is that all the day was y
Now day is doen, and night is night
Now bring the Bryde into the bryd
The night is come, now soon her di
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her displa
And odourd sheetes, and Arras cov
Behold how goodly my faire love d
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her t
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she w
With bathing in the Acidalian broo
Now it is night, ye damsels may be
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay
The woods no more shall answer
echo ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night s
pected,
That long daies labour doest at last
And all my cares, which cruell Love
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for
Spread thy broad wing over my lov
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horro
Let no false treason seeke us to entr
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy:
But let the night be calme, and qui
Without tempestuous storms or sad
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcm
When he begot the great Tirynthia
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cea
Ne let the woods them answer
eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull
Be heard all night within, nor yet
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidd
Breake gentle sleepe with misconce
Let no deluding dreames, nor dread
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings
Ne let the Pouke nor other evill sp
Ne let mischivous witches with they
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose se
not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the shriech Oule nor the
Nor the night Raven, that still dead
Nor damned ghosts, called up with mig
Nor griesly vultures, make us

let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still
ke us to wish theyr choking. [croking
none of these theyr drery accents sing;
let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho
ring.

t let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
at sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
d tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
ay poure his limbs forth on your pleasant
playne;
e whiles an hundred little winged loves,
ke divers-fethered doves,
all fly and flutter round about your bed,
d in the secret darke, that none reproves,
eir prety stealthes shal worke, and snares
shal spread
filch away sweet snatches of delight,
ceald through covert night.
sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
inks more upon her paradise of joyes,
en what ye do, albe it good or ill.
night therefore attend your merry play,
it will soone be day:
w none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho
ring.

ho is the same, which at my window peepes?
whose is that faire face that shines so
bright?
it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
t walkes about high heaven al the night?
fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
y love with me to spy: [thought,
thou likewise didst love, though now un-
d for a fleece of woolly which privily
e Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
s pleasures with thee wrought.
herefore to us be favorable now;
d sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
d generation goodly dost enlarge,
ncline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
d the chast wombe informe with timely
seed,
hat may our comfort breed:
ll which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
e let the woods us answere, nor our Eccho
ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful
might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine;
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to
sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Eccho
ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne!
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long
With lasting happinesse, [possesse
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho
ring!

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment

FOWRE HYMNES,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,

THE LADIE MARGARET,

COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND, AND

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF WARWICKE.

HAVING in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But, being unable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retractation, to reforme them, making, in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two b sisters, as to the most excellent a ornaments of all true love and beau in the one and the other kinde; hun seeching you to vouchsafe the patr them, and to accept this my humble in lieu of the great graces and ho favours which ye dayly shew unto m such time as I may, by better meane you some more notable testimonie thankfull mind and dutifull devotio even so I pray for your happinesse. wich this first of September, 1596 Honors most bounden ever,

in all humble serv

EL

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdude my poore captived hart,
And, raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doest tyrannize in everie weaker part:
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wyde woun brewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subde

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late.
Through the sharpe sorrowes which th me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile
The wondrous triumphs of my great g
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ove
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wi
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie Love,
Out of thy silver bowres and secret

thou doest sit in Venus lap above,
g thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
weeter farre then any Nectar is;
oftly, and my feeble breast inspire
gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved
ereing points of his avengefull darts;
, faire Nimphs! which oftentimes have loved
uell worker of your kindly smarts,
your selves, and open wide your harts
receive the triumph of your glorie,
made you merie oft when ye were sorie.

e, faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
in the conquests of your beautie bost,
with your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
erve their harts that needeth nourture most, [host,
e your selves to march amongst his
l the way this sacred hymne do sing,
in the honor of your Soveraigne king.

AT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the mynd,
ll the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
of gods, subdner of mankynd,
loest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
g their cruell rage thy scornefull game,
their roring taking great delight;
an expresse the glorie of thy might?

o alive can perfectly declare
ondrous cradle of thine infancie,
thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
of Plentie and of Penurie,
h elder then thine owne nativitie,
et a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,
et the eldest of the heavenly Peares?

e this worlds still moving mightie masse
great Chaos ugly prison crept,
ch his goodly face long hidden was
heavens view, and in deepe darknesse kept,
that had now long time securely slept
us lap, unarmed then and naked,
are his head, by Clotho being waked:

aking to him wings of his owne heate,
ed at first from heavens life-giving fyre,
n to move out of his idle seate;
ely at first, but after with desyre
aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
ike fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight
gh all that great wide wast, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to raunge them selves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspyre
Each against other by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe them selves within their sundrie raines,
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
Yet so, as that in every living wight
They mixe themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmely have remained,
And duly well observed his beheast;
Through which now all these things that are contained
Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
Their being have, and dayly are increast
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care, [fynd;
To quench the flame which they in burning
But man that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie;

For, having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre
That seemes on earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame
Of heavenly light, then Beauties glorious beame.

What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fraile men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therwith tip his sharp empoisned darts,
Which glancing through the eyes with countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe,
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make ful piteous mone
Unto the author of their balefull bane:
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,
Their lives they loath, and heavens light disdaine;
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

That whilst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and play,
At their complaints, making their paine thy scorne
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remaines scarse any little part;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Since thou doest shew no favour unto mee,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the soveraine Lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize,
And on thy subjects most doest tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if they will ever swerve,
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearely deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfyred
As things divine, least passions doe impresse,
The more of stedfast mynds to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse;
But baseborne mynds such lampa regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre;
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre.

For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell
Which he beholding still with constant sight
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it;
Like Tantale, that in store doth starved ly,
So doth he pine in most satiety;
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine.
Thrise happie man! might he the same possesse,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune bless.

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene

avens such happie grace did to him
end,
g on earth so heavenly to have seene
ts enshrined saint, his heavens queene,
hen fairest, in his fayning eye,
ole aspect he counts felicitye.

rth he casts in his unquiet thought,
e may do, her favour to obtaine;
brave exploit, what perill hardly
rrought [paine,
uissant conquest, what adventurous
ease her best, and grace unto him
aine;
ls no danger, nor misfortune feares,
h, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

t his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
eing blind, letst him not see his feares,
est him to that which he hath eyde,
seas, through flames, through thou-
and swords and speares; [stand,
t so strong that may his force with-
hich thou armest his resistlesse hand.

e Leander in the Euxine waves,
nt Æneas in the Trojane fyre,
pressing through the Phrygian
laives,
pheus, daring to provoke the yre
ed fiends, to get his love retyre; [way
through heaven and hell thou makest
them worship which to thee obay.

by all these perils and these paynes,
but purchase lyking in her eye,
eavens of joy then to himselfe he
ynes!
s he wypes quite out of memory
er ill before he did aby:
bene death, yet would he die againe,
thus happie as her grace to gaine.

en he hath found favour to his will,
more can so contented rest,
eth further on, and striveth still
och more neare, till in her inmost
rest
embosomd bee and loved best;
not best, but to be lov'd alone;
can not endure a Paragone.

e whereof, O how doth it torment
ubled mynd with more then hellish
aine!
his fayning fansie represent [vaine,
never seene, and thousand shadowes
e his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
at hast never lov'd canst not beleeve
art of th' evils which poore lovers
reeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the unassured foes, [tell,
With thousands more then any tongue can
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eates the hart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie.
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endeere
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare;
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradize
Of all delight and joyous happie rest,
Where they doe feede on Nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest;
And lie like Gods in yvorie beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play [blame,
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame,
After full joyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crowne their Goddesse and their Queene,
And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.

Ay me! deare Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might myselfe assure
That happie port for ever to recure! [all,
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Bove all the gods, thee onely honoring
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king:
Till then, dread Lord! vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,
And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht harts of gazefull men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule-enchaunting
might.

Therto do thou, great Goddesse! Queene of
Beauty,
Mother of love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly
dewty
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling
light
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne:

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORK-
MAISTER DID CAST
To make al things such as we now behold,
It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare.

have often prov'd, too well it know,
ho so list the like assayes to ken,
nd by tryall, and confesse it then,
eautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
ward shew of things that onely seeme.

it same goodly hew of white and red,
which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal
decay,
ose sweete rosy leaves, so fairely spred
he lips, shall fade and fall away
t they were, even to corrupted clay:
olden wyre, those sparckling stars so
bright,
urne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

at faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
ight proceedes, which kindleth lovers
ever be extinguisht nor decay; [fire,
hen the vitall spirits doe expyre,
ier native planet shall retyre;
is heavenly borne and can not die,
a parcell of the purest skie.

hen the soule, the which derived was,
t, out of that great immortall Spright,
om all live to love, whilome did pas
from the top of purest heavens hight
embodied here, it then tooke light
vely spirits from that fayrest starre
lights the world forth from his firie
carre.

powre retayning still or more or lesse,
she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
gh every part she doth the same im-
presse,
ding as the heavens have her graced,
rames her house, in which she will be
placed,
r her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
heavenly riches which she robd ere-
whyle.

f it comes that these faire soules, which
have
ost resemblance of that heavenly light,
to themselves most beautifull and
brave
fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
he grosse matter by a soveraine might
ers so trim, that it may well be seene
lace fit for such a virgin Queene.

ry spirit, as it is most pure,
ath in it the more of heavenly light,
the fairer bodie doth procure
bit in, and it more fairely dight
chearefull grace and amiable sight;
the soule the bodie forme doth take;
oule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed;
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of somes tubborne grownd,
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is deform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me, the more to rew!)
That goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathëmore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
How ever fleshes fault it filthy make;
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deare ornaments
And lively images of heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight;
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloiall lust faire beauties foulest blame,
That base affections, which your eares would bland
Commend to you by loves abused name,
But is indeede the bondslave of defame;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your bright shyning starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,

And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display;
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may;
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never?

But, in your choice of Loves, this well advize,
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;
For, if you loosely love without respect,
It is no love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jarre.

For Love is a celestiall harmonie
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke ech others joy and true content,
Which they have harbourd since their first descent [see
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did
And know ech other here belov'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loves gentle band combyned bee
But those whom heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree:
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Streight do not love; for Love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refyned forme, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will:
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceed

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and 'in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye glaunces,
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces
Whom having wounded, backe againe they g
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe:
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one swee aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their conceipt, that others never see!
Now of her smiles, with which their soul they feede.
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials be
But when her words embassade forth she sen
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto the lends!

Sometimes upon her forhead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight:
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to th sight [nigh
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frost
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee atten
To decke thy beautie with their dainties sto
That may it more to mortall eyes commend.
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend:
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall.
And spred thy lovely kingdome over-all.

Then lô, tryumph! O great Beauties Queen
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie.
That all this world, the which thy vassal beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie
Adore the powre of thy great Majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name.
Compyl'd by me, which thy poore liegeman am

lieu whereof graunt, O great Soveraine!
at she, whose conquering beautie doth captive
y trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
e drop of grace at length will to me give,
hat I her bounden thrall by her may live,
nd this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
lay owe to her, of whom I it receaved.

And you, faire Venus dearling, my deare dread!
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life, [read,
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

OVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
rom this base world unto thy heavens hight,
There I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
rre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
hat I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
nto the God of Love, high heavens king.

my lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
praise of that mad fit which fooles call love,
have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
hat in light wits did loose affection move;
t all those follies now I do reprove,
nd turned have the tenor of my string,
he heavenly prayses of true love to sing.

nd ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
o reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
o warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire, [blame,
th now that heat is quenched, quench my
nd in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
or who my passed follies now pursewes,
eginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in which al things
re now containd, found any being-place,
re flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
bout that mightie bound which doth embrace [by space,
he rolling Spheres, and parts their houres
hat High Eternall Powre, which now doth move
n all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

t lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
For faire is lov'd;) and of it selfe begot,
like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour *crownd.*

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of earthly wight [verse
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisedome trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not in powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increase of Angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adornd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those joyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For he his beames doth still to them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods owne seat without commission;
The brightest Angell, even the Child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of His consuming yre,
And with His onely breath them blew away
From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh itselfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth His goodnesse unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In His wyde Pallace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen Colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke shold begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which He had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathd a living spright
Into his face most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisedomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be Lord of every living wight
He made by love out of His owne like mould,
In whom He might His mightie selfe behould;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like itselfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
No lesse then Angels whom he did ensew,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine;
Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meere love, and after like did well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deepe horror of despeyred hell,
Him, wretch, in doole would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme
Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abject thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That He for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde:
So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of loves deepe wound, that pierst the pitcous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launching every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his foes, that from his heast had swerved!

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so dear wound
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never staunch
But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
And cleanse the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.

'ell of Love! O Floure of Grace!
Morning-Starre! O Lampe of
t!
image of thy Fathers face,
ng of Glorie, Lord of Might,
ibe of God, before all worlds be-
,
thee requite for all this good?
an prize that thy most precious
l?

thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
us, for guerdon of thy paine:
at can us lesse then that behove?
ired life of us againe, [gaine?
ne wrong to aske his owne with
life, he it restored lost;
ere least, that us so litle cost.

life hath left unto us free, [band;
vas thrall, and blessed that was
emaunds but that we loving bee,
elfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
therto with an eternall band,
love that us so dearely bought,
ur brethren, to his image wrought.

love great right and reason is,
us our life and being gave,
when we fared had amisse,
from the second death did save;
e food of life, which now we have,
nselfe in his deare sacrament,
F hungry soules, unto us lent.

to love our brethren, that were
mould, and that selfe Makers hand,
d to the same againe shall fade,
shall have like heritage of land,
here on higher steps we stand,
were with selfe-same price re-
ned
ow ever of us light esteemed.

hey not, yet since that loving Lord
ed us to love them for his sake,
s sake, and for his sacred word,
is last bequest he to us spake,
them love, and with their needs
ake;
hat, whatsoere to them we give,
him by whom we all doe live.

y he by his most holy reede
ught, and to approve it trew,
it by his most righteous deede,
s mercie (miserable crew!)
e like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy
soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou his soveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest
knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his
strife,
His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused;
How with most scornefull taunts, and fell des-
pights,
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused;
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how
brused;
And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through
feet, and syde!

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse;
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows
wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened
spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to his soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and
mind, [brace;
Thou must him love, and his behests em-

All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaz
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense
daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spri

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired hee
With heavenly thoughts farre above hu
skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plaine
Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall
With sweete enragement of celestiall lov
Kindled through sight of those faire
above.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightie Spright! [flow,
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some litle beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by
Thou canst not count, much lesse their nat
aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise re
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillers fou
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands;
Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet fir
bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming bra
Never consum'd, nor quencht with m
hands;
And, last, that mightie shining christall
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All

By view whereof it plainly may appears
That still as every thing doth upward te
And further is from earth, so still more
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie it at last ascend;
Ayre more then water, fire much more
And heaven then fire, appeares more pur
fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine
On that bright shynie round still m
Masse,
The house of blessed God, which mea
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke
grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse
But those two most, which, ruling nigh
day,
As King and Queene, the heavens Empire

me then, what hast thou ever seene
their beautie may compared bee,
he sight that is most sharpe or keene
heir Captains flaming head to see ?
ch lesse those, much higher in degree,
uch fairer, and much more then these,
are fairer then the land and seas?

above these heavens, which here we
s farre exceeding these in light, [see,
nded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
nite in largenesse and in hight,
ng, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
d no Sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
r owne native light farre passing theirs.

hese heavens still by degrees arize,
ey come to their first Movers bound,
his mightie compasse doth comprize,
ie all the rest with him around;
likewise doe by degrees redound,
more faire, till they at last arive
nost faire, whereto they all do strive.

the heaven where happy soules have
njoyment of felicitie, [place,
they doe still behold the glorious face
Divine Eternall Majestie;
re is that, where those Idees on hie
d be, which Plato so admyred,
e Intelligences from God inspyred.

r is that heaven, in which doe raine
raine Powres and mightie Potentates,
n their high protections doe containe
tall Princes and imperiall States;
rer yet, whereas the royall Seates
venly Dominations are set,
hom all earthly governance is fet.

more faire be those bright Cherubins,
ll with golden wings are overdight,
se eternall burning Seraphins,
from their faces dart out fierie light;
er then they both, and much more
right,
Angels and Archangels, which attend
owne person, without rest or end.

hus in faire each other farre excelling,
e Highest they approch more neare,
hat Highest farre beyond all telling,
hen all the rest which there appeare,
all their beauties joynd together
were;
en can mortall tongue hope to expresse
age of such endlesse perfectnesse?

hen, my tongue! and lend unto my
nynd
o bethinke how great that beautie is,
utmost parts so beautifull I fynd;

How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisedome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his
might,
By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face, [bright,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so
That th' Angels selves can not endure his
sight.

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot
sustaine [shyne,
The Suns bright beames, when he on us doth
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that Majestie Divine, [darke,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To reade enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contem-
plation, [soule do blynd,
From this darke world, whose damps the
And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of his Majestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling inno-
Ne dare looke up with corruptible eye [cence,
On the dred face of that great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded
be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the just wrath of his avengefull threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth
passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth represse,

Under the rigour of his judgement just;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright
That all about him sheddeth glorious light:

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish aire, whereby al things are red;
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine, [cleare,
Is many thousand times more bright, more
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare;
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soveraignty;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high behaest,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face
And more increast by her owne goodly grace
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill
That all posteritie admyred it,
Have purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this beauty soverayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their days
Or that sweete Teian Poet, which did spend
His plenteous vaine in setting forth his prayse,
Seene but a glims of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend
Above that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world shold with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his Art,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie filles the heavens with her light
And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of mightie heavens King;
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possest,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest,

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace
And lets his owne Beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret threasury
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lye
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,

eth them her lovely face to see,
such wondrous pleasures they con-
ave,
ete contentment, that it doth bereave
ule of sense, through infinite delight,
n transport from flesh into the spright.

they see such admirable things,
s them into an extasy,
e such heavenly notes and carolings,
high praise, that filles the brasen sky;
e such joy and pleasure inwardly,
keth them all worldly cares forget,
ly thinke on that before them set.

thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
hought of earthly things, remaine;
that earst seemd sweet seemes now
Tense,
hat pleased earst now seemes to paine;
, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
all on that which now they see;
r sights but fayned shadowes bee.

t faire lampe, which useth to inflame
rts of men with selfe-consuming fyre
orth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull
lame; [aspyre
that pompe to which proud minds
e of honor, and so much desyre,

Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And sensés fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward ey;
On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd
All happie joy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought, [fed
And, with false beauties flattring bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee
nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty
springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming
things;
With whose sweete pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

PROTHALAMION.

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER,

OUR OF THE DOUBLE MARIAGE OF THE TWO HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADIES,
LADIE ELIZABETH, AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS TO THE
HT HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHIE
TLEMEN M. HENRY GILFORD, AND M. WILLIAM PETER, ESQUYERS.

was the day, and through the trem-
ling ayre
breathing Zephyrus did softly play
spirit, that lightly did delay
ans beames, which then did glyster
(whom sullein care, [fayre;
discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
es Court, and expectation vayne
opes, which still doe fly away,
pty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,)
rth to ease my payne

Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty Bancke, he which his River
hemmes
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie
gemmes
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
A Flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a Bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine Fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegromes posies
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see:
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were, [bare,
That even the gentle streame, the which them
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright, [long:
That shone as heavens light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the Christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw Venus silver Teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the vere,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeld,
All which upon those goodly Birds they threw
And all the Waves did strew,
That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme
When downe along by pleasant Tempe he
Scattred with Flowres, through Thessaly streeme,
That they appeare, through Lillies p
Like a Brydes Chamber flore.
Two of those Nymphes, meane wh
Garlands bound
Of freshest Flowres which in that M
The which presenting all in trim Arr
Their snowie Foreheads therewitha
Whil'st one did sing this Lay, [
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against their Brydale day, which
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, ti
my Song.

'Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds fair
ment,
And heavens glorie, whom this happi
Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull b
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts
Of your loves couplement;
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of
With her heart-quelling Sonne up
smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to
All Loves dislike, and friendships fault
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts
And blessed Plentie wait upon your b
And let your bed with pleasures chast
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your Brydale day, which is not
Sweete Themmes! runne softlie, til
my Song.'

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their brydale daye should
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birdes did passe
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmu
As he would speake, but that he lackt
Yet did by signes his glad affection sh
Making his streame run slow.

foule which in his flood did dwell
bout these twaine, that did excell
far as Cynthia doth shend
tarres. So they, enranged well,
e two attend,
est service lend [long:
ir wedding day, which was not
Themmes! run softly, till I end
long.

hey all to mery London came,
ndon, my most kyndly Nurse,
gave this Lifes first native sourse,
n another place I take my name,
auncient fame: [towres
they came, whereas those bricky
on Themmes brode aged backe doe
[bowers,
the studious Lawyers have their
ome wont the Templer Knights to
cayd through pride: [byde,
unto there standes a stately place,
gayned giftes and goodly grace
eat Lord, which therein wont to
l, [case:
t too well now feeles my freendles
re fits not well
but joyes, to tell
the bridale daye, which is not long:
Themmes! runne softly, till I end
Song.

now doth lodge a noble Peer,
lands glory, and the Worlds wide
der, [did thunder,
idfull name late through all Spaine
les two pillors standing neere
to quake and feare:
h of Honor, flower of Chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same; [armes,
That through thy prowesse, and victorious
Thy country may be freed from forraine
harmes;
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide
Alarmes,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following.
Upon the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly till I end
my Song.

From those high Towers this noble Lord issuing,
Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in
sight, [bright;
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens
They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
Received those two faire Brides, their Loves
delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song.

SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

CTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY APPEARED.

I

t worshipfull my singular good frend,
iell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.

the happy above happiest men
at, sitting like a Looker-on
rldes Stage, doest note with critique

dislikes of each condition:
e carelesse of suspition,
t for the favour of the great;
foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat:
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great Lord of peerelesse liberty;
Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,
And the Evill damning evermore to dy:
For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull
writing!
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xviij. of July, 1586.
Your devoted frend, during life,
EDMUND SPENCER.

II

(*Prefixed to 'Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility,' &c.*)

Who so wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine,
Unto the type of true Nobility;
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
Derived farre from famous Auncestrie:
Behold them both in their right visnomy
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree.
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The ods twixt both, of both them deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee:
But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

III

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, king of the Epirots, translated into English.

Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old Heröes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes, and fild their childrens eares?

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great:
Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did raise,
Their huge Pyrámids, which do heaven threat.

Lo! one, whom later age hath bro
light,
Matchable to the greatest of those gr
Great both by name, and great in po
might,
And meriting a meere triumphant se
The scourge of Turkes, and plagu
dels,
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volu
ED. S

IV

(*Prefixed to 'The Commonwealth and ment of Venice.*)

The antique Babel, Empresse of the
Upreard her buildinges to the threate
And second Babell, tyrant of the We
Her ayry Towers upraised much mo
But, with the weight of their own su
They both are fallen, that all the e
feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how gr
were.
But in their place doth now a third ap
Fayre Venice, flower of the last wo
light;
And next to them in beauty draweth
But farre exceedes in policie of right.
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to b
As Lewkenors stile that hath her
told.

EDM. S

Finished 2d time
92

IEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

DISCOURSED BY WAY OF A DIALOGUE BETWEENE

EUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS.

Eudox.

t countrey of Ireland, whence
ame, be soe goodly and com-
oyle, as ye report, I wonder that
s taken for the tourning therof
and reducing of that savadge na-
r government and civilitye.

rry, soe there have beene divers
devised, and wise counsells cast
ut reformation of that realme;
, it is the fatall desteny of that
e purposes, whatsoever are meant
will prosper or take good effect,
her it proceede from the very
the soyle, or influence of the
at Allmighty God hath not yet
he time of her reformation, or
rveth her in this unquiett state
secrett scourdge, which shall by
nto England, it is hard to be
yet much to be feared.

urely I suppose this but a vayne
mple men, which judge thinges
ectes, and not by theyre causes;
her thinke the cause of this evill,
th upon that countrey, to pro-
of the unsoundness of the coun-
ttes, which you say have beene
ayed for the reformation, or of
following and effecting the
f any such fatall course or ap-
f God, as you misdeeme: but it
er of men, that when they are
ny absurditye, or theyr actions
as they would, they are ready
impute the blame therof unto
soe to excuse their owne follyes
tiones. Soe have I allso heard
ed, (even of some whose greate
n my opinion, should seeme to
soundly of soe weighty a con-
at all that land were a sea-poole:
of speach, is the manner rather
men farr driven, to wishe the utter ruine of that they cannot redress, then of grave counsellors, which ought to thinke nothing soe hard but that, through wysedome, it may be mastred and subdued; since the Poet sayeth, that 'the wyse man shall rule even over the starres,' much more over the earth; for were it not the part of a desperat phisition to wish his diseased patient dead, rather then to applye the best endevours of his skill for his recovery. But since we arre so farre entred, let us, I pray you, a litle devise, of those evills, by which that countrey is held in this wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be recured. And yf it be not paynfull to you, tell us what thinges, during your late continuaunce there, you observed to be most offensive, and an empeachement unto the good rule and government therof.

Iren. Surely, Eudox., the evills which you desire to be recounted are very many, and allmost countable with those that were hidden in the baskett of Pandora. But since ye soe please, I will out of that infinit number, recken but some that are most capitall, and commonly current both in the life and conditions of privat men, as also in the managing of publick affayres and pollicye, the which you shall understand to be of diverse natures, as I observed them: for some of them are of very great antiquitye and longe continuaunce; others more late and of lesse enduraunce; others davly growing and encreasing continually as the evill occasions are every day offered.

Eudox. Tell them then, I pray you, in the same order that you have now rehearsed them; for there can be noe better methode then this which the very matter it self offereth. And when ye have reckned all the evills, lett us heare your opinion for redressing of them: after which there will perhaps of it self appeare some reasonable way to settle a sound and perfect rule of government, by shunning the former evills, and

following the offred good. The which methode we may learne of the wise Phisitions, which first require that the malady be knowen throughly, and discovered; afterwardes doe teach how to cure and redress it; and lastly doe prescribe a diett with straight rule and orders to be dayly observed, for feare of a relapse into the former disease, or falling into some other more daungerous then it.

Iren. I will then, according to your advisement, beginne to declare the evills, which seeme to me most hurtfull to the common-weale of that land; and first, those which I sayd were most auncient and long growen. And they allso are of three kindes; the first in the Lawes, the second in Customes, and the third in Religion.

Eudox. Why, Irenæus, can there be any evill in the Lawes? can thinges, which are ordayned for the good and safetye of all, turne to the evill and hurt of them? This well I wote, both in that state and in all others, that were they not contayned in duty with feare of law, which restrayneth offences, and inflicteth sharpe punishment to misdoeres, no man should enjoy any thing; every mans hand would be agaynst another. Therfore, in finding fault with the lawes, I doubt me, you shall much over-shoote your self, and make me the more dislike your other dislikes of that government.

Iren. The lawes, Eudox., I doe not blame for themselves, knowing right well that all lawes are ordayned for the good of the common-weale, and for repressing of licentiousness and vice; but it falleth out in lawes, no otherwise then it doth in phisick, which was at first devised, and is yet dayly ment, and ministred for the health of the patient. But nevertheless we often see, that either through ignoraunce of the dysease, or through unseasonableness of the time, or other accidentes coming between, in steede of good, it worketh hurt, and, out of one evill, throweth the patient into many miseryes. Soe the lawes were at first intended for the reformation of abuses, and peaceable continuaunce of the subjectes; but are sithence either disanulled, or quite prevaricated through chaunge and alterations of times, yet are they good still in themselves; but to that commonwealth, which is ruled by them, they woorke not that good which they should, and sometimes also, perhaps, that evill which they would not.

Eudox. Whether do you meane this by *the common-law* of the realme, or by the *Statute Lawes*, and Actes of Parlyaments?

Iren. Surely by them both; for t
common-law, being that which Wi
Normandy brought in with his conq
layed upon the neck of England,
it perhaps fitted well with the state
land then being, and was readely
through the power of the commande
had before subdued the people unto
made easy way to the setling of his
with the state of Ireland peradventu
not so well agree, being a people
stubborne, and untamed, or yf it w
tamed, yet now lately having quite
theyr yoke, and broken the bandes
obedience. For England (before the
of the Conquerour) was a peaceable
and but lately entred to the mild a
government of K. Edward, surn
Confessour; besides now lately grow
lothing and detestation of the u
tyrannous rule of Harold, an usur
made them the more willing to acc
reasonable conditions and order
victor, thinking surely that it cou
worse then the later, and hopi
would be as good as the former: y
proof of the first bringing in and e
of those lawes hath beene, was aft
full bitterly made knowen. But
land it is farr otherwise, for it is a
acquaynted with warres, though bu
themselves, and in theyre owne ki
tary discipline, trayned up ever
youthes; which they have never
taught to lay aside, nor made to
dience unto lawe, scarcely to know
of lawe, but instede therof have
served and kept theyr owne law
the Brehoone lawe.

Eudox. What is that which y
Brehoone Lawe? it is a word to us
unknowen.

Iren. It is a certayne rule of
written, but delivered by tradition f
another, in which oftentimes there
greate shewe of equitye, in determ
right betweene party and party
many thinges repugning quite bo
and mans lawe: as for example, in
murder, the Brehoon, that is th
will compound betweene the murder
frendes of the party murthered, w
secute the action, that the maleft
give unto them, or to the child
him that is slayne, a recompence,
call a Breaghe; by which bi lawe
many murders are amongest them
and smoothered. And this judge

d) the Lordes Brehoon, adjudgeth for
t part a better share unto his lord, that
ord of the soyle, or the head of that
ad also unto himself, for his judge-
greater portion then unto the playn-
artyes greeved.

Ir. This is a most wicked lawe indeed; trust it is not now used in Ireland he kinges of England have had the e dominion therof, and established wne lawes there.

Yes, truly, for there be many wide es in Ireland in which the lawes of d were never established, nor any ac-dgment of subjection made; and also those that are subdued, and seeme to ledge subjection, yet the same Bre-awe is practised amongst themselves, on, that dwelling as they doe, whole and septs of the Irish togither, with-y Englishman amongest them, they oe what they list, and compound or er conceal amongest themselves theyr imes, of which noe notice can be had which would and might amend the y the rule of the lawes of England.

Ir. What is this which you say? there any part of that realme or any therin, which have not yet bene sub-the crowne of England? Did not le realme universally accept and ac-lge our late prince of famous memory, the Eighth, for theyr only king and ord?

Yes, verely: in a Parliament in the time of Sir Antony Sent-then Lord Deputye, all the Irish nd principall men came in, and being meanes wrought therunto, acknow-King Henry for theyr soverayne lord, g yet (as some say) unto themselves r owne former priviledges and seg-inviolate.

Ir. Then by that acceptaunce of his nty they also accepted of his lawes. hen should any other lawes be now ongest them?

True it is that thereby they bound es to his lawes and obedience, and in had bene followed upon them, as it have bene, and a government ther-resently setled amongest them agre-reunto, they should have bene reduced tuall civilitye, and contayned in con-dutye. But what bootes it to breake nd to lett him straight runn loose at e. Soe *were this people* at first well *and wisely brought to* acknowledge alleageaunce to the Kinges of England; but being straight left unto themselves and theyr owne inordinate life and manners, they eft-soones forgott what before they were taught, and soe soone as they were out of sight by themselves, shooke of theyr bridels, and began to colt anew, more licentiously then before.

Eudox. It is a great pitty, that soe good an opportunitye was omitted, and soe happy an occasion fore-stald, that might have bredd the eternall good of that land. But doe they not still acknowledge that submission?

Iren. Now they doe not; for now the heyres and posteritye of them which yeelded the same are (as they say) either ignoraunt therof, or doe willfully denye or stedfastly disavowe it.

Eudox. How can they doe soe justly? Doth not the act of the parent, in any lawfull graunt or conveyaunce, bind the heyres for ever thereunto? Since then the aun-cestours of those that now live yeelded theun-selves then subjectes and liedgemen, shall it not tye theyr children to the same subjec-tion?

Iren. They say no; for theyr auncestours had noe estate in any theyre landes, signo-ryes, or hereditamentes, longer then during theyr owne lives, as they alledge, for all the Irish doe hold theyr landes by Tanistrye; which is (as say they) noe more then a personall estate for his life time, that is, Tan-istih, by reason that he is admitted ther-unto by election of the countrey.

Eudox. What is this that you call Tanistih and Tanistrye? They be names and termes never hard of nor knowen to us.

Iren. It is a custome among all the Irish, that presently after the death of any theyr cheif Lordes or Captaynes, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place, generally appoynted and knowen unto them, to choose another in his steede; where they doe nomi-nate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonn, nor any of the children of theyre Lord deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldest and woorthyest; as com-monly the next brother to him yf he have any, or the next cossin germayne, or soe foorth, as any is elder in that kinred or sept, and then next to him they choose the next of bloud to be Tanistih, whoe shall next suc-ceede him in the sayd Captaynrye, yf he live thereunto.

Eudox. Doe they not use any ceremonyes in this election? for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonyes and superstitious rites.

Iren. They use to place him that shalbe theyr Captayne, uppon a stone allwayes reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill: in many of the which I have seene the foote of a man formed and engraven, which they say was the measure of theyr first Captayns foote, wheron he standing receaveth an oth to preserve all the former auncient customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanistih, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, discending from the stone, he turneth himself round aboute, thrise forward, and thrise backward.

Eudox. But how is the Tanistih chosen?

Iren. They say he setteth but one foote upon the stone, and receaveth the like othe that the Captayne did.

Eudox. Have you ever hard what was the occasion and first beginning of this custome? for it is good to knowe the same, and may perhaps discover some secrett meaning and entent therin, very materiall to the state of that government.

Iren. I have heard that the beginning and cause of this ordinaunce amongest the Irish, was specially for the defence and mayntenaunce of theyr landes in theyr posteritye, and for excluding of all innovation or alienation therof unto straungers, and specially to the English. For when theyr Captayn dyed, yf the segniory should discend to his child, and he perhaps an Infant, another might peradventure stepp in betwene, or thrust him out by strong hand, being then unable to defend his right, or to withstand the force of a forreiner; and therfore they doe appoynt the eldest of the kinn to have the segniorye, for that he commonly is a man of stronger yeares, and better experience to mayntayne the inheritaunce, and to defend the countrye, either agaynst the next bordering Lordes, which use commonly to encroch one upon another as ech one is stronger, or agaynst the English, which they thinke lye still in wayte to wipe them out of theyr landes and territoryes. And to this end the Tanistih is allway readye knowen, yf it should happen the Captayne suddaynly to dye, or to be slayne in battell, or to be out of the countrye, to defend and keepe it from all such doubtes and daungers. For which cause the Tanistih hath also a share of the countrey allotted unto him, and certayne cuttinges and spendinges upon all the Inhabitauntes under the Lord.

Eudox. When I heare this woord Tanistih, it bringeth to my mynd and remembrance what I have reade of Tania, that it should signifie a province or segniorye, as Aquitania Lusitania, and Britania, the which some thinke to be derived of Dania, that is, from the Danes; but, I thinke, amiss. For as it seemeth, that it came auncientlye from those barbarous nations that over-ranne the world, which possessed those dominions wherof they are now soe called. And so may well be that from the first original this woord Tanistih and Tanistrih came, and the custome therof hath sithence, as many others els, bene continued. But to the generall subjection of the land, wherof formerly spake, me seemes that this custome or tenure can be no barr nor empeachment seing that in open Parliament by theyr own acknowledgment they wayved the benefit therof, and submitted themselves notwithstanding to the ordinaunce of theyr Soveraigne.

Iren. Yea, but they say, as I earst told you, that they reserved theyr titles, tenures and signioryes whole and sound to themselves, and for proofe alleadge, that they have ever sithence remayned to them untouched soe as nowe to alter them, should (they say) be a greate wronge.

Eudox. What remedye is there, then, or meanes to avoyde this inconvenience? for without first cutting of this daungerous custome, it seemeth hard to plante any sounde ordinaunce, or reduce them to a good government, since all theyr ill customes are permitted unto them.

Iren. Surely nothing hard; for by the Act of Parliament wherof we speake, more was given to King Henry which he had before from his auncestours, but onely the bare name of a King; for all other absolute power of principalitye he had in his realme before derived from many former Kinges his famous progenitors and woorthy conquest of that land. The which, sithence they conquered and subdued unto them by sword, what needeth afterward to enter into any such idle termes with them to be called their King, wheras it was in the power of the conquerour to take upon himself what stile he will over the dominions conquered, as well all is the conquerours, as Tully to Brutus sayth. Therfore (me seemes) insteede of so great and meritorious a service as they had they performed to the King, in bringing the Irish to acknowledge him for theyr Lord, they did great hurt unto his title, and have left a perpetuall gall in the myndes

people whoe, before being absolutely bound to his obedience, are now tyed but with termes, wheras els both theyr lives, theyr landes, and theyr libertyes were in his free power to appoynt what tenures, what lawes, what conditions he would over them which were all his: against which there could be no rightfull resistaunce, or yf there were, he might, when he would, establish them with a stronge hand.

Eudox. Yea, but perhaps it seemed better unto that noble King to bring them by theyr owne accord unto his obedience, and to plant a peaceable government amongest them, then by such violent meanes to keepe them under. Neither yet hath he thereby lost any thing that he formerly had; for having all before absolutely in his owne power, it remayneth so still unto him, he having neither forgiven nor forgone anything therby unto them, but having receaved something from them; that is, a more voluntary and loyall subjection. Soe that her Majesty may yet, when it shall please her, alter any thing of those former ordinaunces, or appoynt other lawes, that may be more both for her owne behoof, and for the good of that people.

Iren. Not soe; for it is not soe easye, now that thinges are growen into an habite and have theyre certayne course, to chaunge the channell, and turne the streame another way, for they may have nowe a colourable pretence to withstand such Innovations, having accepted of other lawes and rules allreadye.

Eudox. But you say they doe not accept of them, but delight rather to leane to theyr old customes and Brehoon lawes, though they be much more unjust and also more inconvenient for the common people, as by your late relation of them I have gathered. As for the lawes of England, they are surely most just and most agreable both with the government and with the nature of the people. How falles it then, that you seeme to dislike of them as not soe meete for that realme of Ireland, and not only the Common Lawe, but also the Statutes and Acts of Parliamente, which were specially provided and intended for the onely benefitt therof?

Iren. I was about to have told you my reason therin, but that yourself drewe me away with other questions, for I was shewing you by what meanes, and by what sort, the Positive Lawes were first brought in and established by the Norman Conquerour: which were not by him devised or applyed to the *state of the realme then being,* nor as yet might best be, (as should by lawgivers principe be regarded) but were indeede the very la of his owne countrey of Normandye, condition wherof how farr it differeth fi this of England is apparaunt to every l judgement. But to transferr the same la for the government of the realme of Irel was much more inconvenient and unme for he found a better advauntage of the ti then was in the planting of them in Irel and followed the execution of them w more severitye, and was also present in p son to overlooke the Magistrates, and overawe the subjectes with the terrour of sword and countenaunce of his Majes But not soe in Ireland, for they were otl wise affected, and yet doe soe remayne, as the same lawes (me seemes) can ill with theyr disposition, or woorke that re mation that is wished. For lawes ought be fashioned unto the manners and conditi of the people, to whom they are ment, not to be imposed unto them according the simple rule of right; for els (as I sa in steede of good they may woorke ill, pervert Justice to extreme Injustice. For that would transferr the lawes of the La demonians to the people of Athens she find a greate absurditye and inconvenie For those Lawes of Lacedæmon were vised by Lycurgus, as most proper and agreing with that people, whom he knew be enclyned alltogither to warres, and th fore wholly trayned them up even from th craddels in armes and military exerci cleane contrarye to the institution of So who, in his lawes to the Atheniens, labou by all meanes to temper theyr warlick c adge with sweete delight of learning and ences, soe that as much as the one excelle armes, the other exceeded in knowledge. like regard and moderation ought to be ha tempering, and managing of this stubbo nation of the Irish, to bring them from t delight of licentious barbarisme unto the l of goodness and civilitye.

Eudox. I can not see how that may be be then by the discipline of the lawes of E land: for the English were, at the first stout and warrelike a people as ever were Irish, and yet ye see are now brought u that civilitye, that no nation in the w excelleth them in all goodly conversat and all the studyes of knowledge and manitye.

Iren. What they now be both you an see very well, but by how many thornye hard wayes they are come thereunto, by

many civill broyles, by how many tumultuous rebellions, that even hazarded oftentimes the whole safetie of the kingdome, may easely be considered: all which they nevertheless fayrely overcame, by reason of the continuall presence of the King; whose onely parson is oftentimes in steede of an army, to contayne the unruly people from a thousand evill occasions, which this wretched kingdome is, for want therof, dayly carryed into. The which, whensoe they make head, noe lawes, noe penaltyes, can restrayne them, but that they doe, in the violence of theyr furyes, treade downe and trample under foote all both divine and humane thinges, and the lawes themselves they doe specially rage upon, and rend in peeces, as most repugnant to theyr libertye and naturall freedome, which in theyr madness they affect.

Eudox. It is then a very unseasonable time to pleade lawe, when a swoord is drawen in the hand of the vulgar, or to thinke to retayne them with the feare of punnishmentes, when they looke after libertye, and shake of all government.

Iren. Then soe it is with Ireland continually, Eudoxus; for the swoord was never yet out of theyr hand; but when they are weary of warres, and brought downe to extreeme wretchedness, then they creepe a litle perhaps, and sue for grace, till they have gotten new breath and recovered their strength agayne. Soe as it is in vayne to speake of planting of lawes, and plotting of pollicyes, till they are altogither subdued.

Eudox. Were they not soe at the first conquering of them by Strangbowe, in the time of King Henry the second? was there not a through way then made by the swoord for the imposing of lawes uppon them? and were they not then executed with such a mightye hand as you say was used by the Norman Conquerour? What oddes is there then in this case? why should not the same lawes take as good effecte in that people as they did heere, being in like sort prepared by the swoord, and brought under by extremitye? and why should they not continue in as good force and vigour for the contayning of the people?

Iren. The case is yet not like, but there appeareth a greate oddes betwene them; for by the conquest of Henry the Second, true it is the Irish were utterly vanquished and subdued, soe as noe enemye was able to hold up *his head agaynst* his power; in which theyre *weakness he* brought in his lawes, and settled *them as now* they there remayne, like as William the Conquerour did; soe as in that much they agree, but in the rest, that is the cheifest, they varye; for to whom did King Henry the second impose those lawes? not to the Irish for the most part of them fledd from his power into the desertes and mountaynes, leaving the wide countrey to the conquerour, who in theyr steede eftsoones placed English men, who possessed all theyr landes and did quite shutt out the Irish, or the most part of them. And to those new Inhabitaunte and Colonyes he gave his lawes, to weete, the same lawes under which they were borne and bredd, the which it was noe difficultye to place amongest them, being formerly well enured therunto; unto whom afterwardes there repayred divers of the poore distressed people of the Irish for succour and relief; of whom, such as they thought fitt for labour and industriously disposed, as the most part of the baser sort are, they receaved unto them as theyr vassals, but scarcely vouchsafed to impart unto them the benefitt of those lawes, under which themselves lived, but every one made his will and comaundement a law unto his owne vassall: thus was not the lawe of England ever properly applyed unto the Irish nation, as by a purposed plott of government, but as they could insinuat and steale themselves under the same by theyr humble carriadge and submission.

Eudox. How comes it then to pass, that having once beene soe lowe brought, and throughly subjected, they afterwardes lifted themselves soe strongly agayne, and sithence doe stand soe stifly agaynst all rule and government?

Iren. They say that they continued in that lowlyness, untill the time that the division betweene the two howses of Lancaster and Yorke arose for the crowne of England: at which time all the great English Lordes and Gentellmen, which had great possessions in Ireland, repayred over hither into England, some to succour theyr freendes heere, and to strengthen theyr party to obtayne the crowne; others to defend theyr landes and possessions heere agaynst such as hovered after the same upon hope of alteration of the kingdome, and succession of that side which they favoured and affected. Then the Irish, whom they before had banished into the mountaynes, where they lived onely upon white meates, as it is recorded, seing how theyr landes soe dispeopled, and weakened, came downe into all the playnes adjoyning, and thence expelling those fewe English that remayned, repossessed them agayne; since

which they have remayned in them, and, growing greater, have brought under them many of the English, which were before theyr Lordes. This was one of the occasions by which all those countryes which, lying neere unto any mountaynes or Irish desertes, had bene planted with English, were shortly displanted and lost. As namely in Mounster all the landes adjoyning to Slewloghir, Arlo, and the bogg of Allone. In Connaught all the Countryes bordering uppon the Culuers, Clointerolis and Oroirke countrey. In Leinster all the landes neighbouring unto the mountaynes of Glaunmaleerih, unto Shillelah, unto the Briskelah, and Polmonte. In Ulster, all the countreys neere unto Tyrronnel, Tyrone, and the Scotts.

Eudox. Surely this was a greate violence; but yet by your speach it seemeth that only the countreyes and vallyes neere adjoyning unto those mountaynes and desertes, were thus recovered by the Irish; but how comes it nowe that we see almost all that realme possessed of them? Was there any more such evill occasions growen by the troubles of England? Or did the Irish, out of those places soe by them gotten, breake further and stretch themselves through out the whole land? for now, for ought that I can understand, there is noe part but the bare English pale in which the Irish have not greatest footing.

Iren. But out of these small beginninges by them gotten neere the mountaynes, did they spredd themselves into the Inland; and also, to theyr further advauntage, there did ther like unhappy accidentes happen out of England, which gave hart and good opportunitye to them to regayne theyr old possessions. For, in the raigne of King Edward the fowrth, thinges remayned yet in the same state that they were after the late breaking out of the Irish, which I spoke of; and that noble prince begann to cast an eye unto Ireland, and to mynd the reformation of thinges were runn amiss: for he sent over his brother the worthy Duke of Clarence, whoe having marryed the heyre of the Earle of Ulster, and by her having all the Earledome of Ulster, and much in Meath and Mounster, very carefully went about the redressing of those late evills; and though he could not beate out the Irish agayne, by reason of his short continuance, yet he did shutt them up within these narrowe corners and glinnes under the mountaynes foote, in which they lurked; and soe kept them from breaking any further, by raylding *of strong holdes upon* every border, and fortifying all passages. Amongest which he builded the castle of Clare in Tomond, of which countrey he had the inheritaunce, and of Mortimers landes adjoyning, which is now (by the Irish) called Killalowe. But the times of that good King growing also troublesome did lett the thorough reformation of all thinges. And therunto soone after was added another fatall mischeif, which wrought a greater calamitye then all the former. For the said Duke of Clarence, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was by practise of evill persons about the King, his brother, called thence away; and soone after by sinister meanes was cleane made away. Presently after whose death all the north revolting did sett up O'neale for theyr Captayne, being before that of small power and regard: and there arose in that part of Tomond, one of the O-Briens, called Murroh en-Ranah, that is, Morrice of the Fearne, or wast wilde places, whoe gathering unto him all the relicks of the discontented Irish, eftsones surprised the said castle of Clare, burnt all, and spoyled all the English dwelling there, and in short space possessed all that countrey of beyond the River of Shannon and neere adjoyning: whence shortly breaking foorth, like a suddayne tempest, he over-rann all Mounster and Connaght; breaking downe all the holdes and fortresses of the English, defacing and utterly subverting all corporat townes that were not strongly walled: for those he had noe meanes nor Engines to overthrowe, neither indeede would he stay at all about them, but speedely rann forward, accounting his suddaynness his most advauntage, that he might overtake the English before they could fortifye or gather themselves togither. Soe in short space he cleane wiped out many great townes, as first Inshequinn, then Killaloih, before called Clarifort, afterwardes, Thurles, Mourne, Buttevant, and many others, whose names I cannot remember, and of some of which there is now noe memory nor signe remayning. Uppon report wherof then flocked unto him all the scumm of the Irish out of all places, that ere long he had a mighty army, and thence marched foorth into Leinster, where he wrought great outradges, wasting all the countreys where he went, for it was his pollicye to leave noe holdes behind him, but to make all playne and wast. In the which he soone after created himself King, and was called King of all Ireland; which before him I doe not remember that any did soe generally, but onely Edward le Bruce.

Eudox. What! was there ever any generall

King of all Ireland? I never heard it before, but that it was allwayes (whilst it was under the Irish) divided into fowre, and sometimes into five kingdomes or dominions. But this Edward le Bruce, what was he, that he could make himself King of all Ireland?

Iren. I would tell you, in case you would not challenge me anone for forgetting the mattere which I had in hand, that is, the inconvenience and unfitnes which I suppose he to be in the lawes of the land.

Endox. No surely, I have no occasion, for neither is this impertinent therunto; for sithence you did sett your course (as I remember) in your first part to treate of the evills which hindereth the peace and good ordering of that land, amongest which that of the inconvenience of the lawes was the first which you had in hand,.this discourse of the over-running and wasting of the realme is very materiall therunto, for that it was the begining of all the other evills, which sithence have afflicted that land, and opened a way unto the Irish to recover theyr possession, and to beate out the English which had formerly wonne the same. And besides, it will give a great light both unto your second and third part, which is the redressing of those evills, and planting of some good forme and pollicye therin, by renewing the remembraunce of those occasions and accidentes by which those ruines happened, and laying before us the ensamples of those times, to be compared with ours, and to be warned by those which shall have to do in the like. Therfore, I pray you, tell them unto us, and as for the poynt where you left, I will not forget afterwardes to call you back agayne thereunto.

Iren. This Edward le Bruce was brother to Robert le Bruce, who was King of Scotland at such time as King Edward the Second raigned here in England, and bare a most malicious and spitefull mynd agaynst King Edward, doing him all the hurt he could, and annoying his territoryes of England, whilest he was troubled with civill warres of his Barrons at home. He also, to woorke him the more mischeif, sent over his sayd brother Edward with a power of Scottes and Reild-shankes into Ireland, where, by the meanes of the Lacyes and of the Irish with whom he combined, they gott footing, and gathering to him all the scatterlinges and out-lawes out of all the woodes and mountaynes, *in which* they long had lurked, *marched foorth into* the English Pale, which *then was cheifly* in the north, from the poynt of Donluce, and beyond us having in the middest of her Ki Belfast, Armagh, and Carlingfo are now the most out-bounde doned places in the English indeede not counted of the Engl all; for it stretches now no fu Dundalke towardes the north. sayd Edward le Bruce spoyled an the olde English inhabitauntes, and razed all cittyes and corpo noe lesse then Murroghe en whom I earst told you: for Belfast, Green-Castle, Kelles, Castletowne, Newton, and ma good townes and strong holdes: out the noble familyes of the the Talbots, the Touchets, the Cha the Mandevils, and the Savag Ardes, though of the Lord Sa remayne yet an heyre, that is n poore gentellman of very meane yet dwelling in the Ardes. At lastly to Dundalke, he there ma King, and raigned by the space of yeare, by the name of Edward Ireland, untill that King Edward o having sett some quiett in his a home, sent over the Lord John Bre to be generall of the warres aga whoe, encountring him neere to over-threwe his armye, and slew and presently followed the vic hottly upon the Scottes, that h them not to breathe, or to gather t togither agayne, till they came t cost. Notwithstanding, all the they fledd, for very rancour and theyr returne they utterly consu wasted whatsoever they had befor spoyled; soe that of all townes fortes, bridges, and habitations, th any stick standing, nor any peopl ing; for those fewe which yet surv from their furie further into th Pale. Thus was all that goodly utterly wasted, and left desolat remayneth to this day, which le beene the cheif ornament and beaut land, for that of the north sometin populous and plentifull as any part o and yeelded unto the K. of Englan peareth by good recordes, thirty markes of old mony by the year many thousandes of able men to se in theyr warres. And sure it is y beautifull and sweet countrey as an heaven, seamed thoroughout wi

lly rivers, replenished with all sortes of most aboundantly sprinckled with many e llandes and goodly lakes, like litle nd Seas, that will carry even ships upon r waters, adorned with goodly woodes for building of howses and shippes, soe diously, as that yf some princes in the d had them, they would soone hope e lordes of all the seas, and ere long of he world; also full of good portes and ns opening upon England and Scotland, viting us to come to them, to see what llent comodityes that countrey can af-, besides the soyle it self most fertile, o yeeld all kind of fruite that shal be rted therunto. And lastly, the heavens milde and temperat, though somewhat moyst then the part toward the West.

udox. Truly Irenæus, what with your ses of the countrey, and what with your urse of the lamentable desolation therof e by those ragtayle Irish Scottes, you filled me with great compassion of r calamityes, that I doe much pittye that te land, to be subject to soe many evills very day I see more and more throwen on her, and doe half beginn to thinke, it is (as you sayd in the beginning) her ll misfortune, above all countreys that owe, to be thus miserably tossed and oyled with these variable stormes of tions. But since we are thus farr entred the considerations of her mishaps, tell have there bene any more such tempests, e terme them, wherin she hath thus chedly beene wracked?

en. Many more, God wote, have there in which her principall partes have rent and torne asunder, but none that I remember soe universall as these. And he rebellion of Thomas Fitz Gerrald did nygh stretch itself into all partes of nd. But that, which was in the time of overument of the Lord Gray, was surely less generall then all those; for there no part free from the contagion, but all ired in one to cast of theyr subjection e crowne of England. Nevertheless, gh the most wise and valiaunt hand-of that right noble Lord, it gott not that which the former evills found; for in the realme was left, like a shipp in a e amiddest all the raging surges, un-, and undirected of any: for they to n she was comitted either faynted in labour, or forsooke theyre charge. But ike a most wise pilote) kept her course *lly, and held her moste* strongly even agaynst those roring billowes, that he brought her safely out of all; soe as long after, even by the space of twelve or thirtene yeares, she rode in peace, through his only paynes and excellent enduraunce, how ever envye list to bluster agaynst him. But of this we shall have more occasion to speake in another place: now (if you please) lett us returne agayne unto our first course.

Eudox. Truely I am very gladd to heare your judgement of the government of that honorable man soe soundly; for I have indeede oftentimes hard it maligned, and his doings depraved of some, whoe (I perceave) did rather of malicious mynd, or private greevaunce, seeke to detract from the honour of his deedes and counsells, then of any just cause: but he was nevertheless, in the judgement of all good and wise men, defended and mayntayned. And now that he is dead, his immortall fame surviveth, and flourisheth in the mouthes of all people, that even those that did backbite him, are choaked with theyr owne venome, and breake theyre galles to heare his soe honorable report. But lett him rest in peace; and turne we to our more troubleous matters of discourse, of which I am right sorye that ye make soe short an end, and covett to pass over to your former purposes; for there be many other partes of Ireland, which I have heard have bene noe less vexed with the like stormes, then these which you have treated of, as the countrey of the Birnes and Tooles neere Dublin, with the insolent outrages and spoyles of Feugh mac Hughe, the countreys of Katerlagh, Wexford, and Water ford, of the Kevanaghs. The countreys of Leis, Kilkenny, and Kildare of the Moores. The countreys of Ofalye and Longfoord of the Connors. The countreys of Westmeath, Cavan, and Louth of the O Reyleys, the Kellyes, and many others, soe as the discoursing of them, besides the pleasure which would redounde out of theyr history, be also very profitable for matter of pollicye.

Iren. All this which ye have named, and many moe besides, often times have I right well knowen, (and yet often times doe) kindle great fires of tumultuous broyles in the countreys bordering upon them. All which to rehearse should rather be to chronicle times, then to search into reformation of abuses in that realme: and yet very needfull it wil be to consider them, and the evills which they have often stirred up, that some redress therof, and prevention of the evills to come, may thereby the rather be devised. But I

suppose we shall have a fitter opportunity for the same, when we shall speake of the particular abuses and enormityes of that government, which wil be next after those generall defectes and inconveniences which I sayd were in the lawes, customes, and religion.

Eudox. Goe to then, a Godes name! and followe the course which you have promised to your self, for it fitteth best, I must confess, with the purpose of your discourse. Declare your opinion, as you begann, about the lawes of that realme, what incomodity you have conceaved to be in them, cheifly in the Common Lawe, which I would have thought to be most free from all such dislike.

Iren. The Common Law is (as before I sayd) of itself most rightfull and very convenient (I suppose) for the kingdome for the which it was first devised; for this (I thinke) as it seemes reasonable, that out of the manners of the people, and abuses of the countrey, for which they were invented, they take theyr first beginning, or els they should be most unjust; for noe lawes of man (according to the straight rule of right) are just, but as in regard of the evills which they prevent, and the safety of the common-weale which they provide for. As for example, in the true ballauncing of justice, it is a flatt wrong to punish the thought or purpose of any before it be enacted; for true Justice punnisheth nothing but the evill act or wicked woord; yet by the lawes of all kingdomes it is a capitall crime to devise or purpose the death of the King: the reason is, for that when such a purpose is effected, it should then be to late to devise therof, and should turne that common-weale to more hurt by such loss of theyr Prince, then such punnishment of the malefactours. And therfore the lawe in that case punnisheth the thought; for better is a mischeif, then an inconvenience. Soe that *jus politicum*, though it be not of it self just, yet by application, or rather necessitye, it is made just; and this only respect maketh all lawes just. Now then, yf these lawes of Ireland be not likewise applyed and fitted for that realme, they are sure very inconvenient.

Eudox. You reason strongly: but what unfittness doe you finde in them for that realme? shewe us some particulars.

Iren. The Common Lawe appoynteth that all tryalls, as well of crimes as titles and *rights, shal be* made by verditt of a Jurye, *choosen out* of the honestest and most substantiall free-holders. Now, most all holders of that realme are Irish, wh the cause shall fall betwixt an En and an Irish, or betweene the Qu any fre-holder of that countrey, t noe more scruple to pass agayust an man, and the Queene, though it be theyr othes, then to drinke milke u Soe that, before the Jurye goe togi well knowen what the verdict will tryall herof have I soe often see dare confidently avouch the abs Yet is the lawe of itself, I say, good first institution therof, being gi naturall Englishmen, very rightfull that the Irish have stept into the ro English, (whoe are now become s and provident to keepe them out fr forth that they make noe scruple of to passe against them) yt is go that either that course of the lawe be altered or other provision for ju

Eudox. In sooth, Irenæus, you covered a poynt woorthy the cons for heerby not only the Englis findeth noe indifferency in decidi cause, be it never soe just; but Queene, as well in all pleas of the also in inquiryes for Escheates, taynted, wardships, concealmentes, a like, is abused and exceedingly da

Iren. You say very true; for I dertake, that at this day there are taynted landes, concealed from her then she hath now possessions in a and it is noe small inconvenience; that she looseth soe much land as sh her to great profitt, she besides l many good subjectes, which might unto her, as those landes would y itantes and living unto.

Eudox. But doe that people (say noe more conscience to perjure t in theyr verdictes, and damne they

Iren. Not only soe in theyr ver also in all other theyr dealinges; toward the English, they are mos bent: for though they will not ser festly to doe it, yet will some on suttle-headed fellowe amongest t some quirke, or devise some evasi the rest will lightly take hold, a themselves easely to be ledd by hi themselves desired. For in the m raunt matter that may be, the leas or doubt that can be moved will stopp unto them, and putt them qu the way. Besides that, of themsel

most part) soe cautelous and
rd, specially being men of soe small
nd practize in lawe matters, that
wonder whence they borrowe such
nd slye shiftes.
but, me thinkes, this inconvenience
much helped by the Judges and
strates which have the choosing
ting of those juryes, yf they would
o appoynt either most English-
Irishmen as were of the soundest
and disposition; for noe doubt
ere be incorruptible.
me there be indeede as you say;
ould the Irish party crye out of
nd complayne he hath noe justice,
not used as a subject, that he is
to have the free benefitt of the
ese outcryes the Magistrates there
hunn, as they have cause, since
readily hearkened unto heere:
it be indeede, allthough the Irish
be soe contented to be soe com-
such English freeholders, which
ve, and such faythfull Irishmen,
ndeede as fewe, shall allwayes be
tryalls; for being soe fewe, they
nade weary of theyr free-holdes.
e a good care is to be had by all
ons to encrease theyr number,
more by them. But were it soe,
ryes could be piked out of such
as you desire, there would never-
s badd corruption in the tryall;
ence being brought in by the base
e, wil be as deceitfull as the
for they care much lesse then the
t they sweare, and sure their
compell them to saie any thinge;
lf have heard, when one of that
which they call churles) being
and reproved for his false oth,
ered confidently, That his Lord
him, and it was the least thing
e for his Lord to sweare for him;
ionable are these common people,
feeling have they of God, or theyr
good.
It is a most miserable case, but
can there be in this? for though
s of the tryalls should be altered,
oof of every thing must needes
imonyes of such persons as the
ll produce; which yf they shall
w can there ever any light of the
are? what remedye is there for
but to make heavy lawes and
gaynst jurours?

Iren. I thinke sure that will doe small good; for when a people are inclined to any vice, or have noe touch of conscience, nor sence of theyr evill doings, it is booteless to thinke to restrayne them by any penaltyes or feare of punnishment; but either the occasion is to be taken away, or a more understanding of the right, and shame of the fault to be imprinted. For yf that Licurgus should have made it death for the Lacedemonians to steale, they being a people which naturally delighted in stealth; or yf it should be made a capitall crime for the Flemmings to be taken in drounkenness, there should have bene few Lacedemonians then left, and fewer Flemmings. Soe impossible it is to remove any fault, soe generall in a people, with terrour of lawes or most sharpe restrayntes.

Eudox. What meanes may there then be to avoyde this inconvenience? for the case sure seemes very hard.

Iren. We are not yet come to that poynt to devise remedyes for the evills, but only are now to recount them; of the which, this that I have told you is one defect in the Common Lawes.

Eudox. Tell us then (I pray you) further, have you any more of this sort in the Common Lawes.

Iren. By rehearsall of this, I remember also of an other like, which I have often observed in tryalls to have wrought great hurt and hindraunce, and that is, the exceptions which the Common Law alloweth a fellon in his tryall; for he may have (as you knowe) thirty-six exceptions peremptorye agaynst the jurours, of which he shall shewe noe cause. By which shift there being (as I have shewed you) small store of honest jurye men, he will either putt of his tryall, or leave it to such men as (perhaps) are not of the soundest sort, by whose meanes, yf he can acquitt himself of the crime, as he is likely, then will he plague such as were brought first to be of his jurye, and all such as made any party against him. And when he comes foorth, he will make theyr cowes and garrans to walke, yf he doe noe other mischeif to theyr persons.

Eudox. This is a slye devise, but I thinke it might soone be remedyed; but we must leave it awhile with the rest. In the meanewhile goe ye forward with others.

Iren. There is an other noe less inconvenient then this, which is the tryall of accessoryes to fellony; for, by the Common Lawe, the accessoryes cannot be proceeded

agaynst, till the principall receave his tryall. Now the case often falleth out in Ireland that a stealth being made by a rebell, or an outlawe, the stollen goodes are convayed to some husbandman or gentellman, which hath well to take to, and yet liveth most by the receit of such goodes stoln, where they are found by the owner, and handled: wherupon the party is perhaps apprehended and committed to goale, or putt upon suretyes, till the sessions, at which time the owner, preferring a bill of indictment, prooves sufficiently the stealth to have bene made upon him by such an outlaw, and to have bene found in the possession of the prisoner, agaynst whom, nevertheless, noe course of lawe can proceede, or tryall can be had, for that the principall theif is not to be gotten, notwithstanding that he likewise standeth perhaps indited at once with the receaver, being in rebellion, or in the woodes, whereunto peradventure he is flowne before he can be gotten, and soe the receaver clean acquitted and discharged of the crime. By which meanes the theeves are greatly encouradged to steale, and theyr mayntayners emboldened to receave theyr stealths, knowing howe hardly they can be brought to any tryall of lawe.

Eudox. Truly this is a great inconvenience, and a great cause (as you say) of the mayntenaunce of theeves, knowing theyr receavers allwayes readye; for, were there noe receavers, there would be noe theeves: but this (me seemes) might easely be provided for by some Act of Parliament, that the receaver, being convicted by good proofe, might receave his tryall without his principall.

Iren. You say very true, Eudoxus, but it is allmost impossible to be compassed. And herin also you discover another imperfection in the course of the Common Lawe, and first ordinaunce of the realme; for ye knowe that the sayd Parliament must consist of the peeres, gentellmen, feeholders, and burgesses of that realme it self. Nowe perhaps these being themselves, or the most part of them (as may seeme by their stiff with-standing of this Act) culpable of this crime, or favourers of theyr frendes, which are such by whom theyr kitchins are sometime amended, will not suffer any such Statut to pass. Yet hath it oftentimes beene attempted, and in the time of Sir John Perrot very earnestly (I remember) laboured, but by noe meanes could be effected. And not only this, but *many other* like, which are as needfull for the *reformation* of that realme.

Eudox. This also is surely a great defect, but we must not talke, you sale, o dressing of this, untill our second p which purposely therfore is appoynt fore proceede to the recounting of evills, yf you have any more.

Iren. There is also a great inco which hath wrought great damma her Majesty, and to the commo through close and colourable conve the landes and goodes of traytors, fugitives. As, when one of them m goe into rebellion, he will convay a landes and lordships to feoffees of t by he reserveth unto himself but for terme of life, which being d either by the swoord or by the ha landes cometh straight unto the and the Quene is defrauded of the the lawe, which layd that grevou ment upon traytours to forfeit all th to the Priuce, to the end that men the rather terrifyed from committing for manye which would litle estaem owne lives, yet for remorse of theyr children should be withheld from t nous crimes. This appeareth play late Earle of Desmond; for, before ing foorth into his open rebellio convayed secretly all his landes to trust, in hope to have cutt of her from the escheat of his landes.

Eudox. Yea, but this was wel avoyded; for that Act of Parliam gave all his landes to the Quene have heard) cut of and frustrat all veyaunces, as had any time by of twelve yeares before his rebell made; within the compass wherof, t ulent feoffement, and many other t his accomplices and fellowe trayto were attaynted, hath bene made vo

Iren. Very true, but how hardly of Parliament was wronge out of th witness; and were it to be passed dare undertake it would never be c But were it soe that such Acts mig be brought to pass agaynst tray fellons, yet were it not an endles that noe traytour nor fellon should h ted, but a Parliament must be c bringing his landes to the Quene, Common-Lawe giveth her.

Eudox. Then this is noe faul Common-Lawe, but of the parso woorke this fraud unto her Majestie.

Iren. Yes, mary! for the Comm hath left them this benefitt, wherof t advauntage, and wrest it to theyr t

s they are therby the bolder to
l actions, knowing that, yf the
them, they shall loose nothing
s, wherof they seeme surely to
ss, like as all barbarous people
in his Comentaryes sayth, very
unger.

ut what meane you of fugitives
ow doth this concerne them?

very greatly; for ye shall un-
there be many ill disposed and
sons of that realme, like as in
ere are also in this realme of
any, which being men of good
are for dislike of religion, or
e lawe into which they are runn,
d with the present government,
the seas, where they live under
are her Majesties professed
converse and are confederat
aytors and fugitives which are
. The which nevertheless have
theyr landes heere, by pretence
able conveyaunces therof, form-
them to theyr privy frendes
, whoe secretly doe send over
sayd revennues, wherwith they
yntayned and enabled agaynst

doe not thinke that there be
tives which are releved by the
yr landes in England, for there
er order taken. And yf there
n Ireland, it were good it were
d unto, for this evill may easely
But proceede.

also inconvenient in that realme
at the wardes and mariadges of
hildren should be in the dispo-
of those Irish Lordes, as nowe
eason that theyr landes are held
service of those Lordes. By
it cometh to pass that those
ens children, being thus in the
e Lordes, are not only therby
ewdly, and Irish-like, but also
soe bound to theyr services, as
n with them into any disloyall

his greevaunce, Irenæus, is also
f in England, but howe can it
? since the service must follow
the landes, and the landes were
by the Kinges of England to
when they first conquered that
to say trouth, this also would be
e to the Prince in her wardships.
e not meane this by the Princes
wardes, but by such as fall into the handes of Irish Lordes; for I could wish, and this I would enforce, that all those wardships were in the Princes disposition; for then it might be hoped, that she, for the universall reformation of that realme, would take better order for the bringing up of those wardes in good nurture, and not suffer them to come into soe badd handes. And though these thinges be allready passed away, by her progenitours former grauntes, unto those sayd Lordes; yet I could find a way to remedye a great part therof, as herafter, when fitt time serveth, shall appeare. And since we are entred into speach of such grauntes of former Princes, to sundry parsons of this realme of Ireland, I will mention unto you some other, of like nature to this, and of like inconvenience, by which the former Kinges of England passed unto them a great part of theyr prerogative; which though then it was well intended, and perhaps well deserved of them which receaved the same, yet now such a gapp of mischeif lyeth open therby, that I could wish it were well stopped. Of this sort are the grauntes of Countyes Palentines in Ireland, which though at first were graunted upon good consideration when they were first conquered, for that these landes lay then as a very border to the wild Irish, subject to continuall invasion, soe as it was needefull to give them great privileges for the defence of the inhabitauntes therof; yet now for that it is noe more a border, nor frontyerd with enemyes, why should such privileges be any more contynued?

Eudoxus. I would gladly knowe what ye call a County Palentine, and whence it is soe called.

Iren. It was (as I suppose) first named Palentine of a pale, as it were a pale and defence to theyr inner landes, soe as it is called the English Pale, and therfore also is a Palsgrave named, that is, an Earle Palentine. Others thinke of the Latine, *palare*, that is, to forrage or out-runn, because the marchers and borderers use comonly soe to doe. Soe as to have a County Palentine is, in effect, but to have a privilege to spoyle the enemyes borders adjoyning. And surely soe it is used at this day, as a privileged place of spoyles and stealthes; for the County of Tipperarye, which is nowe the onely Countye Palentine in Ireland, is, by abuse of some badd ones, made a receptacle to robb the rest of the Countyes about it, by meanes of whose privileges none will followe theyr stealthes, soe as it, being situat in the very lapp of all the

land, is made nowe a border, which how inconvenient it is lett every man judge. And though that right noble man, that is the Lord of the libertye doe endevour himself all that he may to yeeld equall justice unto all, yet can there not but great abuses lurke in soe inward and absolute a privilege, the consideration wherof is to be respected carefully, for the next succession. And much like unto this graunte there are alsoe other privileges graunted unto most of the corporations there; that they shall not be bound to any other government then theyr owne, that they shall not be charged with garrisons, that they shall not be traveled foorth of theyre owne fraunchises, that they may buye and sell with theeves and rebells, that all amercementes and fines that shal be imposed upon them shall come unto themselves. All which, though at the time of theyr first graunt they were tollerable, and perhaps reasonable, yet nowe are most unreasonable and inconvenient; but all these will easely be cutt of with the superiour power of her Majesties prerogative, agaynst which her owne grauntes are not to be pleaded or enforced.

Eudox. Nowe truly, Irenæus, ye have (me seemes) very well handled this poynt, touching the inconveniences in the Common Lawe there, by you observed; and it seemeth that you have a myndfull regard unto the thinges that may concerne the good of that realme. And yf you can as well goe through with the Statute Lawes of that land, I will thinke you have not lost all your time there. Therfore, I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us what you thinke to be amiss in them.

Iren. The Statutes of that realme are not many, and therfore we shall the sooner runn through them. And yet of these fewe there are sundrye impertinent and unnecessarye: the which perhaps, though at the time of the making of them were very needefull, yet nowe through chaunge of time are cleane antiquated, and altogither idle: as that which forbiddeth any to weare theyr beardes on the upper lipp, and none under the chinn: that which putteth away saffron shirtes and smockes; that which restrayneth the use of gilt bridles and petronells; that which is appoynted to the recorders and clarkes of Dublin and Drogheda, to take but two pence for the copye of a playnt; that which commaundeth bowes and arrowes; that *which maketh* that all Irishmen that shall *converse amongest* the English shal be *taken for spyes*, and soe punnished; that which forbiddeth persons amenable to enter and distrayne in the which they have title; and many like I could rehearse.

Eudox. These, which you have seeme very frivolous and fruitless the breach of them litle dammage venience can come to the Commo Neither, indeede, yf any transgress he seeme woorthy of punnishment blame, saving for that they beare th lawes. But lawes ought to be so the keeping of them should be g the behoofe of the Common-wealth vyolating of them should be very and sharply punnished. But tell u more waighty dislikes in the Stat these, and that may more behoofu the reformation of them.

Iren. There is one or two Statu make the wrongfull distrayning of goodes agaynst the forme of the Lawe to be felony. The which seeme surely to have bene at first the great good of the realme, restrayning of a fowle abuse, wh raigned commonly among that p yet is not altogither layed aside; t any one was indetted to another, first demaund his dett, and, yf he payed, he would straight goe an distress of his goodes and chattels, could find them, to the valewe: t he would keepe till he were satisfyed the simple churle (as they call him) monly use to doe yet through ignor his misdoing, or evill use that hath tled amongest them. But this, th sure most unlawfull, yet surely (m to hard to make it death, since th purpose in the other party to steale goodes, or to conceale the distress, it openly, for the most part before And agayne, the same Statutes are lye penned (besides the later of th unsensibly contryved that it scarce any reason in it) that they are often easely wrested to the fraud of the s yf one going to distrayne upon his or tenement, where lawfully he ma in doing therof he transgress the le of the Common Lawe, he straight co felonye. Or yf one by any other take any thing from another, use sometymes to cappe on ano same is straight felonye. This is hard lawe.

Eudox. Nevertheless the evill

ther mans goodes, you will not
is to be abolished and taken

soe, but not by taking away
ithall; for that is to violent a
pecially this use being per-
nade lawfull unto some, and to
death. As to most of the
nes, there it is graunted by
, that they may, every man by
out any officer (for that were
e) for any dett, to distrayne the
ny Irish, being found within
e, or but passing through theyr
l the first permission of this
n those times when that graunt
e Irish were not ameanable to
was not safetye for the townes-
o them foorth to demaund theyr
sible to drawe him into lawes,
d leave to be his owne bayliff,
dettors goodes within his owne

The which the Irish seeing
as lawfull for them to distrayne
ns goodes in the countrey where
t. And soe, by the example of
of the townes-men, they thought
nd made it a use to distrayne
s goodes for small detts. And
th, me thinkes it is hard for
ing dett, of two or three shil-
riven to lawe, which is soe farr
sometimes to be sought; for
inkes it an heavye ordinaunce to
especially to a rude man that is
lawe, and thinketh a common use
o other men is a lawe for him-

Yea, but the judge, when it
re him to tryall, may easelye
doubt, and lay open the intent
y his better discretion.

s, but it is daungerous to leave
the lawe unto the reason or will
es, whoe are men and may be
by affections, and many other
t the lawes ought to be like
tables, playne, stedfast, and

There is also such another
wo, which make Coygnye and
e treason, noe less inconvenient
mer, being, as it is penned, how
purpose therof were expedient;
w noe man can goe into another
for lodgings, nor to his owne
se to take victuall by the way,
ding that there is noe other
him to have lodging, nor horse
meate, nor mans meate, there being noe Innes, nor none otherwise to be bought for mony, but that he is endammaged to the Statute of treason, whensoever he shall happen to fall out with his tenaunt, or that his sayd host list to complayne of grevaunce, as oftentimes I have seene them very maliciously doe through the least provocation.

Eudox. I doe not well knowe, but by gess, what you doe meane by these termes of Coygnye and Liverye: therfore I pray you explane them.

Iren. I knowe not whether the woordes be English or Irish, but I suppose them rather to be auncient English, for the Irishmen can make noe derivation nor analogye of them. What Liverye is, we by common use in England knowe well enough, namelye, that it is allowaunce of horse-meate, as they commonly use the woord in stabling, as to keepe horses at liverye; the which woord, as I gess, is derived of livering or delivering foorth theyr nightlye foode. Soe in great howses, the liverye is sayd to be served up for all night, that is theyr nyghtes allowaunce for drinke. And Liverye is also called the upper garment which serving men weareth, soe called (as I suppose) for that it is delivered and taken from him at pleasure: soe it is apparaunt, that by the woord Liverye is meant horse-meate, like as by the woord Coygnye is understood mans-meate; but how the woord is derived is very hard to tell: some say of coyne, because they used commonly in theyr Coygnyes, not only to take meate, but coyne also; and that taking of mony was specially ment to be prohibited by that Statute: but I think rather that this woord Coignye is derived of the Irish. The which is a common use amongest the Irish landlordes, to have a common spending upon theyr tenauntes; for all theyr tenauntes, being commonly but tenauntes at will, they use to take of them what victualls they list, for of victualls they were wont to make small reckning: neither in this were the tenauntes wronged, for it was an ordinarye and knowen custome, and his Lord commonlye used soe to covenaunt with him, which yf at any time the tenaunt misliked, he might freelye depart at his pleasure. But now by this Statute the sayd Irish Lord is wronged, for that he is cutt of from his customarye services, of the which this was one, besides many more of the like, as Cuddeehih, Cosshirh, Bonaught, Shragh, Sorehim, and such like; the which (I think) at first were customes brought in by the English

upon the Irish, for they were never woont, and yet are very loth to yeld any certayne rent, but onely such spendinges, saying commonly, 'Spend me and defend me.'

Eudox. Surely I take it as you say, that therin the Irish Lordes hath greate wronge, since it was an auncient custome, and nothing contrarye to lawe, for to the willing there is noe wrong done. And this right well I wote, that even heere in England, there are in many places as large customes as that of Coignye and Liverye. But I suppose by your speach, that it was the first meaning of the Statute to forbidd the violent taking of victualls upon other mens tenauntes agaynst theyr willes, which surely is a great outrage, and yet not soe great (me seemes) as that it should be made treason: for considering that the nature of treason is concerning the realme, estate or person of the King, or practising with his enemyes, to the derogation and daunger of his crowne and dignitye; it is hardly wrested to make this treason. But (as you earst sayd) 'better a mischeif then an inconvenience.'

Iren. Another Statute I remember, which having beene an auncient English custome is now upon advisement made an Irish lawe, and that is called the Custome of Kin-cogish, which is, that every head of every sept, and every cheif of every kinred or familye, should be answerable and bound to bring foorth every one of that kinred or sept under hym at all times to be justifyed, when he should be required or charged with any treason, felonye, or other haynous crime.

Eudox. Why, surely this seemes a very necessary lawe. For considering that many of them be such losells and scatterlings, as that they cannot easely by any sheriff, constable, bayliff, or other ordinarye officer be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact; this is a very good meane to gett them to be brought in by him, that is the head of that sept, or cheif of that howse: wherfore I wonder what just exception you can make agaynst the same.

Iren. Trewe, Eudoxus, in the pretence of the good of that Statute you have nothing erred, for it seemeth very expedient and necessarye; but the hurt which cometh therby is greater then the good. For, whilest every cheif of a sept standeth soe bound to the lawe for every one of his bloud or sept that is under him, inclusive everie one of his sept is put *under him,* and he made greate by the com*maunding of* them all. For yf he may not *comaunde them,* then that lawe doth wrong which bindeth him to bring them be justifyed: and yf he may comaun then he may comaunde them as as to good, whereby the lordes and of countreyes, and the principall a of septs, are made stronger, when be a most speciall care in policye t them, and to set up and strength of his underlinges agaynst him whensoever he shall offer to swa may be able to beard him: very daungerous to leave the comma many as some septs are, being fi thousand persons, to the will of whoe may leade them to what he w himself shal be inclyned.

Eudox. In very deede, Irenæus, daungerous, especially seing the di of those people is not allwayes incl the best. And therfore I hold it dome to leave unto them to much over theyr kinred, but rather to w theyr followers from them asmuch a and to gather them under the com lawe by some better meane then this of Kin-cogish. The which woord I be gladd to knowe what it namely si for the meaning therof I seeme to un reasonable well.

Iren. It is a woord mingled of t lish and Irish togither, soe as I am pa to thinke, that the custome therof English, and afterwardes made Irish; an other lawe they had heere in En I remember, made by King Alured, th gentellman should continually brin his kinred and followers to the lawe, is English, and Cogish signifyeth a Irish.

Eudox. Siththen we have thus re handled the inconvenience in the la us now pass unto the second part, wh as I remember, of the abuses of cu in which, me seemes, you have a fay pian layd open unto you, in which y at large stretch out your discourse in sweete remembraunces of antiquity whence it seemeth that the custom countrey proceeded.

Iren. Indeede, Eudoxus, you say v for alle the customes of the Irish, have often noted and compared wit have reade, would minister occasion ample discourse of the first originall and the antiquitye of that people, trueth I doe thinke to be more aunci most that I knowe in this end of th soe as yf it were in the handling of

idgement and plentifull reading it
ost pleasaunt and proffitable. But
we may, at some other time of
ake occasion to treat therof more at
ere onely it shall suffice to touche
mes of the Irish as seeme offensive,
aunt to the good government of
e.

Followe then your owne course, for
better content my self to forbeare
nowe, in hope that you will, as you
ther time more abundantly satis-

lefore we enter into the treatise of
mes, it is first needfull to consider
ice they first sprong; for from
manners of the nations, from
at people which now are called
derived, some of the customes
emayne amongest them have bene
, and since they have bene con-
ngest them; for not of one nation
eople, but of many and of different
and manners. But the cheifest
first possessed, and inhabited it,
to be Scythians, which at such
Northerne Nations overflowed all
me, came downe to the sea-cost,
iring for other countreyes abrode,
g intelligence of this countrey of
ding shipping convenient, passed
r, and arrived in the North-part
ich is now called Ulster, which
iting, and afterwardes stretching
further into the land as theyr
creased, named it all of themselves
d, which more breifly is called
r Scotland.

I wonder (Irenæus) whither you
farre astraie; for whylest wee
reland, me thinkes you rip upp
of Scotlande, but what is that to

urelye verye much, for Scotlande
l are all one and the same.

That seemeth more straunge; for
ve right well they are distinguished,
it sea running betwene them; or
e two Scotlands.

fever the more are there two
but two kindes of Scotts there were
ye may gather out of Buckhanan)
n, or Irish Scotts, the other Albin-
r those Scotts or Scythyans ar-
sayd) in the North partes of Ire-
some of them afterwardes passed
next coast of Albin, now called
which (after much trouble) they
possessed, and of themselves named it Scotland; but in process of time (as is commonly seene) the denomination of the part prevayled in the whole, for the Irish Scottes putting away the name of Scottes, were called onely Irish, and the Albin Scottes, leaving the name of Albin, were called onely Scottes. Therfore it cometh that of some writers Ireland is called Scotia-major, and that which nowe is called Scotland, is named Scotia-minor.

Eudox. I doe now well understand your distinguishing of the two sortes of Scottes, and two Scotlandes, how that this which is now called Ireland was aunciently called Irin, and afterwardes of some writers Scotland, and that which now is called Scotland was formerly called Albin, before the coming of the Scottes thither: but what other nation inhabited the other partes of Ireland?

Iren. After this people thus planted in the North, or before, (for the certayntye of times in thinges soe farr from all knowledge cannot be justly avouched) another nation coming out of Spayne arrived in the West part of Ireland, and finding it wast, or weakely inhabited, possessed it: who whether they were native Spaynyards, or Gaules, or Affricans, or Gothes, or some other of those Northerne Nations which did overspredd all Christendome, it is impossible to affirme, onely some naked conjectures may be gathered, but that out of Spayne certaynly they came, that doe all the Irish Chronicles agree.

Eudox. You doe very boldly, Irenæus, adventure upon the historye of soe auncient times, and leane to confidently unto those Irish Chronicles which are most fabulous and forged, in that out of them you dare take in hand to lay open the originall of such a nation soe antique, as that noe monument remayneth of her beginning and first inhabiting there; specially having bene in those times allwayes without letters, but onely bare traditions of times and remembraunces of BARDES, which use to forge and falsifye every thing as they list, to please or displease any man.

Iren. Truly I must confess I doe soe, but yet not soe absolutely as you suppose. I doe herin relye upon those Bards or Irish Chroniclers, though the Irish themselves, through theyr ignoraunce in matters of learning and deepe judgement, doe most constantly beleve and avouch them, but unto them besides I add my owne reading, and out of them both

togither, with comparison of times, likewise of manners and customes, affinitye of woordes and names, propertyes of natures and uses, resemblances of rytes and ceremonyes, monumentes of churches and tombes, and many other like circumstaunces, I doe gather a likelihood of trueth; not certaynly affirming any thing, but by conferring of times, languages, monumentes, and such like, I doe hunte out a probabilitye of thinges, which I leave to your judgement to beleve or refuse. Nevertheless there be some very auncient authors which make mention of these thinges, and some moderne, which by comparing them with present times, experience, and theyr owne reason, doe open a windowe of great light unto the rest that is yet unseene; as namely, of the older Cæsar, Strabo, Tacitus, Ptolomie, Plinie, Pompeius Mela, and Berosus: of the later, Vincentius, Æneas Silvius, Luddus, Buckhanan; of all which I doe give most credit unto Buckhanan, for that he himself, being an Irish Scott or Picte by nation, and being very excellently learned, and industrious to seeke out the trueth of these thinges concerning the originall of his owne people, hath both sett downe the testimonyes of the auncientes truely, and his owne opinion, withall very reasonably, though in some thinges he doth somewhat flatter. Besides, the Bards and Irish Chroniclers themselves, though throughe desire of pleasing perhaps to much, and through ignoraunce of arte and purer learning, they have clouded the trueth of those times; yet there appeareth amongest them some reliques of the true antiquitye, though disguised, which a well-eyed man may happely discover and find out.

Eudox. Howe can there be any trueth in them at all, since the auncient nations which first inhabited Ireland were altogither destitute of letters, much more of learning, by which they might leave the veritye of thinges written. And those Bards, coming alsoe soe many hundred yeares after, could not knowe what was doue in former ages, nor deliver certayntye of any thing, but what they fayned out of theyr unlearned heades.

Iren. Those Bardes indede, Cæsar writeth, deliver noe certayne trueth of any thing, neither is there any certayne hold to be taken of any antiquitye which is receaved by tradition, since all men be lyars, and may lye when they will; but yet for the antiquitye of the written Chronicles of Ireland give me *leave to say* something, not to justifye them, *but to shewe that* some of them might say *trueth. For* where ye say that the Irish have allwayes bene without letters, ye are th much deceaved, for it is certayne, that Ire hath had the use of letters very auncie and long before England.

Eudox. Is it possible? Howe com then that they are soe barbarous still soe unlearned, being soe old schollers? learning (as the Poet sayth) 'Emollit nec sinit esse feros:' whence then (I you) could they have those letters?

Iren. It is hard to say: for whether at theyr first coming into the land, or wardes by trading with other nations had letters, learned them of them, or d them amongest themselves, it is very full; but that they had letters auncient nothing doubtfull, for the Saxons of E are sayd to have theyr letters, and le and learned men, from the Irish, and th appeareth by the likeness of the charact the Saxons character is the same with th Now the Scithyans never, as I can re old had letters amongest them: the seemeth that they had them from that which came out of Spayne, for in Spay was (as Strabo writeth) letters aun used, whether brought unto them by th nesians, or Persians, which (as it ap by him) had some footing there, Marseilles, which is sayd to have habited first by the Greekes, and fro to have had the Greeke character: o Marsilians it is sayd, that the Gaules them first, and used them only for theraunce of theyr trades and priva ness: for the Gaules (as is strongl prooved by many auncient and auth writers) did first inhabite all the sea Spayne, even unto Cales and the m the Streits, and peopled also a grea of Italye, which appeareth by sundry e and haveus in Spayne called of th Portingallia, Gallicia, Galdunum; an by sundrye nations therin dwelling, yet have receaved theyr owne names Gaules, as the Rhegni, Presamarci, Ta Nerii, and divers others. All which Po Mela, being himself a Spanyard, yet to have discended from the Celties of F wherby it is to be gathered, that that which came out of Spayne into Irelan aunciently Gaules, and that they b with them those letters which they had in Spayne, first into Ireland, the whic also say doe much resemble the old I cian character, being likewise disting with pricke and accent, as theyes aunci but the further enquirye thereof wes

of longer discourse then this our short ence.

Iar. Surely you have shewed a great bilitye of that which I had thought sible to have bene proved; but that you now say, that Ireland should have peopled with the Gaules, seemeth much straunge, for all theyr Chronicles doe hat the west and south was possessed habited of Spanyards: and Cornelius is also doth strongly affirme the same, ich you must overthrowe and falsifye, ounce your opinion.

Eud. Neither soe, nor soe; for the Irish icles (as I sayd unto you) being made learned men, and writing thinges ac- to the appearaunce of the trueth they conceaved, doe err in the circum- es, not in the matter. For all that out of Spayne (they being noe diligent ers into the differences of nations) sup- them to be Spanyards, and soe called but the groundwoorke therof is never- as I sayd true and certayne, however rough ignoraunce disguise the same, or h their owne vanitye (while they would me to be ignoraunt), doe therupon build large many forged historyes of theyr ntiquitye, which they deliver to fooles, ake them believe them for trewe: as for le, that first of one Gathelus the soun rops or Argos, who having marryed ng of Ægipts daughter, thence sayled er into Spayne, and there inhabited: hat of Nemed and his fowre sonnes, ming out of Scythia peopled Ireland, habited it with his sonnes two hundred ye yeares untill he was overcome of the tes dwelling then in Ireland, and at nite banished and rooted out, after two hundred yeares, the sonnes of one eing Scythyans, arrived there agayne, ssessed the whole land, of which the st, called Slevius, in the end made monarch. Lastly, of the fowre of Mylesius King of Spayne, which red that land from the Scythyans, and ed it with Spanyardes, and called he name of the youngest, Hiberns, ia: all which are in very trueth and very Mylesian lyes (as the Latine e is), for never was there such a King yne called Mylesius, nor any such seated with his sonnes, as they that can ever be prooved: but yet these tales ye may in a manner see *eth lurke. For Scythians, heere in- , they name and doe put* Spanyards, wherby appeareth that both those nations heere inhabited, but whether very Spanyards, as the Irish greatlye affect, is noe wayes to be prooved.

Eudox. Whence cometh it then that the Irish doe soe greatly covett to fetch themselves from the Spayniards, since the old Gaules are a more auncient and much more honorable a nation?

Iren. Even soe of a very desire of new fangleness and vanitye, for being as they are nowe accounted the most barbarous nation in Christendome they to avoyde that reproche would derive themselves from the Spanyards, whom they nowe see to be a very honorable people, and next bordering unto them: but all that is most vayne; for from the Spanyard that nowe is, or that people that nowe inhabites Spayne, they noe wayes can approove themselves to discend; neither should it be greatly glorious unto them; for the Spanyard, that nowe is, is come from as rude and savage nations as they, there being, as it may be gathered by course of ages and viewe of theyr owne historyes, (though they therin laboure much to ennoble themselves) scarce any dropp of the old Spanish bloud left in them; for all Spayne was first conquered by the Romains, and filled with colonyes from them, which were still encreased, and the native Spanyard still cutt of. Afterwardes the Carthagenians in all the long Punicke Warres (having spoyled all Spayne, and in the end subdued it wholye to themselves) did, as it is likelye, roote out all that were affected to the Romayns. And lastly the Romaynes, having agayne recovered that countrey and bett out Hanniball, did doubtless cutt of all that favoured the Carthagenians, soe that betwixt them both, to and froo, there was scarce a native Spanyard left, but all inhabited of Romayns. All which tempestes of troubles being overblowen, there long after arose a newe storme, more dreadfull then all the former, which over-rann all Spayne, and made an infinite confusion of all thinges; that was, the coming downe of the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Vandals: And lastly all the nations of Scythya, which, like a mountayne flude, did over-flowe all Spayne, and quite drowne and wash away whatsoever relickes there were left of the land-bredd people, yea, and of all the Romayns to. The which Northerne nations finding the complexion of that soyle, and the vehement heate there farr differing from theyr natures, tooke noe felicitye in that countrey, but from thence passed over,

and did spredd themselves into all countreys in Christendome, of all which there is none but hath some mixture and sprinckling, yf not through peopling of them. And yet after all these the Moores and Barbarians, breaking over out of Africa, did finally possess all Spayne, or the most part therof, and did tredd downe under theyr heathenish feete whatever litle they found there yet standing. The which, though afterward they were beaten out by Ferdinando of Aragon and Isabell his wife, yet they were not soe clensed, but that through the marriadges which they had made, and mixture with the people of the land, during theyr long continuaunce there, they had left noe pure dropp of Spanish bloud, noe more of Romayne, nor of Scythyan. Soe that of all nations under heaven (I suppose) the Spanyard is the most mingled, most uncertayne, and most bastardly; wherfore most foolishlye doe the Irish thinke to ennoble themselves by wresting theyr auncientrye from the Spaynyarde, who is unable to derive himself from any certayne.

Eudox. You speake very sharpely, Iræneus, in dishonour of the Spanyard, whom some other boast to be the only brave nation under the skye.

Iren. Soe surely he is a very brave man; neither is that which I speake anything to his derogation, for in that I sayed he is a mingled nation, it is noe disprayse, for I thinke there is noe nation nowe in Christendome, nor muche further, but is mingled, and compounded with others: for it was a singular providence of God, and a most admirable purpose of his wisedome, to drawe those northerne heathen nations downe into these Christian partes, where they might receave Christianitye, and to mingle nations soe remote myraculously, to make, as it were, one kinred and bloud of all people, and ech to have knowlege of him.

Eudox. Neither have you sure any more dishonoured the Irish, for you have brought them from very great and auncient nations, as any were in the world, how ever fondly they affect the Spanish. For both Scythians and Gaules were two as mightye nations as ever the world brought foorth. But is there any token, denomination, or monument of the Gaules yet remaynyng in Ireland, as there is of the Scythians?

Iren. Yea surely very many woordes of the Gaules remayning, and yet daylye used in common speache.

Eudox. Why what was the Gaulish speach? is there any part of it stil amongest any nation?

Iren. The Gaulish speach is th Brittish, the which was very generall heere in all Brittayne before the cos of the Saxons; and yet is retayned Walshmen, the Cornishmen, and the l of Fraunce, though time, woorking teration of all thinges, and the trad interdeale with other nations round have chaunged and greatly altered th therof: but yet the originall woordes to be the same, as whoe that list t Camden and Buckhanan, may see Besides, ther be many places, as hills, townes, and castles, which names from the Gaules, of the whic nan reherseth above 300 in Scotla can (I thinke) recount neere as Ireland which retaine the old den of the Gaules, as the Menapii, the Venti, and others; by all which a other very reasonable probabilityes(w short course will not suffer to be lay it appeareth that the cheif inhabit Ireland were Gaules, coming thithe of Spayne, and afterwardes fro Tanais, where the Gothes, the Hu the Getes sate downe, they also be is sayd of some) auncient Gaules; passing out of Gallia it self, from al coste of Belgia and Celtica, in southerne coastes of Ireland, wh possessed and inhabited, wherupo this day, amongest the Irish a co to call any straunge inhabita amongest them, Gaull, that is, from the Gaules.

Eudox. This is very likely, fo did those Gaules auncienty po people all the southerne coast Brittayne, which yet retayne names, as the Belgæ in Somme Wiltshire, and part of Hampshire, batii in Barkshire, Regni in Susse rey, and many others. Nowe thus I understand your opinion, that the planted in the North partes of Ir Spanyards (for soe we will call t ever they were that came from S the West; the Gaules in the South there nowe remayneth the East wardes England, which I would b understand from whence you thi were peopled.

Iren. Mary, I thinke from the themselves, of which though ther footing now remayning, by reas

terwardes, and lastly the English, t all the inhabitauntes therof, did nd people it themselves. Yet the Tooles, the Brinnes, the s, and other nations in Leinster, ome memorye of the Brittons ; as the Tooles are called of the sh woord Tol, that is, an hill the Brinnes of the Brittish woord is, woodes, and the Kavanaghs of Kaun, that is, stronge; soe that in e people the very denomination of ittons doth still remayne. Besides, flyeth under the succour or protec- y agaynst an enemye, he cryeth Cummurreeih, that is in Brittish they call theyr owne language, g. Furthermore to proove the same, by Diodorus Siculus, and by alled Britannia, and a part of ttayne. Finally it appeareth by rd yet extant, that King Arthur, him Gurgunt, had all that Iland ageaunce and subjection: herunto I manye probabilityes of the names persons, and speeches, as I did in r, but they should be to longe for and I reserve them for another. you have had my opinion, howe all ie of Ireland was first peopled, and ations. After all which the Saxons , subdued it wholy unto themselves. Egfrid, Kinge of Northumberlande, r wast and subdue it, as it appeareth le his complaynt agaynst him; and e King Edgar brought it under nce, as it appeareth by an auncient which it is found written that he ll the Ilands of the North, even way, and them the king did bring bjection.

This ripping up of auncient his- very pleasing unto me, and indeede of good conceite, and some reading I see heerby howe profitable tra- xperience of forreine nations, is to will applye them to good pur- ther indeede would I have thought, such antiquityes could have bene for the Irish, that maketh me the ng to see some more of your obser- hich ye have gathered out of that and have erst half promised to putt d sure in this mingling of nations (as you erst have well noted) a l providence and purpose of All- God, *that stirred up that* people of *t partes of the woorld* to seeke out those regions so remote from them, and by that meanes both to restore theyr decayed habitations, and to make himself knowen to the Heathen. But was there, I pray you, noe more generall winning of that Iland, then first by the Scythians, which you say were the Scotts, and afterwardes by Spanyards, besides the Gaules, Brittons, and Saxons?

Iren. Yes, there was an other, and that the last and the greatest, which was by the English, when the Earle Strangbowe, having conquered that land, delivered up the same unto the handes of Henry the second, then King, whoe sent over thither great store of gentellmen, and other warlick people, amongest whom he distributed the land, and settled such a strong colonye therin, as never since could, with all the subtill practises of the Irish, be rooted out, but abide still a mighty people, of soe many as remayne English of them.

Eudox. What is this that you say, of soe many as remayne English of them? Why, are not they that were once English abiding English still?

Iren. Noe, for the most part of them are degenerated and growen allmost meere Irish, yea and more malicious to the English then the very Irish themselves.

Eudox. What heare I? And is it possible that an Englishman, brought up naturally in such sweete civilitye as England affoordes, can find such liking in that barbarous rudeness, that he should forgett his owne nature, and forgoe his owne nation? how may this be, or what (I pray you) may be the cause hereof?

Iren. Surely, nothing but the first evill ordinaunce and institution of that Commonwealth. But therof now is here noe fitt place to speake, least, by the occasion therof offering matter of a long discourse, we might be drawen from this that we have in hand, namely, the handling of abuses in the customes of Ireland.

Eudox. In truoth, Irenæus, you do well remember the plott of your first purpose; but yet from that (me seemes) ye have much swarved in all this long discourse, of the first inhabiting of Ireland; for what is that to your purpose?

Iren. Trulye very materiall; for yf ye marked the course of all that speach well, it was to shewe by what meanes the customes, that nowe are in Ireland, being some of them indeede very straunge and allmost heathenish, were first brought in: and that was, as I sayd,

by those nations from whom that countrey was first peopled; for the difference of manners and customes doeth followe the difference of nations and people: the which I have declared unto you to have bene thre speciall, which seated themselves there; to witt, first the Scythians, then the Gaules, and lastly the English. Notwithstanding that I am not ignoraunt, that there were sundrye other nations which gott footing in that land, of the which there yet remayne diverse great familyes and septs, of whom I will also in theyr proper places make mention.

Eudox. You bring your self, Irenæus, very well into the way agayne, notwithstanding that it seemeth that ye were never out of the way, but nowe that ye have passed through those antiquityes, which I could have wished not soe soone ended, beginn, when you please, to declare what customes and manners have bene derived from those nations to the Irish, and which of them you find fault withall.

Iren. I will then begin to count theyr customes in the same order that I counted theyr nations, and first with the Scythian or Scottish manners. Of the which there is one use amongest them, to keepe theyr cattell, and to live themselves the most part of the yeare in bolyes, pasturing upon the mountayn, and wast wild places; and removing still to fresh land, as they have depastured the former. The which appeareth playne to be the manner of the Scythians, as you may reade in Olaus Magnus, and Jo. Bohemus, and yet is used amongest all the Tartarians and the people about the Caspian Sea, which are naturally Scythians, to live in heardes as they call them, being the very same that the Irish bolyes are, driving theyr cattell continually with them, and feeding onely upon theyr milke and white meates.

Eudox. What fault can ye find with this custome? for though it be an old Scythian use, yet it is very behoofull in that countrey of Ireland, where there are greate mountaynes, and wast desartes full of grasse, that the same should be eaten downe, and nourish many thousand of cattell for the good of the whole realme, which cannot (me thinkes) be well any other way, then by keeping those Bolyes there, as ye have shewed.

Iren. But by this custome of bolyes there growe in the meane time many great enormityes unto that Common-wealth. For first, *yf there be any* out-lawes, or loose people, (as *they are never* without some) which live upon *stealthes and spoyles*, they are evermore succoured and find relief onely in those Bolyes, being upon the wast places, wheras els they should be driven shortly to starve, or to come downe to the townes to steale relief, where, by one meane or other, they would soone be caught. Besides, such stealthes of cattell as they make, they bring commonly to those Bolyes, where they are receaved readilye, and the theif harboured from daunger of lawe, or such officers as might light uppon him. Moreover, the people that thus live in those Bolyes grow therby the more barbarous, and live more licentiously then they could in townes, using what meanes they list, and practising what mischeives and villanyes they will, either agaynst the government there, by theyr combinations, or agaynst privat men, whom they maligne, by stealing theyr goodes, or murdering themselves. For there they thinke themselves halfe exempted from lawe and obedience, and having once tasted freedome, doe, like a steere that hath bene long out of his yoke, grudge and repyne ever after to come under rule agayne.

Eudox. By your speache, Irenæus, I perceave more evills come by this use of bolyes, then good by theyr grazing; and therfore it may well be reformed: but that must be in his due course: do you proceed to the next.

Iren. They have another custome from the Scythians, that is the wearing of Mantells and long glibbes, which is a thick curled bush of heare, hanging downe over theyr eyes, and monstrously disguising them, which are both very badd and hurtfull.

Eudox. Doe you thinke that the mantell came from the Scythians? I would surely thinke otherwise, for by that which I have read, it appeareth that most nations in the world aunciently used the mantell. For the Jewes used it, as you may reade of Elias mantell. The Chaldæans also used it, as you may reade in Diodorus. The Ægiptians likewise used it, as ye may reade in Herodotus, and may be gathered by the description of Berenice, in the Greeke Comentarves upon Calimachus. The Greekes also used it anciently, as appeareth by Venus mantell lined with starres, though afterwardes they chaunged the forme therof into their cloakes, called Pallia, as some of the Irish also doe. And the auncient Latines and Romayns used it, as ye may reade in Virgill, who was a very auncient antiquarye,—that Evander, when Æneas came unto him at his feast, did entertayne and feast him, sitting on the grounde, and lying on mantells. In an-

as he useth this very woord MANTILE mantell.

'Mantilia humi sternunt.'

as it seemeth that the mantell was a gen- habite to most nations, and not proper e Scithians onely, as you suppose.

en. I cannot denye but that aunciently as common to most, and yet since dis- and layed away. But in this later of the world, since the decay of the Ro- ne Empire, it was renewed and brought gayne by those Northern nations when, cing out of theyr cold caves and frozen tations into the sweete soyle of Europe, brought with them theyr usuall weedes, o sheild the cold, and that continuall , to which they had at home bene enured: which yet they left not of, by reason they were in perpetuall warres with the ions whom they had invaded, but, still oving from place to place, carryed allwayes h them that weede, as theyr howse, theyr d, and theyr garment; and, coming lastly Ireland, they found there more speciall therof, by reason of the rawe cold climate, whence it is nowe growen into that rall use in which that people nowe have After whom the Gaules succeding, yet ing the like necessitye for that garment, inued the like use therof.

Eudox. Sith then the necessitye therof oe comodious, as ye alleage, that it is eede of howsing, bedding, and clothing, t reason have ye then to wish soe neces- a thing cast of?

Iren. Because the comoditye doth not ntervayle the discomoditie, for the incon- iences that therby doe arise are much e many; for it is a fitt howse for an out- e, a meete bedd for a rebell, and an apt e for a theif. First the out-lawe being his many crimes and villanyes bannished the townes and howses of honest men, wandring in wast places, furr from nger of lawe, maketh his mantell his se, and under it covereth himself from wrath of heaven, from the offence of earth, and from the sight of men. When ayneth it is his pent-howse; when it es it is his tent; when it freezeth it is tabernacle. In Sommer he can weare it , in winter he can weare it close; at all s he can use it; never heavy, never bersome. Likewise for a rebell it is as ceable; for in his warre that he maketh at least it beseemeth the name of warr) *he still flyeth from his foe*, and lurketh in the thick woodes and straite passages, wayting for advantages, it is his bedd, yea, and allmost his howsehold stuff. For the wood is his howse agaynst all weathers, and his mantell is his cave to sleepe in. Therin he wrappeth himself rounde, and encloseth himself strongly agaynst the gnattes, which in that countrey doe more annoye the naked rebelles, whilest they keepe the woodes, and doe more sharply wound them then all theyr enemyes swoordes or speares, which can come seldome nigh them: yea, and oftentimes theyr mantell serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapt about theyr left arme in steede of a Targett, for it is as hard to cutt through it with a swoord; besides it is light to beare, light to throwe away, and, being (as they then commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a theif it is soe handsome, as it may seeme it was first invented for him; for under it he can cleanly convay any fitt pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abrode in the night on free-booting, it is his best and surest frend; for lying, as they often doe, two or thre nightes togither abrode to watch for theyr bootye, with that they can pretelye shrowde themselves under a bush or bankes side, till they may conveniently doe theyr errand: and when all is done, he can in his mantell pass through any towne or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endaungered. Besides all this, yf he be disposed to doe mischeif or villanye to any man, he may under his mantell goe privilye armed without suspicion of any, carrying his head-peece, his skeane, or pistoll yf he please, to be allwaye in readiness. Thus necessarye and fitting is a mantell for a badd man, and surely for a badd howsewife it is noe less convenient, for some of those that be wandring women, there called of them Beantoolhe, it is half a wardrobe, for in Sommer you shall have her arrayed commonlye but in her smocke and mantle, to be more readye for her light services: in Winter, and in her travell, it is her best cloke and safegard, and also a coverlett for her lewde exercise. And when she hath filled her vessell, under it she can hide both her burden and her blame; yea, and when her bastard is borne it serves insteede of a craddle and all her swadling cloutes. And as for all other good women which love to doe but litle woorke, howe handsome it is to lye and sleepe, or to lowze themselves in the sunnshine, they that have bene but a while in

Ireland can well witness. Sure I am that ye will thinke it very unfitt for good howse-wives to stirre in, or to busy them selves about theyr howse-wiverye in such sort as they should. These be some of the abuses for which I would thinke it meete to forbidd all mantells.

Eudox. O evill mynded man, that having reckned up soe many uses of a mantell, will yet wish it to be abandoned! Sure I thinke Diogenes dish did never serve his master more turnes, notwithstanding that he made it his dish, his cupp, his measure, his water-pott, then a mantell doth an Irish man. But I see they be all to badd intentes, and therfore I will joyne with you in abolishing it. But what blame lay you to the glibb? Take heede (I pray you) that you be not to busye therwith for feare of your owne blame, seing our Englishmen take it up in such a generall fashion to weare theyr heare so unmeasurably long, that some of them exceede the longest Irish glibbes.

Iren. I feare not the blame of any undeserved dislikes; but for the Irish glibbes, I say that, besides theyr savage brutishness and lothsome filthiness which is not to be named, they are as fitt maskes as a mantell is for a thief. For whensoever he hath runn himself into that perill of lawe that he will not be knowen, he either cutteth o' his glibbe quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it soe lowe downe over his eyes, that it is very hard to discerne his theivish countenaunce; and therfore fitt to be trussed up with the mantell.

Eudox. Truly these thre Scythian abuses, I hold most fitt to be taken away with sharpe penaltyes; and surely I wonder how they have bene kept thus long, notwithstanding soe many good provisions and orders as have bene devised for the reformation of that people.

Iren. The cause therof shall appeare to you hereafter; but lett us now goe forward with our Scythian customes, of which the next that I have to treate of is the manner of theyr raysing the crye in theyr conflictes, and at other troublesome times of uproare: the which is very naturall Scythian, as you may reade in Diodorus Siculus, and in Herodotus, describing the manner of the Scythians and Persians coming to give the charge at theyr battells: at the which it is sayd, they come running with a terrible yell *and hubbalowe*, as yf heaven and earth *would have gone togither*, which is the very *image of the* Irish hubbabowe, which theyr kerne use at theyr first encounter. the same Herodotus writeth, that t in theyr battells to call upon the theyr captaynes or generalls, and s upon theyr greatest king deceased, battell of Tomyris agaynst Cyrus custome to this day manifestly a amongest the Irish. For at theyr j battell, they likewise call upon th taynes name, or the name of his ann As they under Oneale crye Lamla that is, the bloudye hand, which is badge: they under O Brien cal laider, that is, the strong hand. theyr ensample, the old English al there remayneth have gotten up th Scythian-like, as the Geraldins Croun and the Butlers Butleaur-abowe. A in also lyeth open an other manif that the Irish be Scythes or Scotts, theyr encounters they use one very woord, crying Farrih, Farrih, which i ish woord, to weete, the name of on first Kinges of Scotland, called Far. gus, or Ferragus, which fought aga Pictes, as ye may reade in Buchh *rebus Scoticis*: but as others writ long before that, the name of the Captayne, under whom they fought the Africans, the which was then tunate unto them, that ever sithe have used to call upon his name battells.

Eudox. Beleve me, this observ yours, Irenæus, is very good and full; farr beyond the blunt conceit who (I remember) have upon the sa Farrih, made a very gross conjec namely Mr. Stanihurst, who thoug the same country man borne, tha searche more neerely into the secrett thinges, yet hath strayed from the t the heavens wide (as they say,) for upon groundeth a very gross ima that the Irish should discend from th tians which came into that iland, t the leading of one Scota the dau Pharao, whereupon they use (sayt all theyr battells to call upon the Pharao, crying Farrih, Farrih, s shootes wyde on the bowe hand, s farr from the marke. For I w knowe of him what auncient groun thoritye he hath for such a senceless yf he found it in any of the rude Iri as it may be he had, yet (me seeme man of his learning, should not so have bene carryed away with oth

ovannce of his owne reason; for
cota be an Ægyptian woord or
ny learning or judgement lett the
ge. But this Scota rather cometh
ke *scotos*, that is, darkeness, which
t him see the light of the trueth.
ou knowe not, Eudoxus, how
tanihurst could see in the darke;
hath owles or cats eyes, but well
seeth not well the light of the
matters of more waight. But as
I have told you my conjecture
yet thus much more I have to
likelyehoode, that there are this
Ireland, many Irish men (cheifly
th partes) called by the name of
But lett that nowe be: this onely
nce suffiseth, that it is a common
in theyr Hubbobowes, the which
the rest) is to be abolished, for
scovereth an affectation of Irish
, which in this plattforme I en-
cially to beate downe. There be
s of cryes also used amongest the
h savoure greatly of the Scythian
, as theyr lamentations at theyr
ith dispayrefull out-cryes, and
waylinges, the which Mr. Stani-
might have used for an argument
hem Ægiptians, which lamented
th of Joseph. Others thinke this
come from the Spayniardes, for
doe soe unmeasurably likewise be-
yr dead; but the same is not proper
ut altogither heathenish, brought
first either by the Scythians, or
s, which were Africans, that long
that countrey. For it is the man-
Pagans and Infidells to be intem-
theyr waylinges of the dead, for
had noe fayth nor hope of salva-
d this ill custome also is specially
Diodorus Siculus, to have bene in
ians, and is yett amongest the
Scotts.

This is sure an ill custome also,
th not soe much concerne civill
n, as an abuse of religion.

I did not rehearse it as one of the
hich I thought most woorthy of
n; but having made mention of
s I thought this manner of lewd
d howling not impertinent to be
uncivill and Scythian-like: for by
ustomes, and other like conjecturall
nces, the discents of nations can
prooved, where other monumentes
s be not remayning.

Eudox. Then (I pray you) whensoever in your discourse you meete with them by the way, doe not shunne, but boldly touche them; for besides theyr greate pleasure and delight for theyr antiquitye, they bring also great profitt and helpe unto civilitye.

Iren. Then sith you will have it soe, I will heere take occasion, since I lately spake of theyr manner of cryes in joyning battell, to speake also somewhat of the manner of theyr armes, and array in battell, with other customes perhaps woorthy the noting. And first of theyr armes and weapons, amongest which theyr brode swoordes are proper Scythian, for such the Scythes used comonly, as ye may reade in Olaus Magnus. And the same also used the old Scottes, as ye may reade in Buckhanan, and in Solinus, where the pictures of them are in the same forme expressed. Also theyr short bowes, and litle quivers with short bearded arrowes, are also very Scythian, as ye may reade in the same Olaus. And the same sort, both of bowes, quivers, and arrowes, are at this day to be sene commonly amongest the Northern Irish-Scotts, whose Scottish bowes are not past thre quarters of a yard longe, with a string of wreathed hemp slackly bent, and whose arrowes are not much above half an ell longe, tipped with steele heades, made like common brode arrowe heades, but much more sharpe and slender, that they enter into an armed man or horse most cruelly, notwithstanding that they are shott foorth weakelye. Moreover, theyr long brode shieldes, made but of wicker roddes, which are commonly used amongest the sayd Northern Irish, but specially of the Scottes, are brought from the Scythians, as ye may reade in Olaus Magnus, Solinus, and others: likewise theyr going to battell without armour on theyr bodyes or heades, but trusting onely to the thickness of theyr glibbes, the which (they say) will sometimes beare of a good stroke, is mere savage and Scythian, as ye may see in the sayd Images of the old Scythes or Scottes, sett foorth by Herodianus and others. Besides, theyr confused kind of marche in heapes, without any order or array, theyr clashing of swoordes togither, theyr fierce running upon theyr enemyes, and theyr manner of fight, resembleth alltogither that which is reade in historyes to have bene used of the Scythians. By which it may allmost infallibly be gathered, togither with other circumstaunces, that the Irish are very Scotts or Scythes originally, though sithence intermingled with many other nations repayring

and joining unto them. And to these I may add also another very stronge conjecture which cometh to my mynd, that I have often there observed amongest them; that is, certayne religious ceremonyes, which are very superstitiously yet used amongest them, the which are also written by sundrye authours, to have bene observed amongest the Scythians, by the which it may very vehemently be presumed that both the nations were aunciently all one. For Plutark (as I remember) in his Treatise of Homer, endevouring to searche out the truthe, what countryman Homer was, proveth it most strongly (as he thinketh) that he was an Æolian borne; for that in describing a sacrifice of the Greekes, he omitted the chinbone, the which all the other Grecians (saving the Æolians) doe use to burne in theyre sacrifices: allso for that he maketh the intralls to be rosted on five spittes, the which was the proper manner of the Æolians whoe onely, of all nations and countreys of Grecia, used to sacrifice in that sort, whereas all the rest of the Greekes used to rost them on thre spittes. By which he inferreth, necessarilye, that Homer was an Æolian. And by the same reason may I (as reasonablie) conclude, that the Irish are discended from the Scithyans; for that they use to this day some of the same ceremonyes which the Scythians aunciently used. As for example, ye may reade in Lucian, in that sweete dialogue which is intituled Toxaris or of frendship, that the common oath of the Scythians was by the swoord, and by the fire, for that they accounted these two speciall divine powers, which should woorke vengeaunce on perjurours. So doe the Irish at this day, when they goe to any battell, say certayne prayers or charmes to theyr swoordes, making a cross therewith upon the earth, and thrusting the pointes of theyr blades into the ground; thinking therby to have the better success in fight. Also they use commonly to sweare by theyr swoordes. Likewise at the kindling of the fire, and lighting of candells, they say certayne prayers or use some other superstitious rites, which sheweth that they honoure the fire and the light; for all those Northern nations, having bene used to be annoyed with much cold and darkenes, are wonte therfore to have the fire and the sunn in great veneration: like as contrariwise the Moores and Ægiptians, which are much offended and greived with much extreme heate of the sunn, doe every morning, when thes unn riseth, fall to cursing and banning of him as theyr plague and cheif scourge. Also the Scythi when they would binde any solem or combination amongest them, to bowle of bloud togither, vowing spend theyr last bloud in that quar even soe doe the wild Scotts, as reade in Buckhanan; and some of t ern Irish likewise. As ye may als the same booke, in the Tale of A that it was the manner of the S when any one of them was heavely and would assemble unto him any people to joyne with him in his r sitt in some publick place for certa upon an oxe hide, to which th resort all such persons as being di take armes, would enter into his joyne with him in his quarrell; same ye may likewise reade to hav auncient manner of the wild Scot are indeede the very naturall Iris over, the Scythians used to sweare Kinges hand, as Olaus sheweth. A the Irish nowe use to sweare by th hand, and, to forsweare it, hold it minall then to sweare by God. Scythians sayd, that they were o yeare turned into wolves, and soe is of the Irish: though Mr. Camden sence doth suppose it was a disc Lycanthropia, soe named of the w yet some of the Irish doe use to wolfe theyr gossip. The Scythians to seeth theyr flesh in the hide; a the Northern Irish yet. The Scyth wise used to boyle the bloud of th living, and to make meate thereof: a the Irish still in the North. Many tomes I could recount unto you, a old manner of marrying, of bu dauncing, of singing, of feasting, though Christians have wiped out part of them, by resemblaunce might playnly appeare unto you nations are the same, but that by ning of these fewe which I have you, I find my speach drawen out t length then I purposed. Thus m for this time, I hope, shall suffi thinke that the Irish are aunci cended from the Scythians.

Eudox. Surely, Ireneus, I have fewe woordes, herd that from you would have thought had bene im have bene spoken of times soe re customes so auncient: with deligh was all that while as it were entra carryed soe farr from my self, as

scrye that you ended soe soone. ell much howe it cometh to pass, long continuaunce of time, and come betwene, yet any jote of ites and superstitious customes yne amongest them.

is noe cause of wonder at all; for ner of all barbarous nations to be itious, and diligent observers of old d antiquityes; which they receave ll tradition from theyr parentes, g of theyr Bards and Chronicles, nges, and by daylye use and ex- eyr elders.

But have you I pray you ob- such customes amongest them, kewise from the Spanyardes or these from the Scythians? that e very materiall to your first pur-

me perhaps I have; and who that occasion more diligently marke e theyr customes shall find many there are fewer I thinke re- the Gaules or Spaynyardes then hians, by reason that the partes, then possessed, lying upon the e Westerne and Southerne Sea, ce continually visited with straun- orrein people, repayring thither and for fishing, which is very pon these coastes: for the trade ale of sch-cost nations one with orketh more civilitye and good them, all sea men being naturally new fashions, then amongst the llers, which are seldome seene of yet some of such as I have noted, I te unto you. And first I will, for reditt of the rest, shewe you one r Statutes, amongest which it is t noe man shall weare his bearde n the upper lipp like muschachoes, l the rest of his chinn. And this ncient manner of Spaynyardes, as all the Mahometans to cutt of all les close, save only theyr muscha- ch they weare long. And the is use was for that they, being ote country, founde much haire on and other partes to be noysome for which cause they did cutt it , like as contrarily all other ought up in cold countryes, doe rish theyr haire, to kepe them ich was the cause that the Scyth- cottes weare Glibbes (as I shewed pe theyr heades warme, and long beardes to defend theyr faces from cold. From them also (I thinke) came saffron shirtes and smockes, which was devised by them in those hote countryes, where saffron is very common and rife, for avoyding that evill which commeth by much sweating, and longe wearing of linnen: also the women amongest the old Spanyardes had the charge of all household affayres, both at home and abrode, (as Bohemus writeth) though nowe the Spanyardes use it quite otherwise. And soe have the Irish women the trust and care of all thinges, both at home, and in the fieldes. Likewise rounde leather targetts is the Spanish fashion, whoe used it (for the most part) paynted, which in Ireland they use also, in many places, coloured after theyr rude fashion. Moreover the manner of theyr womens riding on the wrong side of theyr horse, I meane with theyr faces towardes the right side, as the Irish use, is (as they say) old Spanish, and, as some say, Affricane, for amongest them the women (they say) use so to ride acrosse: Also the deepe smock sleeve hanging to the grounde, which the Irish women use, they say, it was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbarye: and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion; for in armory the fashion of the Manche, which is given in armes by many, being indede nothing els then a sleeve, is fashioned much like to that sleeve. And that Knightes in auncient times used to weare theyr mistress or loves sleeve, upon theyr armes, as appeareth by that which is written of Sir Launcelott, that he wore the sleeve of the Fayre Mayde of Asteloth in a turney, whereat Queene Guenever was much displeased.

Eudox. Your conceite is good, and well fitting for thinges soe farr growen from certaynte of knowledge and learning, onely upon likelyhoodes and conjectures. But have you any customes remayning from the Gaules or Brittons?

Iren. I have observed a fewe of either; and whoe will better searche into them may finde more. And first the profession of theyr Bards who (as Cæsar writeth) were usuall amongest the Gaules; and the same was also common amongest the Brittons, and is not yet altogither left of by the Welsh which are theyr posteritye. For all the fashions of the Gaules and Brittons, as he testifyeth, were much like. The long dartes came also from the Gaules, as ye may reade in the same Cæsar, and in Jo. Bohemus. Likewise the said Bohemus writeth, that the Gaules used

swoordes a hand full broade, and soe doe the Irish nowe. Also that they used long wicker sheildes in battayll that should cover theyr whole bodyes, and so doe the Northern Irish; but because I have not seene such fashioned targets used in the Southerne parts, but onely amongst the Northern people, and Irish-Scotts, I doe thinke that they were rather brought in by the Scythians, then by the Gaules. Also the Gaules used to drinke theyr enemyes bloud, and paynte themselves with it: soe also they write, that the old Irish were wonte, and soe I have seene some of the Irish doe, not theyr enemyes but theyr frendes bloud. As namely at the execution of a notable traytour at Limmericke, called Murrogh O-Brein, I sawe an old woman, which was his foster mother, take up his head, whilest he was quartered, and sucked up all the bloud running thereout, saying, that the earth was not woorthye to drinke it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast, and tore her hayre, crying out and shreeking out most terriblye.

Eudox. You have very well runne through such customes as the Irish have derived from the first old nations which inhabited that land: namely, the Scythians, the Spanyardes, the Gaules, and the Brittons. It nowe remayneth that you take in hand the customes of the old English which are amongest the Irish: of which I doe not thinke that you shall have much to finde fault with, considering that by the English most of the old badd Irish customes were abolished, and more civill fashions brought in theyr steede.

Iren. You think otherwise, Eudoxus, then I doe; for the cheifest abuses which are nowe in that realme, are growen from the English that were, but are nowe much more lawless and licentious then the very wild Irish: soe that as much care as was then by them had to reforme the Irish, soe much and more must nowe be used to reform them; soe much time doth alter the manners of men.

Eudox. That seemeth very straunge which you say, that men should soe much degenerate from theyr first natures as to growe wilde.

Iren. Soe much can libertye and ill example doe.

Eudox. What libertye had the English there, more then they had heere at home? Were not the lawes plaunted amongest them at the first, and had not they governours to courbe and keepe them still in awe and obedience?

Iren. They had, but it was, for the most part, such as did more hurte then they had governours for the mo themselves, and commonly out howses of the Geraldins and th both adversaryes and corryvalls o the other. Whoe though, for the they were but as deputyes under King of Englandes sonnes, brethr neere kinsemen, whoe were the K tenauntes, yet they swayed soe mu had all the rule, and the others b Of which Butlers and Geraldins must confess) theye were very woorthye men, as also of other th that realme, made Lord Deputye Justices at sundry times, yet greatnes of their late conquests and they grewe insolent, and best regall authoritye, and also the powers, one againste another, t subversion of themselves, and str of the Irish againe. This ye playnly discovered by a letter w the cittizens of Corke out of Irel Earle of Shrewsbury then in En remayning yet upon record, both i of London, and also amongest the of Ireland. Wherein it is by t plained, that the English Lords men, who then had great pos Ireland, beganne, through pride lencye, to make private warres o another, and when either parte they would wage and drawe in to take theyr parte, by which m both greatlie encouraged and e Irish, which till that time had be within the Mountayne of Slew weakened and disabled themsel much that theyr revenues were impayred, and some of them, whic reckoned to have bene able to ha or 13 hundred poundes per ann rent, (that I may say noe more) be commodityes of creekes and ha nowe scarce able to dispend the From which disorder, an other lamitye came upon them, as tha nowe growen to be allmost as le Irish: I meane of such English as w above toward the West; for the E hath preserved it self, through n their state, in reasonable civilitye, which dwell above Conaught an ster, which is the sweetest soyle and some in Leinster and Ulster, erate, and growen to be as very pa the wild Irish, yea and some o

of theyr English names, and put
they might be alltogither Irish.
Is it possible that any should soe
out of frame that they should in
nce, quite forgett theyr countrey
me names? That is a most dan-
rgie, much woorse then that of
rinus, who, being a most learned
gh sickness forgate his owne
can you counte us any of this

annot but by reporte of the Irish
who report, that the Mack-mahons,
the, were aunciently English: to
ded from the Fitz Ursulas, which
e familye in England, and that
ppeareth by the signification of
names. Likewise that the Mack-
e in Ulster, were aunciently of the
gland, but that they themselves,
of English, soe disguised theyr

Could they ever conceave any
h dislike of theyr owne naturall
that they would be ashamed of
nd byte of her dugg from which
life?
wote well there should be none;
harles doe oftentimes (like
es) kicke at theyr mothers, as we
iades and Themistocles did, whoe,
shed out of Athens, fledd unto the
a, and there stirred them up to warr
yr owne countrey, in which warres
elves were cheiftaynes. So they
e Mack-swines and Mack-mahons,
eres and Fitz Ursulas, for private
me themselves agaynst England.
h time as Ro. Vere, Earle of
s in the Barons warres agaynst
rd the Second, through the malice
es, banished the realme and pro-
with his kinseman Fitz Ursula
Ireland, where being prosecuted,
rdes putt to death in England,
aan, there remayning behind in
belled, and, conspiring with the
uite cast of the English name and
e, since which time they have
mayned, and have ever sithence
ed meere Irish. The verye like is
ed of the Mack-swines, Mack-ma-
Mack-sheeheis of Mounster, whoe
ere aunciently English, and old
the Earle of Desmonde, untill the
King Edward the Fourth: at which
Earle of Desmonde that then was,
mas, being through false subor-
nation (as they say) of the Queene for some offence by her agaynst him conceaved, brought to his death at Drogheda most unjustly, notwithstanding that he was a very good and sound subject to the King. Thereupon all his kinsmen of the Geraldins, which then was a mightye familye in Mounster, in revenge of that huge wronge, rose into armes agaynst the King, and utterly renounced and forsooke all obedience to the crowne of England; to whom the sayd Mack-swines, Mack-sheeheis, and Mack-mahons, being then servauntes and followers, did the like, and have ever sithence soe continued. And with them (they say) all the people of Mounster went out, and many others of them, which were meere English, thence-foorth joyned with the Irish agaynst the King, and termed themselves meere Irish, taking on them Irish habits and customes, which could never since be cleane wiped away, but the contagion therof hath remayned still amongest theyr posteritye. Of which sorte (they say) be most of the surnames which end in an, as Hernan, Shenan, Maugan, &c. the which now accounte themselves meere Irish. Other greate howses there be of the old English in Ireland, which through licentious conversing with the Irish, or marrying, or fostering them, or lacke of good nurture, or other such unhappye occasions, have degenerated from theyr auncient dignitye, and are nowe growen as Irish as O-hanlans breeche, as the proverbe there is; of which sorte there are two most pityfull examples above the rest, to witt the Lord Bremechame, whoe being the most auncient barron, I thinke, in England, nowe waxen the most savage Irish amongest them, naming himself Irishlike, Noccorish; and the other is the greate Mortimer, whoe forgetting howe greate he was once in England, or English at all, is nowe become the most barbarous of them all, and is called Mack-nihmarrih; and not much better then he is the old Lo. Courcye, who, having lewdly wasted all the landes and signoryes that he had, allyed himself unto the Irish and is himself also nowe growen quite Irish.

Eudox. In trueth this which you tell is a most shamefull hearing, and to be reformed with most sharpe censures in soe greate personages, to the terror of the meaner: for where the lordes and cheif men wax soe barbarous and bastardlike, what shal be hoped of the pesantes, and base people? And hereby sure you have made a fayre way unto your self to lay open the abuses

of theyr evill customes, which you are nowe nexte to declare, the which, noe doubt, are very badd and barbarous, being borrowed from the Irish, as theyr apparrell, theyr language, theyr riding, and many other the like.

Iren. You cannot but thinke them sure to be very brute and uncivill; for were they at the best that they were of old, when they were brought in, they should in soe long an alteration of time seeme very straunge and wonderfull. For it is to be thought, that the use of all England was in the raigne of Henry the Second, when Ireland was first planted with English, very rude and barbarous, soe as yf the same should be nowe used in England by any, it would seeme woorthy of sharpe correction, and of newe lawes for reformation, for it is but even the other day since England grewe to be civill: therfore in counting the evill customes of the Englis̄h there, I will not have regard whether the beginning therof were English or Irish, but will have respect onely to the inconvenience therof. And first I have to finde fault with the abuse of language, that is, for the speaking of Irish amongest the English, which as it is unnaturall that any people should love anothers language more then theyr owne, soe it is very inconvenient, and the cause of many other evills.

Eudox. It seemeth straunge to me that the Englis̄h should take more delight to speake that language then theyr owne, wheras they should (me thinkes) rather take scorne to acquaynte theyr tonges therewith: for it hath bene ever the use of the conquerours to dispise the language of the conquered, and to force him by all meanes to learne his. Soe did the Romayns alwayes use, in soe much as there is almost noe nation in the worlde, but it is sprinckled with theyr language. It were good therfore (me thinkes) to searche out the originall cause of this evill; for, the same being discovered, a redress therof wil be the more easely provided. For I thinke it were straunge, that the English being soe many, and the Irish soe fewe as they then were left, they being the fewer should drawe the more unto theyr use.

Iren. I suppose that the cheifest cause of the bringing in of the Irish language, amongest them, was specially theyr fostring, and marrying with the Irish, the which are two most daungerous infections: for first the child that sucketh the milke of the nurse, must of necessitye learne his first speache of her, the which being the first that to his tongue, is ever after mos unto him, in soe much as though ward be taught English, yet the the first will allwayes abide with not onely of the speache, but al manners and conditions. For be yong children be like apes, which and imitate what they see done a specially of theyr nurses whom soe well, they moreover drawe u selves, togither with theyr sucke, nature and disposition of theyr n the mynd followeth much the temp the bodye; and also the woorde Image of the mynd, soe as they p from the mynd, the mynd must affected with the woordes. Soe speache being Irish, the harte mu be Irish; for out of the aboundan harte, the tonge speaketh. The m marriadge with the Irish, which h gerous a thing it is in all common appeareth to every simplest se though some greate ones have per such matches with theyr vassals, of them nevertheless raysed woor as Telamon did with Termessa, A the Great with Roxane, and Juli with Cleopatra, yet the exampl perilous, as it is not to be adventur steede of these fewe good, I cou unto them infinite many evill. deede how can such matching f foorth an evill race, seing that c the child taketh most of his natu mother, besides speache, manners, ac tion, which are (for the most part) to the conditions of theyr mothers them they are first framed and soe as what they receave once fro they will hardly ever after forgoe. are these evill customes of fost marrying with the Irish most ca be restrayned; for of them two, evill, that is the custome of (which I speake of) cheifly proceed

Eudox. But are there not Lawe appoynted, for avoyding of this evil

Iren. Yes, I thinke there be, bu never a whitt as never the better. doe statutes avayle without pen lawes without charge of execution? there is another like lawe enacte wearing of Irish apparrell, but neve is it observed by any, or executed that have the charge: for there is vate discretions thinke it not fea

oore wretches of that countrey,
ot woorth the price of English ap-
expedient to be practised agaynst
sorte, by reason that the bare
ay they) doth yeelde noe better:
here better to be had, yet these
to be used, as namely, the mantell
g, because there be noe Innes
te bedding might be had, soe that
l serves him then for a bedd and
quilted jacke in journeying and
, for that it is fittest to be under
of mayle, for any occasion of
ice, as there happen many, and to
hinn breeche on horsebacke: the
en rowle, which the women weare,
heyr heades warme after cutting
e, which they use in any sickness;
eyr thicke folded linnen shirtes,
ge-sleeved smockes, theyr half-
ates, theyr silken filletts, and all
hey will devise some colourable
them, either of necessitye, or of an-
r of comeliness.

But what coloure soe ever they
thinkes it is not expedient, that
tion of a lawe once ordayned
left to the discretion of the judge
but that, without partialitye or
should be fulfilled as well on
Irish.

But they thinke this precisenes in
n of apparrell not to be soe materiall,
pertinent.

Yes surely but it is; for mens
is commonly made according to
litions, and theyre conditions are
governed by theyr garments: for
that is gowned is by his gowne
mynd of gravitye, and also re-
rom lightnes by the very unaptness
de. Therfore it is written by Aris-
when Cyrus had overcome the
at were a warlicke nation, and de-
ring them to a more peaceable life,
ed theyr apparrell and musick,
de of theyr shorte warlicke coates,
em in long garments like women,
ede of theyr warlick musick, ap-
o them certayne lascivious layes,
gigges, by which in shorte space
des were so mollyfyed and abated,
forgate theyr former fierceness, and
st tender and effeminate: wherby
h, that there is not a litle in the
the fashioning of the mynde and
. But be all these, which you have
the fashions of the Irish weede?

Iren. Noe; all these that I have rehearsed unto you, be not Irish garments, but English; for the quilted leather Jacke is old English; for it was the proper weede of the horseman, as ye may reade in Chaucer, where he describeth Sir Thopas his apparrell and armoure, when he went to fight agaynst the Gyant, in his robe of shecklaton, which schecklaton is that kind of guilded leather with which they use to embroder theyr Irish jackes. And there likewise by all that description ye may see the very fashion and manner of the Irish horseman most lively set foorth, his long hose, his shooes of costly cordewayne, his hacqueton, and his habberjon, with all the rest therto belonging.

Eudox. I surely thought that that manner had bene kindly Irish, for it is farr differing from that we have nowe; as also all the furniture of his horse, his stronge brasse bitt, his slyding raynes, his shaunckpillion without stirrops, his manner of mounting, his fashion of riding, his charging of his speare aloft above head, and the forme of his speare.

Iren. Noe sure; they be native English, and brought in by the Englishmen first into Ireland: neither is the same counted an uncomelye manner of riding,; for I have heard some greate warriours say, that, in all the services which they had seene abroade in forrayne countreys, they never sawe a more comely horseman then the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge: neither is his manner of mounting unseemely, though he wante stirrops, but more ready then with stirrops; for in his getting up his horse is still going, wherby he gayneth way. And therfore the stirrops were called soe in scorne, as it were a stayre to gett up, being derived of the old English woord sty, which is, to gett up, or mounte.

Eudox. It seemeth then that ye finde noe fault with this manner of riding; why then would you have the quilted Jacke layed away?

Iren. I would not have that layed away, but the abuse therof to be putt away; for being used to the end that it was framed, that is, to be worne in warre under a shirte of mayle, it is allowable, as also the shirte of mayle, and all his other furniture: but to be worne daylye at home, and in townes and civill places, it is a rude habite and most uncomely, seeming like a players paynted coate.

Eudox. But it is worne (they say) likewise of Irish footemen; how doe you allowe

of that? for I should thinke it were unseemely.

Iren. Noe, not as it is used in warre, for it is then worne likewise of a footeman under a shirte of mayle, the which footeman thay call a Galloglass, the which name doth discover him to be also auncient English, for *Gallogla* signifyes an English servitour or yeoman. And he being soe armed, in a long shirt of mayle downe to the calfe of his legg, with a loug brode axe in his hand, was then *pedes gravis armaturæ*, and was insteede of the armed footeman that nowe weareth a corselett, before the corseletts were used, or allmost invented.

Eudox. Then him belike ye likewise allow in your straight reformation of old customes.

Iren. Both him and the kearne also (whom onely I tooke to be the proper Irish souldiour) can I allowe, soe that they use that habite and custome of theyrs in the warres onely, when they are ledd foorthe to the service of theyr Prince, and not usually at home, and in civill places, and besides doe lay aside the evill and wild uses which the galloglass and kearne doe use in their common trade of lyfe.

Eudox. What be those?

Iren. Marye, those be the most lothsome and barbarous conditions of any people (I thinke) under heaven; for, from the time they enter into that course, they doe use all the beastly behaviour that may be to oppress all men; they spoyle as well the subject as the enemy; they steale, they are cruell and bloudye, full of revenge and delighting in deadly execution, licentious, swearers, and blasphemers, common ravishers of women, and murtherers of children.

Eudox. These be most villenous conditions; I marvayle then that ever they be used or employed, or allmost suffred to live: what good can there then be in them?

Iren. Yet sure they are very valiaunte and hardye, for the most part great endurours of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardiness, very active and stronge of hand, very swift of foote, very vigilaunte and circumspect in theyr enterprises, very present in perrills, very great scorners of death.

Eudox. Truly, by this that ye saie, it seemes the Irishman is a very brave souldiour.

Iren. Yea surely, even in that rude kind of service he beareth himself very couragiously. But when he cometh to experience of service abroade, and is putt to a peece, or a pike, he maketh as woorthy a souldiour as any nation he meeteth with. But lett you) turne agayne to our discou customes amongest the Irish.

Eudox. Me thinkes, all this speake of, concerneth the customes verey materiallie; for their uses i of no small importance to be ca well to reforme those which are confirme and continue those whic But followe you your owne course, what other their customes ye ha of.

Iren. There is amongest the I tayne kind of people called Bards, to them insteede of poetts, whose p to sett foorth the prayses and dispra in theyr poems and rimes; the wh in soe high request and estimatio them, that none dare to displ for feare of running into reproc theyr offence. and to be made i the mouthes of all men. For they taken up with a generall app usually songe at all feasts and me certayne other persons, whose prop that is, which also receave for the rewardes and reputation besides.

Eudox. Doe you blame this which I would otherwise have t have bene worthy of good acc rather to have bene maintayned mented amongest them, then to misliked? For I have reade that Poettes have bene had in speciall and that (me seemes) not with cause; for besides theyr sweete and most wittye layes, they hav used to sett foorth the prayses of th vertuous, and to beate downe an the badd and vicious. Soe that n yong myndes have oftentimes, thr ing of the prayses and famous worthy men song and reported bene stirred up to affect like cions, and soe to strive to like des they say the Lacedemonians wer clined to desire of honour with the verses of the Poet Tirtæus, then w exhortations of their Captaines, or of theyr Rulers and Magistrates.

Iren. It is most true that such P theyr writings doe laboure to bett ners of men, and through the swee theyr numbers, to steale into you a desire of honour and vertue, are be had in great respect. But t Bards are for the most part of anot and soe farr from inforcing, y

discipline, that they themselves doe
sarve to be sharpely disciplined; for
dome use to choose unto themselves
ges of good men for the ornamentes
poems, but whomsoever they find to
licentious of life, most bold and law-
is doinges, most daungerous and des-
all partes of disobedience and rebel-
position, him they sett up and glori-
heyr rimes, him they prayse to the
nd to yong men make an example
re.

r. I marvayle whate kind of speeches
find, or what face they can putt on,
e such lewde persons as live soe law-
nd licentiouslye upon stealthes and
as most of them doe; or how can
nke that any good mynde will ap-
r approve the same?

There is none soe badd, Eudoxus,
ll finde some to favoure his doinges;
lycentious partes as these, tending
nost parte to the hurte of the Eng-
nayntenaunce of theyre owne lewde
they themselves, being most desirous
loe most allowe. Besides this, evill
being decked and suborned with the
yre of goodly woordes, may easely
and carrye away the affection of a
ynd, that is not well stayed, but de-
y some bold adventure to make proofe
lf; for being (as they all be) brought
y without awe of parentes, without
of masters, without feare of offence,
g directed, or employed in any course
hich may carrye them to vertue, will
e drawen to followe such as any shall
ore them: for a yong mynd cannot
d yf he be not still busyed in some
s, he will find himself such busines
soone busye all about him. In which
all finde any to prayse him, and to
encouragement, as those Bards and
loe for a litle reward, or a share of a
owe, then waxeth he most insolent
madd with the love of himself, and
e lewde deedes. And as for woordes
oorth such lewdness, it is not hard
to give a goodly glose and paynted
hereunto, borrowed even from the
which are proper to vertue itself.
most notorious theif and wicked out-
hich had lived all his lifetime of
and robberyes, one of these Bardes
prayse sayd, That he was none of
lell milk-sops that was brought up
fire side, but that most of his dayes
in armes and valyaunt enterprises;
that he did never eate his meate before he had wonne it with his swoorde; that he was not slugging all night in a cabin under his mantell, but used comonly to keepe others waking to defend theyr lives, and did light his candell at the flames of theyr howses to leade him in the darkeness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to lye long wooing of wenches to yeeld unto him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other mens love, and left but lamentations to theyr lovers; that his musicke was not the harpe, nor layes of love, but the cryes of people, and clashing of armour; and that finally, he died not bewayled of many, but made many wayle when he died that dearely bought his death. Doe not you thinke (Eudoxus) that many of these prayses might be applyed to men of best desarte? yet are they all yeelded to a most notable traytoure, and amongest some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the songe, when it was first made and songe unto a person of high degree, they were bought (as their manner is) for forty crownes.

Eudox. And well worthye sure! But tell me (I pray you) have they any arte in theyr compositions? or be they any thing wittye or well savoured, as Poems should be?

Iren. Yea truly; I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye: yet were they sprinckled with some prety flowers of theyr owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and comliness unto them, the which it is greate pittye to see soe abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which would with good usage serve to beautifye and adorne vertue. This evill custome therfore needeth reformation. And nowe next after the Irish Kearne, me seemes the Irish Horse-boyes or Cuilles (as they call them) would come well in order, the use of which, though necessitye (as times nowe be) doe enforce, yet in the thorough reformation of that realme they should be cutt of. For the cause why they must nowe be permitted is the wante of convenient Innes for lodging of travellers on horsebacke, and of Ostelers to tende theyr horses by the waye. But when thinges shalbe reduced to a better pass, this needeth specially to be reformed; for out of the frye of these rakehelle horse-boyes, growing up in knaverye and villanye, are theyr kearne continually supplyed and mayntayned. For having bene once brought up an idle

horse-boy, he will never after fall to labourе, but is onely made fitt for the halter. And these also (which is one fowle over-sight) are for the most parte bredd up amongest Englishmen and souldiours, of whom learning to shoote in a peece, and being made acquaynted with all the trades of the English, they are afterwardes, when they become kerne, made more fitt to cutt theyr throtes. Next to this there is another much like, but much more leude and dishonest; and that is, of theyre Kearrooghs, which are a kind of people that wander up and downe to gentell-mens howses, living onely upon cardes and dice, the which, though they have litle or nothing of theyr owne, yet will they playe for much mony, which yf they winne, they waste most lightlie, and if they loose, they paie as slenderlie, but make recompence with one stealth or another, whose onely hurte is not, that they themselves are idle lossels, but that through gaming they drawe others to like lewdness and idleness. And to these may be added another sorte of like loose fellowes, which doe pass up and downe amongest gentellmen by the name of Jesters, but are (indeede) notable rogues, and partakers not onely of many stealthes by setting foorth other mens goodes to be stollen, but also privy to many trayterous practises, and common carryers of newes, with desire wherof you would woonder howe much the Irish are fedd: for they use commonlye to send up and downe to knowe newes, and yf any meete with another his second woorde is, What newes? Insoemuch that herof is told a prety jest of a Frenche-man, whoe having bene sometimes in Ireland, where he marked theyr greate enquirye for newes, and meeting afterwardes in Fraunce an Irishman, whom he knewe in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwardes thus merëly: Sir, I pray you, quoth he, tell me of curtesy, have ye hearde yet any thing of the newes that ye soe much enquired for in your countrey?

Eudox. This argueth in them sure a greate desire of Innovation, and therfore these occasions that nurrish the same are to be taken away, as namely, these Jesters, Kearrooghs, Beantooilhs, and all such straglers, for whom (me seemes) the shorte riddaunce of a marshall were meeter then any ordinaunce or prohibition to restrayne them. Therfore (I pray you) leave all these rabblementes of such loose runnagates, and pass to some other customes.

Iren. There is a great use amongest the Irish to make greate assemblyes togither upon a rath or hill, there to parley (they say) about matters of wronge betwene townes and towneship, or one private person and another. But well I wote, and true it often times hath bene prooved, that in these meetings many mischeifs have bene both practised and wrought; for to them doe commonly resorte all the scumme of base people and loose, where they may freely meete and conferr of whate they list, which els they could not doe without suspition or knowledge of others. Besides, at these parleys I have diverse times knowen, that many Englishmen, and good Irish subjectes, have bene villanously murthered by moving some quarrell or another agaynst them. For the Irish never come to those rathes but armed, whether on horse or on foote, which the English nothing suspecting, are then commonly taken at advauntage like sheepe in the pin-folde.

Eudox. It may be, Irenæus, that no abuse may be in those meetings. But these rounde hills and square bawnes, which are soe strongly trenched and thrown up, were (they say) at first ordayned for the same purpose, that people might assemble there; and therefore aunciently they were called Folkemotes, that is, a place for people to meete or talke of any thing that concerned any difference betwene partyes and townships, which seemes yet to me very requisite.

Iren. Ye say very true, Eudoxus: the first making of these high hilles was at first indeed to verye good purpose for people to meete; but though in the times when they were first made they might well serve to good occasions, as perhaps they did then in England, yet thinges being since altred and nowe Ireland much differing from the state of England, the goode use that then was of them is nowe turned to abuse; for these hilles wherof you speake were (as ye may gather by reading) appointed for two speciall uses, and built by two severall nations. The one is those which you call Folke-motes, the which were builte by the Saxons, as the woorde bewraieth; for it signifyeth in Saxon a meeting of folke or people, and those were for the most parte in formе fowre square well trenched for meeting: the others that are rounde were cast up by the Danes, as the name of them doeth betoken, for they are called Dane-rathes, that is, hills of the Danes, the which were by them devised, not for partyes and treatyes, but appoynted as forts for them to gather unto in troublesome times

rouble arose; for the Danes, being in comparison of the Saxons in ised this for theyr safetye: they small rounde hilles, soe strongly every quarter of the hundred, to it if in the night, or at any other troublous crye or uprore should ey might repayre with all speede owne forte, which was appoynted quarter, and there remayne safe, uld assemble themselves in greate for they were made soe stronge small entraunce, that whosoever ier first, were he one or twoe, or he or they might there rest safe, l themselves agaynst many, till ure came unto them: And when gathered to a sufficient number ied to the next forte, and soe for- l they mett with the perrill, or occasions therof. But besides ortes of hilles, there were auncient- thers; for some were raysed, where bene a greate battayll fought, as or trophee therof; others, as monu- burialls of the carcasses of all were slayne in any fight, upon ey did throwe up such rounde s memorialls for them, and some- ast up greate heapes of stones, as ade in many places of the Scrip- other whiles they did throwe upp d heapes of earth in a Circle, like or pitch manie longe stones on npasse, every of which (they say) some woorthy person of note e and buryed; for this was theyr nstome, before Christianitye came st them that church-yardes were

Ye have very well declared the f these mountes and greate stones d, which some vaynlye terme the ts Trivetts, and thinke that those es could not els be brought into ared up without the strength of r others. And some vaynlye thinke were never placed there by mans te, but onely remayned there since ning, and were afterwardes dis- y the deluge, and layed open as e washing of the waters, or other ltye. But lett them with those id vayne imaginations please them- r you have satysfied me much h by that I see some confirmation lolye Writt, and also remember that *le in many Historyes* and Chroni- cles the like mounts and stones oftentimes mentioned.

Iren. There be many greate authorityes (I assure you) to proove the same; but as for these meetings on hilles, wherof we were speaking, it is very inconvenient that any such should be permitted, specially in a people soe evill mynded as they nowe be and diversly shewe themselves.

Eudox. But yet it is very needefull (me seemes) for many other purposes, as for the countrye to gather togither when there is any imposition to be layed upon them, to the which they then may all agree at such meetinges to cutt and devide amongest themselves, according to theyr holdinges and abilityes. Soe as yf at those assemblyes there be any officers, as Constables, or Bayliffs, or such like amongest them, there can be noe perrill nor doubt of such badd practises.

Iren. Nevertheless, daungerous are such assemblyes, whether for Cesse or ought els, the Constables and Officers being also of the Irish; and yf any happen to be there of the English, even to them they may proove perrillous. Therfore for avoyding of all such evill occasions, they were best to be abolished.

Eudox. But what is that which ye call Cesse? It is a woorde sure not used amongest us heere, therfore (I pray you) expounde the same.

Iren. Cesse is none other but that which your selfe called imposition, but it is in a kind perhaps unacquaynted unto you. For there are cesses of sundrye sortes; one is, the cessing of souldiours upon the countrey; for Ireland being a countrey of warre (as it is handled) and alwayes full of souldiours, they which have the government, whether they find it the most ease to the Queenes purse, or most readye meanes at hand for the victualling of the souldiours, or that necessitye enforceth them therunto, doe scatter the armye abrode the countrey, and place them in townes to take theyr victualls of them, at such vacant times as they lye not in campe, nor are otherwise imployed in service. Another kinde of cesse, is the imposing of provision for the Governours house-keeping, which though it be most necessarye, and be also (for avoyding of all the evills formerly therin used) lately brought to a composition, yet it is not without greate inconveniences, noe lesse then heere in England, or rather much more. The like cesse is also charged upon the countrey sometimes for victualling of the souldiours, when they lye in garrison, at such times as there is none remayning in the

Queenes store, or that the same cannot conveniently be conveyed to theyr place of garrison. But those two are not easye to be redressed when necessitye thereunto compelleth; but as for the former, as it is not necessarye, soe is it most hurtfull and offensive to the poore countreye, and nothing convenient for the souldiours themselves, whoe, during theyr lying at cesse, use all kind of outragious disorder and villanye both towardes the poore men that vittell and lodge them, and also to all the rest of the countrey about them, whom they abuse, oppresse, spoyle, and afflicte by all the meanes they can invente: for they will not onely not content themselves with such victualls as theyre hostes doe provide for them, nor yet as the place perhaps will affoorde, but they will have other meate provided, and *aqua vitæ* sent for; yea and monye besides layed at theyr trenchers, which if they wante, then aboute the house they walke with the wretched poore man and the sillye poore wife, whoe are gladd to purchase theyr peace with any thing. By which vile manner of abuse, the countrey people, yea and the very English which dwell abrode and see, and sometimes feele these outrages, growe into greate detestation of the souldiours, and thereby into hatred of the very government, which draweth upon them such evills: And therfore this ye may also joyne unto the former evill customes which we have to reproove in Ireland.

Eudox. Trulye this is one not the leaste, and though the persons, by whom it is used be of better note then the former rogish sorte which ye reckned, yet the faulte (me seemes) is noe lesse woorthy of a Marshall.

Iren. That were a harde course, Eudoxus, to redresse every abuse by a Marshall: it would seeme to you very evill surgery to eutt of every unsounde or sicke parte of the bodye, which, being by other due meanes recovered, might afterwardes doe very good service to the bodye agayne, and happely helpe to save the whole: Therfore I thinke better that some good salve for the redresse of this evill be sought foorthe, then the least parte suffred to perrishe; but herof we have to speake in another place. Nowe we will proceede to other like defectes, amongest which there is one generall inconvenience which raigneth allmost throughout all Ireland: that is, of the Lordes of landes and Free-holders, whoe doe not there use to sett out theyr landes to farme, or for terme *of yeares, to* theyr tenauntes, but only from *yeare to yeare*, and some during pleasure; *neither indede* will the Irish tenaunt or husbandman otherwise take his land then longe as he list himselfe. The reason h in the tenaunte is, for that the land-l there use most shamefully to racke t tenauntes, laying upon him Coygnye Liverye at pleasure, and exacting of (besides his covenaunte) what he please that the poore husbandman either dar binde himselfe to him for longer tim that he thinketh by his continuall lib of chaunge to keepe his land-lord the in awe for wronging him. And the r why the Land-lord will not longer coven with him is, for that he dayly looketh chaunges and alterations, and hoven expectation of newe worldes.

Eudox. But what evill commeth he the common-wealth; or what reaso that any landlord should not set, n tenaunt take his land as himself list?

Iren. Marye! the evills which thereby are greate, for by this meas the land-lord thinketh that he h tenaunte more at comaunde, to folle into what action soever he shall en also the tenaunte, being left at his is fitt for everye occasion of chaun shal be offred by time; and soe m the more readye and willing is he t into the same, for that he hath n estate in any his holding, noe such upon any farme, noe such costes imp fencing and husbandring the same, with-hold him from any such willful as his lordes cause, or his owne le position may carrye him unto. All hath forborne, and spared so much for that he had noe firme estate in ment, but was onely a tenaunt at wi more, and soe at will may leave this inconvenience may be reason e grounde any ordinaunce for the g common-wealth, against the private or will of any landlord that shall graunte any such terme or estate tenaunte as may tende to the goo whole realme.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) it is willfullnes in any such land-lordes to make any longer farmes unto theyr t as may, besides the generall gooc realme, be also greatly for theyr own and avayle: For what reasonable not thinke that the tenement shall much better for the lordes behoofe tenaunte may by such good meanes b to builde himself some handsome h theron, to ditche and enclose his

...ure and husband it as good farmors use? ...when his tenauntes terme shalbe expired, ...will yeeld him, in the renewing of his lease, ...h a good fine, and also a better rente. ...rt also it wil be for the goode of the ...aunte likewise, whoe by such buildinges ...d inclosures shall receave many benefitts: ...st, by the handsomnes of his house, he shall ...ce greate comforte of his life, more safe ...elling, and a delighte to keepe his sayde ...wse neate and cleanlye, which nowe being, ...they commonly are, rather swynes-steades ...en howses, is the cheifest cause of his soe ...astly manner of life, and savadge condi-...on, lying and living togither with his beaste ...n one howse, in one roome, and in one bedd, ...hat is, the cleane strawe, or rather the fowle ...ongehill. And to all these other commodityes ...e shall in shorte time finde a greater added, ...hat is his owne wealth and riches encreased, ...nd wonderfully enlarged, by keeping his ...attell in inclosures, where they shall all-...wayes have fresh pasture, that nowe is all ...trampled and over-runne; warme coverte, ...that nowe lyeth open to all weather; safe ...being, that nowe are continually filched and ...stollen.

Iren. Ye have well, Eudoxus, counted the comodityes of this one good ordinaunce, amongest which this that ye named last is not the least; for all togither being most beneficiall both to the land-lord and tenaunte, this cheifly redoundeth to the good of the common-wealth, to have the land thus inclosed, and well fenced. For it is both a principall barre and impeachement unto theeves from stealing of cattell in the night, and also a gall agaynst all rebells, and outlawes, that shall rise up in any number agaynst the governement; for the theif thereby shall have much adoe, first to bring foorth, and afterwardes to drive away his stollen prey through the common high wayes, where he shall soone be discried and mett withall: And the rebell or open enemye, yf any such shall happen, either at home, or from abrode, shall easely be found when he cometh foorthe, and also be well encountred withall by a fewe in soe straite passages and stronge inclosures. This therfore, when we come to the reforming of all these evill customes before mentioned, is needefull to be remembred. But nowe by this time me seemes that I have well runne throughe the evill uses which I have observed in Ireland. And howbeit there be many more abuses woorthye, the reformation both *in publicke* and *in private amongest them, yet these*, for that they are the more generall, and most tending to the hurte of the common-wealthe, as they have come to my remembrance, I have, as breifly as I could, rehearsed them unto you. Wherfore nowe I thinke it best that we pass unto our thirde parte, in which we noted inconveniences that are in religion.

Eudox. Surely you have very well handled these two former, and yf you shall as well goe thoroughe the thirde likewise, ye shall merite a very good meede.

Iren. Litle have I to say of religion, both because the partes therof be not many, (it self being but one) and my self have not beene much conversaunte in that calling, but as lightly passing by I have seene or heard: Therfore the faulte which I finde in Religion is but one, but the same is universall throughe out all the countrey; that is, that they are all Papistes by theyre profession, but in the same soe blindely and brutishly enformed, (for the most parte) as that you would rather thinke them Atheistes or Infidells for not one amongest an hundred knoweth any grounde of religion, or any article of his faythe, but can perhaps say his Pater noster, or his Ave Maria, without any knowledge or understanding what one woorde therof meaneth.

Eudox. This is truly a most pitifull hearing that soe many sowles should fall into the devills handes at once and lacke the blessed comforte of the sweete gospell and Christes deare passion. Aye me! how cometh it to pass that being a people, as they are, trading with soe many nations, and frequented of soe manye, yet they have not tasted any parte of these happye joyes nor once bene lightened with the morning starre of trueth but lye weltring in such spirituall darkeness harde by hell-mouth, even readye to fall in yf God happely help not?

Iren. The general faulte cometh not of any late abuse either in the people or theyr preistes, whoe can teache noe better then they knowe, nor shewe noe more light then they have seene, but in the first institution and planting of religion in all that realme, which was as I reade in the time of Pope Celestine, whoe, as it is written, did first send over thither Palladius, whoe there deceasinge, he afterwardes sent over St. Patricke, being by nation a Britton, who converted the people (being then Infidells) from paganisme and christened them. In which Popes time and longe before it is certayne that religion was generally corrupted with theyr popish trumperye, therfore what other could they leave them, then such trashe as was taughte ther

and drinke of that cup of fornication with which the purple harlott had then made all nations drunken?

Eudox. What! doe you then blame and finde faulte with soe good an Acte in that good pope as the reducing of such a greate people to Christianitye, bringing soe manye sowles to Christ? Yf that was ill, what is good?

Iren. I doe not blame the christening of them, for to be sealed with the marke of the Lambe, by what hand soever it be done rightlye, I hold it a good and gracious woorke, for the generall profession which they then take upon them of the Cross and faythe of Christ. I nothing doubte but that through the powerfull grace of that mighty Saviour it will woorke salvation in many of them; but nevertheless since they drinke not from the pure spring of life but onely tasted of such troubled waters as were brought unto them, the dregges therof have bredd greate contagion in theyr sowles, the which dayly encreasing and being still more augmented with their owne lewde lives and faulty conversation hath nowe bredd in them this generall disease that can not, but onely with very stronge purgations, be clensed and carryed away.

Eudox. Then for this defecte ye finde noe faulte with the people themselves nor with the priestes which take the charge of sowles, but with the first ordinaunce and institution therof?

Iren. Not soe, Eudoxus, for the sinne or ignoraunce of the preistes shall not excuse the people, nor the authoritye of their greate pastour, Peters successor, shall not excuse the preist, but they all shall dye in theyr sinnes for they have all erred and gone out of the way togither.

Eudox. But yf this ignoraunce of the people be such a burden to the pope, is it not a blott unto them that nowe hold the place of government, in that they which are in the lighte themselves suffer a people under theyr charge to wallowe in such deadly darkeness, for I doe not see that the faulte is chaunged but the faulte-master.

Iren. That which you blame, Eudox., is not (I suppose) any faulte of will in these godly fathers which have the charge therof, but the inconvenience of the time and troublesome occasions, wherewith that wretched *realme* hath continually bene turmoyled; for *instruction in religion* needeth quiett times, *nd ere we seeke to settle a sounde discipline the clargye,* we must purchase peace unto the layetye; for it is an ill time to preache amongest swoordes, and most harde, or rather impossible, it is to settell a good opinion in the myndes of men for matters of religion doubtfull, which have a doutless evill opinion of ourselves; for ere the newe be brought in the old must be removed.

Eudox. Then belike it is meete that some fitter time be attended, that God send peace and quietness there in civill matters before it be attempted in ecclesiasticall. I would rather have thought that (as it is sayde) correction should begin at the howse of God, and that the care of the sowle should have bene preferred before the care of the bodye.

Iren. Most true, Eudoxus, the care of the sowle and sowles matters are to be preferred before the care of the bodye in consideration of the woorthyness therof, but not till the time of reformation; for yf you should knowe a wicked person daungerously sicke, having nowe both sowle and bodye greatly diseased, yet both recoverable, would ye not thinke it ill advisement to bring the preacher before the phisition? For yf his bodye were neglected, it is like that his languishing sowle being disquieted by his diseasefull bodye, would utterly refuse and lothe all spirituall comforte; but yf his bodye were first recured, and brought to good frame, should there not then be founde best time to recure his sowle also? Soe it is in the state of the realme: Therfore (as I sayde) it is expedient, first to settle such a course of government there, as thereby both civill disorders and also ecclesiasticall abuses may be reformed and amended, whereto needeth not any such great distaunce of times as ye suppose I require, but one joynte resolution for both, that eche might seconde and confirme the other.

Eudox. That we shall see when we come therunto: in the meane time I consider this much, as ye have delivered, touching the generall faulte which ye suppose in religion, to weet, that it is popish; but doe ye finde any particular abuses therin, nor in the ministers therof?

Iren. Yes verely; for what ever disorder you see in the Churche of England ye may finde there, and many more: Namely, grosse Simonye, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinence, careless slouthe, and generally all disordered life in the common clergyemen. And besides all these, they have theyr owne particular enormityes; for all the Irish priestes, which nowe enjoye the churche livinges there, are in a manner meere laymen, go lyke laymen, live like laye men, and

owe all kinde of husbandrye, and other
dilly affayres, as thother Irish men doe.
y neither reade scriptures, nor preache
he people, nor minister the sacrament of
nmunion; but the baptisme they doe, for
y christen yet after the popish fashion, and
h popish ministration, onely they take the
es and offringes, and gather what fruites
they may of theyr livinges, the which
y convert as badly, and some of them
y say) paye as due tributes and shares of
r livinges to theyr Bishops (I speake of
e which are Irish) as they receave them
lye.

Eudox. But is it suffered amongest them? is wonderfull but that the governours doe resse such shamefull abuses.

Iren. Howe can they, since they knowe m not? For the Irish bishops have theyr argye in such awe and subjection under em, that they dare not complayne of them, as they may doe unto them what they ease, for they, knowing theyr owne unworthyness and incapacitye, and that they re therfore still removable at theyr bishops ill, yeeld what pleaseth him, and he taketh hat he list: yea, and some of them whose ocese are in remote partes, somewhat out the worldes eye, doe not not at all bestowe e benefices, which are in theyr owne donaon, upon anye, but keepe them in theyr owne andes, and sett theyr owne servauntes and rse-boyes to take up the tithes and fruites them, with the which some of them purase greate landes, and builde fayre castells on the same. Of which abuse yf any question be moved they have a very seemely olour of excuse, that they have noe woorthy inisters to bestowe them upon, but keepe em soe unbestowed for any such sufficient rson as any shall bring unto them.

Eudox. But is there noe lawe, or ordiaunce to meete with this mischeif, nor hath never before bene looked into?

Iren. Yes, it seemes it hath; for there is statute there enacted in Ireland, which emes to have bene grounded upon a good eaning — That whatsoever Englishman, ing of good conversation and sufficiency, hal be brought unto any of the bishoppes, nd nominated unto any living within theyr ioces that is presently voyde, that he shall without contradiction) be admitted therunto efore any Irish.

Eudox. This is surely a very good lawe, nd well provided for this evill, we speake of; nd why *is not the same observed*?

Iren. *I thinke it is well observed*, and that none of the bishopps transgresse the same, but yet it woorketh noe reformation herof for many respectes. First there are noe such sufficient English ministers sent over as might be presented to any bishopp for any living, but the most parte of such English as come over thither of themselves are either unlearned, or men of some badd note, for which they have forsaken England. Soe as the bishop, to whom they shalbe presented, may justly rejecte them as incapable and insufficient. Secondly, the bishop himself is perhaps an Irish man, whoe being made judge by that lawe of the sufficiencye of the ministers, may at his owne will, dislike of the Englishman, as unwoorthye in his opinion, and admitt of any Irish whom he shall thinke more meete for his turne. And yf he shall at the instaunce of any Englishman of countenaunce there, whom he will not displease, accept of any such English minister as shal be tendred unto him, yet he will underhand carrye such a harde hande over him, or by his officers wringe him soe sore, as he will soone make him wearye of his poore living. Lastly, the benefices themselves are soe meane, and of soe small profitt in these Irish countreyes, through the ill husbandrye of the Irish people which inhabite them, that they will not yeelde any competent mayntenaunce for any honest minister to live on, scarcely to buye him a gowne. And were all this redressed (as happely it might be) yet what good shall any English minister doe amongest them, by preaching or teaching, which either cannot understand him, or will not heare him? Or what comforte of life shall he have, when all his parishioners are soe unsociable, soe intractable, so ill-affected-unto him, as they usually be to all the English? Or finally, howe dare allmost any honest ministers, that are peacefull civill men, committ theyr safetye into the handes of such neighbours, as the boldest captaynes dare scarcely dwell by?

Eudox. Litle good then (I see) is by that statute wrought, howe ever well intended; but the reformation therof must growe higher, and be brought from a stronger ordinaunce then the comaundement or penaltye of a lawe, which none dare enforme or complayn of when it is broken: but have you any more of those abuses in the cleargye?

Iren. I could perhaps recken more, but I perceave my speach to growe to longe, and these may suffice to judge of the generall disorders which raigne amongest them; as for the particulars, they are to many to be

reckned. For the cleargye there (except some fewe grave fathers which are in high place about the state, and some fewe others which are lately planted in theyr newe Colledge,) are generally badd, licentious, and most disordered.

Eudox. Ye have then (as I suppose) gone through these three first partes which ye purposed unto your self; to weete, the Inconvenience which ye observed in the lawes, in the customes, and in the religion of that land; the which (me seemes) ye have so throughly touched, as that nothing more remayneth to be spoken thereof.

Iren. Not soe throughly as ye suppose, that nothing more can remayne, but soe generally as I purposed; that is, to laye open the generall evills of that realme, which doe hinder the good reformation therof: for to counte the particular faultes of private men should be a woorke to infinite; yet some there be of that nature, that though they be in private men, yet theyr evill reacheth to a generall hurte, as the extortions of sherriffs, subsherriffs, and theyr bayliffs; the corruption of vittaillors, cessors, and purveyors; the disorders of seneschalls, captaynes, and theyr souldiours, and many such like: All which I will onely name heere, that theyr reformation may be myn̄ded in place where it most concerneth. But there is one very fowle abuse which, by the way, I may not omitt, and that is in captaynes, who, notwithstanding that they are specially employed to make peace through stronge execution of warre, yet they doe soe dandle theyr doinges, and dallye in the service to them committed, as yf they would not have the Enemye subdued, or utterly beaten downe, for feare least afterwardes they should neede employment, and soe be discharged of pay: for which cause some of them that are layed in garrison doe soe handle the matter, that they will doe noe greate hurte to the enemyes, yet for colour sake some men they will kill, even halfe with the consent of the enemy, being persons either of base regard, or enemies to the enemy, whose heades eftsones they send to the governour for a comendacion of theyr great endevour, telling how waightye a service they have performed by cutting of such and soe dangerous rebells.

Eudox. Trulye this is a prettye mockerye, and not to be permitted by the governours.

Iren. Yea! but how can the governours *knowe readely* what persons those were, and *what the purpose* of theyr killing was? Yea, *and what will* ye say, yf the captaynes doe justifye this theyr course by ensample of some of theyr governours, which (under Beneficite, I doe tell it you,) doe practise the like slightes in theyr governments?

Eudox. Is it possible? Take heede what you say, Irenæus.

Iren. To you onely, Eudoxus, I doe tell it, and that even with greate hartes grief and inwarde trouble of mynde to see her Majestie soe much abused by some whom she puttes in speciall trust of these greate affayres: of which some, being martiall men, will not doe allwayes what they may for quieting of thinges, but will rather winke at some faultes, and will suffer them unpunished, least that they (having putt all thinges in that assuraunce of peace that they might) should seeme afterwardes not to be needed, nor continued in theyr government with so great a charge to her Majestie. And therfore they doe cunningly carrye theyr course of government, and from one hand to another doe bandie the service like a tennis-ball, which they will never quite strike away, for feare least afterwardes they should wante sporte.

Eudox. Doe you speake of under-magistrates, or principall governours?

Iren. I doe speake of noe particulars, but the trueth may be founde oute by tryall and reasonable insight into some of theyr doinges. And yf I should say there is some blame herof in some of the principall governours, I think I might also shewe some reasonable proof of my speache. As for example, seeing of them seing the end of theyr government drawe nigh, and some mischiefe or troublous practise growing up, which afterwardes may woorke trouble to the next succeeding governours, will not attempt the redress or cutting of therof, either for hate they should leave the realme unquiett at the end of theyr government, or that the next that commeth should receave the same to quiett, and soe happely winne more prayse therof then they before. And therfore they will (as I sayd) seeke at all to redresse that evill, but will either by graunting protection for a time, or holding some imparlaunce with the rebell, or by treatye of commissioners, or by other like devises, onely smoother and keepe down the flame of the mischeif, soe as it may breake out in theyr time of government: what comes afterwardes they care not, or rather wish the woorst. This course hath been noted in some governours.

Eudox. Surely (Irenæus) this, yf it were true, should be woorthy of a heavye judgment: but it is harde to be thought, that any

...ur would soe much either envye the
...l of that realme which is putt into his
...d, or defraude her Majestie, whoe trusteth
... soe much, or maligne his successours
...h shall possess his place, as to suffer an
... to growe up, which he might timely
... kept under, or perhaps to nourrish it
... coloured countenaunces, or such sinister
...ces.

Iren. I doe not certaynly avouch soe
..., (Eudoxus) but the sequell of thinges
... in a manner proove, and playnly speake
...uch, that the governours usually are
...ous one of anothers greater glorye, which
...ey would seeke to excell by better
...rnment, it should be a most laudable
...ation. But they doe quite otherwise:
...his (as ye may marke) is the common
...r of them, that whoe cometh next in the
...e will not followe that course of govern-
...t, how ever good, which his predecessor
..., either for disdayne of him, or doubt to
...e his doings drowned in another mans
...rse, but will straight take a way quite
...trarye to the former: as yf the former
...ught (by keeping under the Irish) to re-
...me them, the next, by discountenauncing
... English will currye favour with the
...h, and soe make his government seeme
...uible in viewe, as having all the Irish at
... comaunde: but he that comes next after
...ll perhaps followe neither one nor the other,
...t will dandle the one and the other in such
...r, as he will sucke sweete out of them
...th, and leave bitterness to the poore lande,
...ich yf he that comes after shall seeke to
...dress, he shall perhaps finde such crosses
... he shall be hardly able to beare, or doe
...y good that might woorke the disgrace of
... predecessors. Examples herof ye may
... in the governors of late times sufficiently,
...d in others of former times more mani-
...tly, when the government of that realme
...s committed sometimes to the Geraldins, as
...en the Howse of Yorke had the Crowne of
...gland; sometimes to the Butlers, as when
... Howse of Lancaster gott the same. And
...er whiles, when an English governour was
...ointed, he perhaps founde enemyes of both.
...d this is the wretchedness of that fatall
...gdome which, I thinke, therefore, was in
... times not called amisse Banna or sacra
...ula, taking sacred (sacra) for accursed.

Eudox. I am sorye to heare soe much as
...reporte; and nowe I beginne to conceave
...newhat more of the cause of her continuall
...tchedness *then heretofore I founde*, and
...*that this inconvenience* were well looked
into: for sure (me seemes) it is more waightye then all the former, and more hardly to be redressed in the governour then in the governed; as a maladye in a vitall parte is more incurable then in an externall.

Iren. You say very true; but nowe that we have thus ended all the abuses and inconveniences of that government, which was our first parte, it followes next to speake of the seconde, which was of the meanes to cure and redress the same, which we must laboure to reduce to the first beginning therof.

Eudox. Right soe, Irenæus: for by that which I have noted in all this your discourse ye suppose that the whole ordinaunce and institution of that realmes government was, both at first when it was placed, evill plotted, and also since, through theyr other oversights, runne more out of square to that disorder which is nowe come to; like as two indirect lines, the further they are drawen out, the further they goe asunder.

Iren. I doe soe, Eudoxus, and as you say, soe thinke, that the longer that government thus continueth, in the woorse course will that realme be; for it is all in vayne that they nowe strive and endevour by fayre meanes and peaceable plottes to redress the same, without first removing all those inconveniences, and newe framing (as it were in the forge) all that is worne out of fashion: For all other meanes wilbe but as lost labour, by patching up one hole to make manye; for the Irish doe strongly hate and abhorre all reformation and subjection to the English, by reason that, having bene once subdued by them, they were thrust out of all theyr possessions. Soe as nowe they feare, that yf they were agayne brought under, they should likewise be expelled out of all, which is the cause that they hate the English government, according to the saying, 'Quem metuunt oderunt:' Therfore the reformation must nowe be the strength of a greater power.

Eudox. But, me thinkes, that might be by making of good lawes, and establishing of newe statutes, with sharpe penaltyes and punnishments for amendment of all that is presently amiss, and not (as ye suppose) to beginne all as it were anewe, and to alter the whole forme of the government; which howe daungerous a thing it is to attempt you your selfe must needes confess, and they which have the managing of the realmes whole pollicye cannot, without greate cause, feare and refrayne: for all Innovation is perilous, insoemuch as though it be mente for the better, yet soe many accidents and fearfull

events may come betwene, as that it may hazarde the losse of the whole.

Iren. Very true, Eudoxus: all chaunge is to be shunned, where the affayres stand in such state as that they may continue in quietness, or be assured at all to abide as they are. But that in the realme of Ireland we see much otherwise, for everye day we perceave the troubles to growe more upon us, and one evill growing upon another, insoemuch as there is noe parte sounde nor ascertayned, but all have theyr eares upright, wayting when the watch-woord shall come that they should all rise generally into rebellion, and cast away the English subjection. To which there nowe litle wanteth; for I thinke the woorde be allreadye given, and there wanteth nothing but opportunitye, which trulye is the death of one noble parson, whoe, being himself most stedfast to his most noble Queene and his countrey, coasting upon the South-Sea, stoppeth the Ingate of all that evill which is looked for, and holdeth in all those which are at his becke, with the terrour of his greatness, and the assurraunce of his honourable loyaltye: And therfore where you thinke, that good and sounde lawes might amende, and reforme thinges amiss, there you thinke surely amisse. For it is vayne to prescribe lawes, where noe man careth for keeping them, nor feareth the daunger of breaking them. But all the realme is first to be reformed, and lawes are afterwardes to be made for keeping and conteyning it in that reformed estate.

Eudox. Howe then doe you thinke is the reformation therof to be begunne, yf not by lawes and ordinaunces?

Iren. Even by the swoorde; for all those evills must first be cutt away with a strong hand, before any good can be planted: like as the corrupt braunches and unholsome boughes are first to be pruned, and the fowle mosse clensed and scraped away, before the tree can bring foorth any good fruite.

Eudox. Did you blame me, even nowe, for wishing Kearne, Horse-boyes, and Kearrooghs, to be cleane cutt of, as to violent a meanes, and doe you your self nowe prescribe the same medicine? Is not the sword the most violent redress that may be used for any evill?

Iren. It is soe; but yet where noe other remedye may be founde, nor noe hope of recoverye had, there must needes this violent *meanes be used.* As for the loose kind of peo*ple which* ye would have cutt of I blamed it, *for that they might* otherwise be brought perhaps to good, as namely by this way w I sett before you.

Eudox. Is not your way all one in e with the former, which you founde faulte save onely this oddes, that I savd by halter, and you say by the swoorde? W difference is there?

Iren. There is surely greate diffe when you shall understand it; for by swoorde which I named, I doe not mean cutting of of all that nation with the swo which farre be it from me that I should thinke soe desperatly, or wish soe unch ably, but by the swoorde I meane the s power of the Prince, which ought to str it self foorthe in the cheifest strength t redressing and cutting of those e which I before blamed, and not of the p which are evill. For evill people by ordinaunces and government may be goode; but the evill that is of it self evil never become good.

Eudox. I pray you then declare mynde at large, how you would wish sword, which you meane, to be used t reformation of all those evills.

Iren. The first thing must be to send into that realme such a stronge power of as that shall perforce bring in all th bellious route of loose people, which doe nowe stande out in open armes, wandring companyes doe keepe the w spoyling the good subject.

Eudox. You speake nowe, Irenæus, infinite charge to her Majestie, to send such an armye as should treade down that standeth before them on foote, and on the grounde all the stiff-necked peo that lande; for there is nowe but one ou of any greate reckning, to weete, the Ea Tyrone, abrode in armes, agaynst whom see what huge charges she hath bene at, last yeare, in sending of men, providin victualls, and making head agaynst him: there is litle or nothing at all done, but Queenes treasure spent, her people wa the poor countrey troubled, and the ene nevertheless brought unto noe more subje then he was, or list outwardly to sh which in effect is none, but rather a sco her power, and an emboldening of a pe rebell, and an encouradgement unto all lewde disposed traytors that shall dare t up theyr heeles agaynst theyr Soveri Ladye. Therfore it were harde counse drawe such an exceeding great change her, whose event shal be so uncertayne.

Iren. True indeede, yf the event s

ayne; but the certaintye of the
f shal be soe infallible as that noe
n gainsaye it, neither shall the
all this armye (the which I de-
e much greater then soe much as
wo last yeares warres hath vaynly
nded. For I dare undertake, that
cost the Queene above 200000
llreadye; and for the present charge,
s nowe at there, amounteth to verye
0 poundes a monthe, wherof cast
oumpte; yet nothing is done. The
ame, had it bene imployed as it
would have effected all this that I
about.

Howe meane you to have it im-
t to be spent in the paye of soul-
l provision of victualls?

Right soe, but it is nowe not dis-
once, as it might be, but drawen
long length, by sending over nowe
ndes, and the next halfe yeare
ndes; soe as the souldiour in the
ne, for wante of due provision of
nd good payment of his due, is
d consumed; that of a thousand,
ver lustye able men, in half a yeare
not left five hundred. And yet the
harges are never a whit the lesse,
is not payed in present monye is
d in dett, which will not be long
for the Captayne, halfe whose
are dead, and the other quarter
tered, nor seene, comes shortly to
payment heere of his whole
, where, by good meanes of some
es, and privye sharing with the
nd servauntes of othersome, he
his dett, much less perhaps then
yet much more indeede then he
erved.

I take this, sure, to be noe good
re; for what must needes be spente
pent at once, where is enough, as
drawen out into longe delayes,
therby both the service is much
nd yet nothing saved: but it may
s, that the Queenes treasure in soe
asions of disbursementes (as it is
en she hath bene at latelye) is not
oe readye nor soe plentifull, as it
soe greate a somme togither, but
ed as it is, nowe some and then
noe greate burthen to her, nor any
poverishing to her coffers, seing
laye of time, that it daylye cometh
as she parteth it out.
t may be as you sayd, but for the
going through of so honorable a course I doubt not but yf the Queenes coffers be not soe well stored, (which we are not to looke into) but that the whole realme which nowe, as thinges be used, doe feele a continuall burden of that wretched realme hanging upon theyr backes, would, for a finall riddaunce of all that trouble, be once troubled for all; and putt to all theyr shoulders, and helping handes, and hartes also, to the defraying of that charge, most gladfullie and willinglie; and surely the charge, in effect, is nothing to the infynite great good which should come thereby, both to the Queene, and all this realme generally, as when time serveth shal be shewed.

Eudox. Howe many men then would you require to the finishing of this which ye take in hand? and howe long space would you have them entertayned?

Iren. Verely, not above 10000 footemen, and 1000 horse, and all those not above the space of one yeare and a halfe; for I would still, as the heate of the service abateth, abate the number in paye, and make other provision for them, as I will shewe.

Eudox. Surely, it seemeth not much which ye require, nor noe long time; but howe would you have them used? Would you leade foorth your armye agaynst the Enemye, and seeke him where he is to fight?

Iren. Noe, Eudoxus; it would not be, for it is well knowen that he is a flying enemye, hiding himself in woodes and bogges, from whence he will not drawe foorth, but into some straite passage or perillous foord, where he knowes the armie must needes passe; there will he lye in wayte, and, yf he finde advauntage fitt, will daungerously hazarde the troubled souldiour. Therfore to seeke him out that still flyeth, and followe him that can hardly be founde, were vayne and booteless; but I would devide my men in garrison upon his countrey, in such places as I should thinke might most annoye him.

Eudox. But howe can that be, Irenæus, with so fewe men? For the enemye, as you nowe see, is not all in one countrey, but some in Ulster, some in Connaughte, and others in Leynster. Soe as to plaunte stronge garrisons in all these places should neede many more men then you speake of, or to plaunte all in one, and to leave the rest naked, should be but to leave them to the spoyle.

Iren. I would wish the cheif power of the armye to be garrisoned in one countrey that is strongest, and thother upon the rest that are weakest: As for example, the Earle of

veniently to service? And though perhaps I am ignoraunte of the places, yet I will take the mappe of Ireland, and lay it before me, and make myne eyes (in the meane while) my schoole-master, to guide my understanding to judge of your plott.

Iren. These 8000 in Ulster I would devide likewise into fowre partes, soe as there should be 2000 footemen in everye garrison; the which I would thus place. Upon the Blackwater, in some convenient place, as highe uppon the River as might be, I would laye one garrison. Another would I putt at Castleliffar, or there-abouts, soe as they should have all the passages upon the river to Loghfoyle. The thirde I would place about Fearnemunnaghe or Bondraise, soe as they might lye betwene Connaughte and Ulster, to serve upon both sides, as occasion should be offered; and this therfore would I have stronger then any of the rest, because it should be most enforced, and most employed, and that they might put wardes at Ballashaine and Belike, and all those passages. The last would I sett about Moneham or Belterbert, soe as it should fronte both upon the enemye that waye, and also keepe the countreys of Cavan and Meath in awe from passing of stragglers and outgadders from those partes, whence they use to come foorthe, and oftentimes use to woorke much mischeif. And to everye of these garrisons of 2000 footemen I would have 200 horsemen added, for the one without the other can doe but litle service. The fowre garrisons thus

Ireland to be combe
and more daungero
them, then halfe th
for the enemye, kno
by which theyr relei
useth commonlye to
strayte passages th
times doth daung
Besides, the paye o
be sent for theyr co
charge of the carria
of the countrey lik
halfe yeare the supp
Deputye himselfe, a
then visite and over
to see what is need
expedient, and to d
advise. And these
foorthe, at such co
shall have intellige
enemye, will so driv
another, and tennis
he shall finde no w
creete, or hide hims
fire shall fall into t
daunger into anoth
his creete, which is
shalbe wasted in pr
ving, or starved fo
the woodes, and he h
that he shall have n
endure his wretche
surely come to pass
one winters well fol

wett, which useth to be his bedding; the
is sharpe and bitter, which useth to blowe
ugh his naked sides and legges; the
are barren and without milke, which
to be his onely foode, neither yf he
them then, will they yeelde him any flesh,
yf he keepe them will they give him any
; besides then being all in calfe (for
most parte) they will, through much
ing and driving, cast all theyr calves and
theyr milke, which should retayne him
next sommer.

Eudox. I doe well understand your rea-
but, by your leave, I have hearde it
wise sayde, of some that were outlawes,
in sommer they kept themselves quiett,
in winter they would playe theyr partes,
when the nightes were longest, then
and spoyle most, soe that they might
y returne before daye.

Iren. I have likewise hearde, and also
proof therof trewe: But that was of
outlawes as were either abiding in well
bited countreyes, as in Mounster, or bor-
ng to the English pale, as Feugh Mac
he, the Kevanaghs, the Moores, the
pwyes, the Ketins, the Kellyes or such
: For for them indeede the winter is the
st time of spoyling and robbing, because
nightes are then (as ye say) longest and
kest, and also the countreyes rounde about
then fullest of corne, and good provision
be everye where gotten by them; but it is
re otherwise with a stronge peopled enemye
t possesseth a whole countrey, for the
er being but a fewe, are indede privilye
ged, and kept in out villages, and corners
h the woodes and mountaynes, by some
yr privye frendes, to whom they bring
eyr spoyles and stealthes, and of whom
y continuallye receave secrett relief; but
e open enemye having all his countrey
ated, what by himself, and what by the
ldiours, findeth then succour in noe place.
wnes there are none of which he may gett
yle, they are all burnte; countrey howses
d farmours there are none, they be all
d; bread he hath none, he ploughed not in
mer; flesh he hath, but yf he kill it in
ter, he shall wante milke in sommer, and
rtly want life. Therfore if they be well
owed but one winter, ye shall have litle
rke with them the next sommer.

Eudox. I doe nowe well perceave the dif-
nce, and doe verely thinke that the winter
e is the fittest for service: withall I per-
e the manner of *your handlinge* the ser-
, *by drawing suddayne draughtes* upon
the enemye, when he looketh not for you, and to watche advauntages upon him as he doth upon you. By which straight keeping of them in, and not suffring them long at any time to rest, I must needes thinke that they will soone be brought lowe, and driven to great extremityes. All which when you have perfourmed, and brought them to the verye last cast, suppose that they will offer, either to come in unto you and submitt themselves, or that some of them will seeke to withdrawe themselves, what is your advise to doe? will you have them receaved?

Iren. Noe; but at the beginning of those warres, and when the garrisons are well plaunted and fortifyed, I would wish a proclamation were made generallye and to come to theyr knowlege:—That what persons soever would within twenty dayes absolutly submitt themselves, (excepting onely the very principalls and ring-leaders) should finde grace: I doubt not, but upon the settling of those garrisons, such a terrour and neere consideration of theyr perillous estate wilbe stricken into most of them, that they will covett to drawe awaye from theyr leaders. And agayne I well knowe that the rebells themselves (as I sawe by proof in the Desmonds warres) will turne away all theyr rascall people, whom they thinke unserviceable, as old men, women, children, and hindes, (which they call churles), which would onely wast theyr victualls, and yeeld them noe ayde; but theyr cattell they will surely keepe away: These therfore, though pollicye would turne them backe agayne that they might the rather consume and afflicte the other rebells, yet in a pityfull commiseration I could wish them to be receaved; the rather for that this base sorte people doth not for the most parte rebell of himself, having noe harte therunto, but is of force drawen by the graunde rebells into theyr actions, and carryed away with the vyolence of the streame, els he should be sure to loose all that he hath, and perhaps his life also; the which nowe he carryeth unto them, in hope to enjoy them there, but he is there by the strong rebells themselves soone turned out of all, soe that the constraynte herof may in him deserve pardon. Likewise yf any of theyr able men or gentellmen shall then offer to come awaye, and to bring theyr cattell with them, as some noe doubte may steale them previlye away, I wish them alsoe to be receaved, for the disabling of the enemye, but withall, that good assuraunce may be taken for theyr true behaviour and absolute submission, and that they then be not suf-

fred to remaine anie longer in those partes, noe nor about the garrisons, but sent awaie into the inner partes of the realme, and dispersed in such sort as they shall not come togither, nor easelie returne if they would: For if they might be suffred to remayne about the garrison, and there inhabite, as they will offer to till the grounde and yeeld a greate parte of the profitt therof, and of theyr cattell, to the Coronell, wherwith they have heretofore tempted many, they would (as I have by experience knowen) be ever after such a gall and inconvenience unto them, as that theyr profitt should not recompence theyr hurte; for they will privilye releive theyr frendes that are foorthe; they will send the enemye secrett advertisement of all their purposes and journeyes which they meane to make upon them; they will also not sticke to drawe the enemye privilie uppon them, yea and to betraye the forte it selfe, by discoverye of all her defectes and disadvauntages (yf any be) to the cutting of all theyr throates. For avoyding wherof and many other inconveniences, I wish that they should be carryed farre from thence into some other partes, soe that (as I sayd) they come in and submitt themselves, upon the first summons: but afterwardes I would have none receaved, but left to theyr fortune and miserable end. My reason is, for that those which will afterwardes remayne without are stoute and obstinat rebells, such as will never be made dutifull and obedient, nor brought to labour or civill conversation, having once tasted that licentious life, and being acquainted with spoyles and outrages, will ever after be readye for the like occasions, soe as there is noe hope of theyr amendment or recoverye, and therfore needefull to be cutt of.

Eudox. Surely of such desperat persons as will willfully followe the course of theyr owne follye, there is noe compassion to be had, and for others ye have proposed a mercifull meanes, much more then they have deserved: but what then shalbe the conclusion of this warre? for you have prefixed a shorte time of the continuaunce therof.

Iren. The end (I assure me) wil be very shorte and much sooner then can be (in soe greate a trouble, as it seemeth) hoped for, although there should none of them fall by the swoorde, nor be slayne by the souldiour, yet thus being kept from manuraunce, and theyr cattell from running abrode, by this *harde restraynte* they would quickly consume *themselves*, and devoure one another. The *proof wherof* I sawe sufficiently ensampled in those late warres in Mounster; for standing that the same was a most plentifull countrey, full of corne a that you would have thought th have bene able to stand long, y yeare and a halfe they were brough wretchednesse, as that any storye h have rued the same. Out of every the woodes and glinnes they came foorthe upon theyr handes, for the could not beare them; they looked tomyes of death, they spake lik crying out of theyr graves; they d the dead carrions, happy were the could finde them, yea, and one anot after, insoemuch as the very carca spared not to scrape out of theyr gra yf they founde a plotte of water-s sham-rokes, there they flocked as to the time, yet not able long to contin withall; that in shorte space there allmost left, and a most populous a tifull countrey suddaynly made man or beast: yet sure in all that w perished not many by the swoorde, the extremitye of famine which th selves had wrought.

Eudox. It is a wonder that you more to be wondred howe it should s come to pass.

Iren. It is most true, and the re very readye; for ye must conceave strength of all that nation is the Galloglasse, Stokaghe, Horsemen, a boyes, the which having bene nere have any thing of their owne, a living upon the spoyle of others, r spare of any thing, but havocke fusion of all they meete with, whet theyr owne frendes goodes, or th And yf they happen to gett never spoyles at any time, the same they and wast in a trice, as naturally d in spoyle, though it doe themselves On the other side, whatsoever they spent, the souldiour, when he come he havocketh and spoyleth likewise, betwene them both nothing is ver left. And yet this is very necessar done for the soone finishing of the wa not onely this in this wise, but also subjectes which border upon those p either to be removed and drawen likewise to be spoyled, that the ene find noe succour therebye: for w souldiour spares the rebell will surel

Eudox. I doe nowe well underst But nowe when all thinges are

nd all filled with this rufull spec- many wretched carcasses starving, untreys wasted, soe huge a desola- onfusion, as even I that doe but m you, and doe picture it in my e greatlye pittye and commiserate all happen, that the state of this nd lamentable image of thinges d, and feelingly presented to her ajestie, being by nature full of clemencye, whoe is most inclinable tyfull complaynts, and will not en- care such tragedyes made of her poore subjectes as some about her uate; then she perhaps, for verye n of such calamityes, will not one- the streame of such violence, and her woonted mildenesse, but also m litle thankes which have bene rs and counsellours of such blooddie s. Soe I remember in the late nt of the good Lord Graye, when, travell and many perilous assayes, ought thinges allmost to this pass ocake of, and that when it was even lye for reformation, and might have ight to what her Majestie would, laynte was made agaynst him, that bloudye man, and regarded not the r subjectes noe more then dogges, wasted and consumed all, soe as had nothing almost left, but to theyr ashes; her Majesties care was ate thereunto, and all suddaynly psy turvy; the noble Lord eft-sones ed; the wretched people pittyed; and sells plotted, in which it was con- at a general pardon should be sent ll that would accept of it, uppon former purposes were blaunked, the r at a baye, and not onely all that d long charge, which she had be- at, quite lost and cancelled, but hope of good which was even at putt backe, and cleane frustrated. , whether it be true, or noe, your well tell.

To true, Eudoxus, the more the r I may not forgett soe memorable a either can I be ignoraunte of that devise, and of the whole meanes by was compassed, and very cunningly by sowing first dissention betwene an other Noble Personage, wherin h founde at length howe notably l bene abused, and howe therby, nd, this universal alteration of *was brought aboute, but then* to late to staye the same; for in the meane time all that was formerly done with long labour and great toyle, was (as you say) in a moment undone, and that good Lord blotted with the name of a bloudy man, whom, who that well knewe, knewe him to be most gentell, affable, loving, and temperate; but that the necessitye of that present state of thinges enforced him to that violence, and allmost chaunged his very naturall disposition. But otherwise he was soe farr from delighting in bloud, that oftentimes he suffred not just vengeance to fall where it was deserved: and even some of those which were afterwardes his accusers had tasted to much of his mercye, and were from the gallowes brought to be his accusers. But his course indeede was this, that he spared not the heades and principalls of any mischeivous practize or rebellion, but shewed sharpe judgement on them, cheifly for examples sake, that all the meaner sorte, which also then were generallye infected with that evill, might by terrour therof be reclaymed, and saved, yf it might be possible. For in that last conspiracye of some of the English Pale, thinke you not that there were manye more guiltye then they that felt the punishment, or was there any allmost clere from the same? yet he touched onely a fewe of speciall note; and in the tryall of them alsoe even to prevente the blame of crueltie and partiall dealing, as seeking theyr bloud, which he, in his great wisedome (as it seemeth) did fore-see would be objected agaynst him; he, for the avoyding therof, did use a singular discretion and regarde. For the Jurye that went upon theyr tryall, he made to be chosen out of theyr neerest kinsemen, and theyr Judges he made of some of theyr owne fathers, of others theyr uncles and dearest frendes, whoe, when they could not but justly condemne them, yet uttred theyr judgement in aboundaunce of teares, and yet he even herin was counted bloudye and cruell.

Eudox. Indeede soe have I hearde it often here spoken, and I perceave (as I allwayes verely thought) that it was most unjustlye; for he was allwayes knowen to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, farr from such sterness, farr from such unrighteousnes. But in that sharpe execution of the Spanyardes at the Forte of Smerwicke, I heard it speciallye noted, and, yf it were true as some reported, surelye it was a great touche to him in honour, for some say that he promised them life; others that at least he did putt them in hope therof.

Iren. Both the one and the other is most untrue; for this I can assure you, my selfe being as neere them as any, that he was soe farr from either promising, or putting them in hope, that when first theyr Secretarye, called, as I remember, Jacques Geffray, an Italian, being sent to treate with the Lord Deputye for grace, was flatlye denyed; and afterwardes theyr Coronell, named Don Sebastian, came foorthe to intreate that they might parte with theyr armes like souldiours, at least with theyr lives, according to the custome of warre and lawe of nations, it was strongely denyed him, and tolde him by the Lord Deputye himselfe, that they could not justlye pleade either custome of warre, or lawe of nations, for that they were not any lawfull enemyes; and yf they were, he willed them to shewe by what commission they came thither into another Princes dominions to warre, whether from the Pope or the King of Spayne, or any other: the which when they sayd they had not, but were onely adventurers that came to seeke fortune abrode, and serve in warres amongest the Irish, who desired to entertayne them, it was then tolde them, that the Irish themselves, as the Earle and John of Desmonde with the rest, were noe lawfull enemyes, but rebells and traytours; and therfore they that came to succour them noe better then roges and runnagates, specially coming with noe lycence, nor commission from theyr owne King: Soe as it should be dishonorable for him in the name of his Queene to condicion or make any termes with such rascalls, but left them to theyr choise, to yeelde and submitt themselves, or noe. Wherupon the sayd Coronel did absolutely yeeld himselfe and the forte, with all therin, and craved onely mercye, which it being not thought good to shewe them, both for daunger of themselves, yf, being saved, they should afterwardes joyne with the Irish, and also for terrour to the Irish, who were much emboldened by those forrayne succours, and also putt in hope of more ere long: there was noe other way but to make that shorte end of them which was made. Therfore most untruelye and maliciously doe these evill tonges backbite and slaunder the sacred ashes of that most just and honorable personage, whose least vertue, of many most excellent which abounded in his heroycall spiritt, they were never able to aspire unto.

Eudox. Trulye, Irenæus, I am right gladd to be thus satisfyed by you in that I have often hearde questioned, and yet was never able, till nowe, to choke t detractours with the cert theyr slaunderous untrut knowledge herof imperti we formerly had in han thorough prosecuting of which ye have sett dow under of those rebells naught, and preparing a petuall reformation, leas such sinister suggestions much bloudshedd, all t overthrowen, and all th therin employed be utt awaye.

Iren. Ye say most tr Lordes calling away fro Lordes Justices continu which the one was of myr to have continued in the decessour, but that he w trayned. But the other disposed, as was meete for willing to have all the that commonwealth heal not with that heede as the whom Sir John Perrot, su into another mans harve way to what course he lis not to that poynte which nours intended, but rath as it were in scorne of th vayne vaunte of his owne which he was to willfull did treade downe and dis lish, and sett up and cou all that he could, whethe to make them more tracta his government, (wherin amiss) or privily plotting s of his owne, as it partly aft but surely his manner of not be sounde nor holsor being soe contrarye to t was even as two physitia sicke bodye in hand at t of which the former would meete to purge and keepe the other to pamper and dainly agayne, wherof wh for but a most daungero which we see nowe throug next after him, happenes nowe more daungerously before. Therfore by all r fore-seene and assured, tha into this course of reformat wardes noe remorse or dra

any such rufull objectes as must followe, nor for compassion of theyr s, seing that by noe other meanes ible to recure them, and that these will, but of very urgent necessitye.

Thus farre then ye have nowe to plaunte your garrisons, and to eyr services; of the which never- must needes conceave that there any certayne direction sett downe, hey must followe the occasions that ayly offred, and diligently awayted. our leave (Irenæus), notwithstand- s your carefull fore-sight and pro- e thinkes) I see an evill lurke unes- may chaunce to hazarde all the is great service, yf it be not very d into; and that is, the corruptions aptaines: for though they be placed carefully, and theyr companyes r soe sufficiently, yet may they, yf discarde whom they please, and y such as will perhaps willingly be at daungerous and harde service; (I wote well) is theyr common o doe, when they are layd in garri- hen they may better hide their hen when they are in campe, where continually eyed and noted of all sides, when theyr pay cometh, they ey say) detayne the greatest portions theyr pleasure, by an hundreth at neede not heere to be named, hich they oftentimes deceave the , abuse the Queene, and greatly service. Soe that lett the Queene soe fullye, lett the muster-master m never soe diligently, lett the generall looke to them never soe ex- they can cossen them all. Therfore s) it were good, yf it be possible, to e provision for this inconvenience. It will surely be very harde; but st helpe for prevention herof must e of the coronel that hath the go- of all his garrison, to have an eye alteration, to knowe the nomber mes of the sicke souldiours, and the marke and observe theyr rankes aylye rising foorthe to the service, he cannot easelye be abused, soe imself be a man of speciall assur- integritye. And therfore greate to be had in the choosing and of them. Besides, I would not by s that the captaynes should have of theyr souldiours, but that there *a pay-master appoynted*, of speciall trust, which should paye everye man according to his captaynes tickett, and the accoumpte of the clarke of his bande, for by this meanes the captayne will never seeke to falsifye his alterations, nor to diminish his companye, nor to deceave his souldiours, when nothing therof shal be for his gayne. This is the manner of the Spanyardes captaynes, whoe never hath to meddle with his souldiours paye, and indeede scorneth the name as base to be counted his souldiours pagador; whereas the contrary amongest us hath brought thinges to soe badd a pass, that there is noe captayne, but thinkes his band very sufficient, yf he muster threscore, and stickes not to say openly, that he is unworthy of a captaynship, that cannot make it woorth 500*l.* by the yeare, the which they right well verefye by the proofe.

Eudox. Truly I thinke this a verye good meane to avoyde that inconvenience of captaynes abuses. But what say you of the coronel? what authoritye thinke you meete to be given him? whether will ye allowe him to protecte, to safe conducte, and to have marshall lawe as they are accustomed;

Iren. Yea verely, but all these to be limitted with verye straight instructions. As thus for protections, that they shall have authoritye after the first proclamation, for the space of twentye dayes, to protect all that shall come in unto them, and them to sende unto the Lord Deputye with theyr safe conducte or pass, to be at his disposition; but soe as none of them returne backe agayne, being once come in, but be presently sent away out of the countrey, unto the next sherriff, and so convayed in safetye. And likewise for marshall lawe, that to the souldiour it be not extended, but by tryall formerly made of his cryme, by a jurye of his fellowe souldiours as it ought to be, and not rashlye at the will or displeasure of the coronel, as I have sometimes seene to lightlye. And as for others of the rebells that shall light into theyr handes, that they be well aware of what condition they be, and what holding they have. For, in the last generall warres there, I knewe many good freeholders executed by marshall lawe, whose landes were thereby saved to theyr heyres, which should otherwise have escheated to her Majestie. In all which, the greate discretion and uprightness of the coronel himself is to be the cheifest stay both for all these doubts, and for many other difficultyes that may in the service happen.

Eudox. Your caution is verye good; but nowe touching the arche-rebell himselfe, I

meane the Earle of Tyrone, if he, in all the time of these warres, should offer to come in and submitt himselfe to her Majestie, would you not have him receaved, giving good hostages, and sufficient assuraunce of himself?

Iren. Noe, marye; for there is noe doubt, but he will offer to come in, as he hath done diverse times allreadye, but it is without any intent of true submission, as the effect hath well shewed; neither indede can he nowe, yf he would, come in at all, nor give that assuraunce of himselfe that should be meete, for being, as he is, very suttell-headed, seing himselfe nowe soe farre engaged in this badd action, can he thinke that by his submission he can purchase to himselfe any safetye, but that hereafter, when thinges shal be quieted, these his villanyes will ever be remembred? And whensoever he shall treade awrye (as needes the most righteous must sometimes) advauntage wil be taken therof, as a breache of his pardon, and he brought to a reckning for all former matters: besides, howe harde it is now for him to frame himselfe to subjection, that having once sett before his eyes the hope of a kingdome, hath thereunto founde not onely encouragement from the greatest King of Christendome, but also founde great fayntness in her Majesties withstanding him, whereby he is animated to thinke that his power is to defende him, and to offend further then he hath done, whensoe he please, lett everye reasonable man judge. But yf he himselfe should come in, and leave all other his accomplices without, as O-Donell, Mac-Mahon, Magueeirhe, and the rest, he must needes thinke that then, even they will ere long cutt his throate, which having drawen them all into this occasion, nowe in the middest of theyr trouble giveth them the slip; wherby he must needes perceave howe impossible a thing it is for him to submit himselfe. But yet yf he would doe soe, can he give any good assuraunce of his obedience? For howe weake hold is there by hostages hath to often bene prooved, and that which is spoken of taking Shane O-Neale-is sonnes from him, and setting them up agaynst him is a verye perillous counsell, and not by any meanes to be putt in proofe; for were they lett foorth and could overthrowe him, whoe should afterwardes overthrowe them, or what assuraunce can be had of them? It wil be like the tale *in Æsope of* the wild horse, whoe, having *enmitye agaynst* the stagg, came to a man to *desire his ayde* agaynst his foe, whoe yeelding thereunto mounted upo following the stagge e but then when the ho light he refused, but k his service and subject not, would be the proof sonnes. Therfore it is attempt any such plott manner of plott, was t this trayterous Earle is for whenas the last O-Ne O-Neale, beganne to st termes, this fellowe, t Dungannan, was sett u him, and countenance the Queene so farre, as to keepe her selfe pla gamester that having his next fellow games winner, somewhat to r which he, setting unto therby winneth all from

Eudox. Was this r the Quene (as you saie unduetifull?

Iren. He was (I a outcast of all the O-N up by her Majestie out hath nowe wrought hin he playeth like the fro for compassion relieved soone after he was warn threaten daunger even

Eudox. He surely punnishment of that sn thely be hewed in pees of the raysing up of Sh agaynst him, what sa advise which (I heard to drawe in the Scottes, how like you that advi

Iren. Much woorse whoe is he that is exper and knoweth not tha neerelye allyed unto th land, and to the Earle they use to have all t Scotts and Reddshanke Scotts are, through long myngled and allyed to of the North; soe as t they will ever be wrong agaynst theyr old fre And yf they would, h are finished, and they h shall they themselves h not all knowe, that the inhabitaunts of all the

ch are nowe called North Irish were
ole very Scotts, which challenge the
cient inheritaunce and dominion of all
countrey to be theyr owne auncienty.
then were but to leape out of the pann
the fire; for the cheifest caveat and
isoe in the reformation of the Northe
t be to keepe out the Scotts.

udox. Indeede, I remember that in your
ourse of the first peopling of Ireland, you
ed that the Scythians or Scottes were
first that sate downe in the Northe,
reby it seemeth they may challenge some
t therin. Howe comes it then that
eale claymes the dominion therof, and
Earle of Tyrone sayeth the right is in
? I pray you resolve me therin; for it is
e needefull to be knowen, and maketh
to the right of the warre agaynst him,
e success useth commonly to be according
e justness of the cause, for which it is
e: For yf Tyrone have any right in
segniorye (me seemes) it should be wrong
rust him out: or yf (as I remember ye
in the beginning) that O-Neale, when
acknowledged the King of England for
liege Lord and Soveraigne, did (as he
geth) reserve in the same submission all
egnioryes and rightes unto himselfe, it
ld be accoumpted unjust to thrust him
f the same.

ex. For the right of O-Neale in the
lorye of the Northe, it is surely none at
For beside that the Kinges of England
uered all the realme, and thereby assumed
invested all the right of that land to
selves and theyr heyres and successours
ver, soe as nothing was left in O-Neale
what he receaved backe from them,
eale himselfe never had any auncient
lorye in that countreye, but what by
pation and encrochement, after the death
e Duke of Clarence, he gott upon the
lish, whose landes and possessions being
erly wasted by the Scotts, under the
ng of Edwarde le Bruce, (as I formerly
red unto you) he eft-sones entred into,
sithence hath wrongfullye detayned,
ugh the other occupations and great
res which the Kinges of England (soone
) fell into heere at home, soe as they
not intend to the recoverye of that
trey of the Northe, nor the restrayning
e insolencye of O-Neale; whoe, finding
nowe to withstand him, raigned in that
ation, and made himselfe Lorde of those
people *that remayned there*, uppon
u ever since he hath continued his first
usurped power, and nowe exacteth and extorteth upon all men what he list: soe that nowe to subdue or expell an usurper, should be noe unjust enterprize nor wrongfull warre, but a restitution of auncient right unto the crowne of England, from whence they were most unjustlye expelled and longe kept out.

Eudox. I am verye gladd herin to be thus satisfyed by you, that I may the better satisfye them whom often I have hearde object these doubtes, and slaunderously to barke at the courses which are held agaynst that trayterous Earle and his adherentes. But nowe that you have thus settled your service for Ulster and Connaughte, I would be gladd to heare your opinion for the prosecuting of Feugh Mac Hughe, whoe being but a base villeyn, and of himselfe of noe power, yet soe continually troubleth that state, notwithstanding that he lyeth under theyr nose, that I disdayne his bold arrogauncye, and thinke it to be the greatest indignitye to the Queene that may be, to suffer such a caytiff to play such *Rex*, and by his example not only to give harte and encouradgement to all such bold rebells, but also to yeeld them succoure and refuge agaynst her Majestye, whensoever they flye into his Cummerreeighe: wherfore I would first wish, before you enter into your plott of service agaynst him, that you should laye open by what meanes he, being soe base, first lifted himselfe up to this daungerous greatnes, and how he mayntayneth his parte agaynst the Queene and her power, notwithstanding all that hath bene done and attempted agaynst him. And whether also he hath any pretence of right in the landes which he holdeth, or in the warres that he maketh for the same?

Iren. I will soe, at your pleasure, and since ye desire to know his first beginning, I will not only discover the first beginning of his privat howse, but also the originall of all his sept, of the Birnes and Tooles, so farre as I have learned the same from some of themselves, and gathered the rest by readinge: This people of the Birnes and Tooles (as before I shewed unto you my conjecture) discended from the auncient Brittons, which first inhabited all those Easterne partes of Ireland, as theyr names doe betoken; for Brin in the Brittons language signifyeth hillye, and Tol hole, valley or darke, which names, it seemeth, they tooke of the countreye which they inhabited, which is all very mountayne and woodye. In the which it seemeth that ever sithence the coming in of he English with Deurmuid-ne-Galh, they

have continued: Whether that theyr countrey being soe rude and mountayneous was of them disgused, and thought not worthye the inhabiting, or that they were reserved to grace by them, and suffred to enjoye theyr lands as unfit for any other, yet it seemeth that in some places of the same they did putt foote, and fortifyed with sundrye castells, of which the raynes onely doe there now remayne, since which time they are growen to that strength, that they are able to lift up hand against all that state; and nowe lately, through the boldness and late good success of this Feagh Mac Hugh, they are soe farr emboldened, that they threaten perill even to Dublin, over whose necke they continually hange. But touching your demaunde of this Feaghe-is right unto that countrey or the seignorye which he claymes therin, it is most rayne and arrogaunte. For this ye cannot be ignorrannte of, that it was parte of that which was given in inheritaunce by Dermmid Mac Murroghe, King of Leinster, to Strangbowe with his daughter, and which Strangbowe gave over to the King and to his heyres, soe as the right is absolutely nowe in her Majestie; and yf it were not, yet could it not be in this Feagh, but in O-Brin, which is the ancient lord of all that countrey; for he and his auncestours were but followers unto O-Brin, and his grandfather, Shane Mac Tirrelaghe, was a man of meanest regarde amongest them, neither having wealth nor power. But his sonne Hughe Mac Shane, the father of this Feaghe, first beganne to lift up his head, and through the strength and greate fastness of Glan-Maleeirh, which adjoyneth unto his howse of Ballinecorrih, drewe unto him many theves and out-lawes, which fledd unto the succour of that glinne, as to a saunctuarye and brought unto him parte of the spoyle of all the countrey, through which he grewe stronge, and in shorte space got to himselfe a greate name thereby amongest the Irish, in whose footing this his sonne continuing hath, through many unhappy occasions, encreased his said name, and the opinion of his greatness, soe that nowe he is become a daungerous enemy to deale withall.

Eudox. Surely I can comend him that, being of himselfe of soe base condition, hath through his owne hardiness lifted himselfe up to that height that he dare now to fronte princes, and make termes with greate potentates; the which as it is honorable to him, *soe it is to them* most disgracefull, to be *bearded of such* a base varlett, that being *but of late* growen out of the dounghill beginneth nowe to overr taynes, and make himsel of all outlawes and rebell unto him. But doe you soe daungerous an enem or that it is soe harde to some suppose?

Iren. Noe verely, t reckning to be made ever bene taken in han the realme (or at leaste t had bene quiett, as the ho that nowe governeth t William Russell) gave therunto, and had wooth his course had not bene he could not have stoode ever have looked up aga power: but nowe all th being up in a madding m in Lease, the Kevenagh Wexforde, and some of countye of Kilkennye, t him, and drawe unto hi strong hold where they from all that prosecute thence they doe at theyr into all the borders adjoy peopled countreyes, as Dublin, of Kildare, of kenny, of Wexforde, wit they vittell and strengthe otherwise should in sho and soone pined away; of himselfe you may her

Eudox. Then, by soe out of your speaches, t the warres with him, an out, should be to keepe those countreyes adjoyni pose) is to be done, eithe inhabitauntes of those and leaving them utterl ing garrisons upon all t him, that, when he sh may sett upon him and s

Iren. Ye conceave but for the dispeopling all the inhabitauntes from him, which ye speake of confusion and trouble, as ingness of them to leave as also for placing and pr other countreyes, (me course should be by pla about him, the which, w looke foorth, or be drawe of the spoyle of those

ttoll, shal be allwayes readye to
s going or coming.
Where then doe ye wish these
be plaunted that they may serve
t him; and howe manye in everye

my selfe, by reason that (as I
am noe martiall man, will not
me to directe so daungerous
at onely as I understood by the
nd plotts, which the Lord Graye
ell experienced in that service,
n did laye downe: to the perfourm-
reof he onely required a 1000
layed in fowre garrisons; that is,
orrih 200 footemen and 50 horse,
uld shutt him out of his great
ereto he soe much trusteth; at
gh 200 footemen and 50 horse, to
countye of Catarlaghe; at Arkloe
200 footemen to defend all that
rde the sea; in Shelelagh 100
which should cutt him from the
, and the countye of Wexforde;
the three castells 50 horsemen,
uld defende all the countye of
and 100 footemen at Talbots
ich should keepe him from break-
o the countye of Kildare, and be
n his necke on that side: The
risons, soe layed, will soe busye
he shall never rest at home, nor
he abrode but he shall be had; as
te they cannot be above grounde,
ust needes fall into theyr handes
for he hath noe fastness nor refuge
And as for his partakers of the
atlers, and Kevanaghes, they will
e him, when they see his fastness
places thus taken from him.
Surely this seemeth a plott of
on, and small difficultye which
hope of a shorte end. But what
ections will ye sett downe for the
d risings out of these garrisons?
Jone other then the present occa-
minister unto them, and as by
s, wherof there they cannot wante
shall be drawen continually upon
s one of them shal be still upon
ometimes all at one instant bayte
this (I assure my selfe) will
no longe time, but wil be all
the space of one yeare; which
ll a thing it is, unto the eternall
which shall thereby be purchased
ume, and the great good which
e *to her Majestie*, should (me
thinkes) readely drawe on her Highnes to the undertaking of the enterprise.

Eudox. You have very well (me seemes), Irenæus, plotted a course for the atchievin of those warres nowe in Ireland, which seeme to aske noe long time, nor greate charge, soe as the effecting therof be committed to men of sure trust, and some experience, as well in the same countrey as in the manner of those services; for yf it be left in the handes of such rawe captaynes as sare uuallye sent out of England, being therto preferred onely by frendship, and not chosen by sufficiencye, it will soone fall to ground.

Iren. Therfore it were meete (me thinkes) that such captaynes onely were thereunto employed, as have formerly served in that countreye, and bene at least lieutenauntes unto other captaynes there. For otherwise, being brought and transferred from other services abrode, as in Fraunce, in Spayne, and in the Lowe-countreyes, though they be of good experience in those, and have never soe well deserved, yet in these they wil be newe to seeke, and, before they have gathered experience, they shall buye it with great loss to her Majestie, either by hazarding of theyr companyes, through ignoraunce of the places, and manner of the Irish services, or by loosing a great parte of the time that is required hereunto, being but shorte, in which it might be finished, before they have allmost taken out a newe lesson, or can tell what is to be done.

Eudox. You are noe good frend to newe captaynes it seemes, Iren., that you barre them from the creditt of this service: but (to say trueth) me thinkes it were meete, that any one, before he come to be a captayne, should have bene a souldiour; for, 'Parere qui nescit, nescit imperare.' And besides, there is great wrong done to the old souldiour, from whom all meanes of advaunce-ment which is due unto him is cutt of by shuffling in these newe cutting captaynes into the places for which he hath long served, and perhaps better deserved. But nowe that you have thus (as I suppose) finished all the warre, and brought all thinges to that lowe ebbe which ye speake of, what course will ye take for the bringing in of that reformation which ye intend, and recovering all thinges from this desolate estate, in which (me thinkes) I behold them nowe left, unto that perfect establishment and newe common-wealth which ye have conceaved, of which soe great good may redounde to her Majestie, and an assured peace be confirmed? For that

is it whereunto we are nowe to looke, and doe greatlye long for, being long sithence made wearye with the huge charge which ye have layed uppon us, and with the strong enduraunce of soe many complayntes, soe manye delayes, soe many doubts and daungers, as will hereof (I know well) arise: unto the which before you come, it were meete (me thinkes) that you should take some order for the souldiour, which is nowe first to be discharged and disposed of, some way; the which yf you doe not well fore-see, may growe to be as great an inconvenience as all this that we suppose you have quitt us from, by the loose leaving of soe many thousand souldiours, which from hence foorth wil be unfitt for any labour or other trade, but must either seeke service and imployment abrode, which may be daungerous, or els will perhaps imploye themselves heere at home, as may be discomodious.

Iren. You say verye true; and it is a thing indeede much misliked in this our common-wealth that noe better course is taken for such as have bene employed once in service, but that returning, either maymed and soe unable to labour, or otherwise, though whole and sounde, yet afterwardes unwilling to woorke, or rather willing to sett the hangman a woorke. But that needeth another consideration; but to this that we have nowe in hande, it is farre from my meaning to leave the souldiour soe at random, or to leave that wast realme soe weake and destitute of strength, which may both defend it agaynst others that might seeke then to sett upon it, and also kepe it from that relapse which I before did fore-cast. For it is one speciall good of this plott which I would devise, that 6000 souldiours of these whom I have nowe imployed in this service, and made throughly acquaynted both with the state of the countrey, and manners of the people, should hencefoorth be still continued, and for ever mayntayned of the countrey, without any charge to her Majestie; and the rest that either are old, and unable to serve any longer, or willing to fall to thrifte, as I have seene manye souldiours after the service to proove verye good husbandes, should be placed in parte of the landes by them wonne, at such rate, or rather better then others, to whom the same shal be sett out,

Eudox. Is it possible, Irenæus? Can there *be any such* meanes devised, that soe manye *men should* be kept still in her Majesties *service without* any charge to her at all? *Surelye this* were an exceeding greate good, both to her Highnes to have soe manye old souldiours allway readye at call, to what purpose soever she list employe them, and alsoe to have that land therbye soe strengthned, that it shall neither feare any forrein invasion, nor practize, which the Irish shall ever attempte, but shall keepe them under in continuall awe and firme obedience.

Iren. It is soe indeede. And yet this trulye I doe not take to be any matter of great difficultye, as I thinke it will also soone appeare unto you. And first we will speake of the North parte, for that the same is of most waight and importaunce. Soe soone as it shall appeare that the enemye is brought downe, and the stout rebell either cutt of, or driven to that wretchednesse that he is noe longer able to hold up his head, but will come to any conditions, which I assure my selfe will be before the end of the second Winter, I wish that there be a generall proclamation made, that whatsoever out-lawes will freelye come in, and submitt themselves to her Majesties mercye, shall have libertye soe to doe, where they shall either find that grace they desire, or have leave to returne agayne in safetye: uppon which it is likelye that soe manye as survive will come in to sue for grace, of which whoe-soe are thought meete for subjection, and fitt to be brought to good, may be receaved, or els all of them, (for I thinke that all wilbe but a verye fewe;) uppon condicion and assuraunce that they will submitt themselves absolutelie to her Majesties ordinaunce for them, by which they shal be assured of life and libertye, and be onelye tyed to such condicions as shal be thought by her meete for contayning them ever after in due obedience. To the which condicions I nothing doubt but they will almost readelye, and upon theyr knees submitt themselves, by the proof of that which I sawe in Mounster. For upon the like proclamation there, they all came in, both tagge and ragge; and when as afterwardes many of them were denyed to be receaved, they had them doe with them what they would, for they would not by any meanes returne agayne nor goe foorthe. For in this case who will not accept allmost of any condicions, rather then dye of hunger and miserye?

Eudox. It is very likely soe. But what then is the ordinaunce, and what be the condicions which you will propose unto them which shall reserve unto them an assuraunce of life and libertye?

Iren. Soe soone then as they have given the best assuraunce of themselves [illegible]

which must be (I suppose)
incipall men to remayne in
another, and some other for
r suretye I recken of none
them, neither of wife, nor
e then perhaps they would
f both from the famine; I
first unarmed utterlye and
ll theyr warrlick weapons,
condicions sett downe and
to them, where they shal be
e land given unto them to
live upon, in such sorte as
good subjectes, to labour
theyr living, and to applye
onest trades of civilitye as
one be founde meete and

re then, a Gods name, will
In Leynster? or will you
lande there for them that is

will place them all in the
Brinnes and Tooles, which
ughe hath, and in all the
evanaghs, which are nowe
all the landes which will
estie there-abouts, which I
e spacious and large enough
, being verye neere twentye
wyde.
what then will ye doe with
there, the Tooles, and the
d all those that nowe are
n?
same very time, and in the
t I make that proclamation
, will I have it also made to
on theyr submission there-
like assuraunce of them as
which I will translate all
f them into the places of
, with all theyr creete, and
ave left them, the which I
devided amongest them in
, as eche may thereby have
tayne himself a while with-
further travell and labour
shalbe able to provide him-

will you then give the lande
, and make them heyres of
lls? soe may you perhaps
es also of all theyr former
orders; or howe els will you

; but all the landes I will
shmen whom I will have
drawen thither, who shall have the same with such estates as shal be thought meete, and for such rentes as shall eft-sones be rated: under everye of these Englishmen will I place some of the Irish to be tenauntes for a certayne rente, according to the quantitye of such land, as everye man shall have allotted unto him, and shalbe founde able to weelde, wherin this speciall regarde shal be had, that in noe place under any land-lorde there shall remayne manye of them planted togither, but dispersed wide from theyre acquayntaunce, and scattred farre abrode through all the countreye: For that is the evill which I nowe finde in all Ireland, that the Irish dwell togither by theyr septs, and severall nations, soe as they may practize or conspire what they will; whereas yf there were English shedd amongest them and placed over them, they should not be able once to styrre or murmure, but that it shoulde be knowen, and they shortened according to theyr demerites.

Eudox. Ye have good reason; but what rating of rents meane you? To what end doe you purpose the same?

Iren. My purpose is to rate the rents of all those landes of her Majestie in such sorte, unto those Englishmen which shall take them, as they may be well able to live therupon, to yeeld her Majestie reasonable cheverye, and also give a competent mayntenaunce unto the garrisons, which shall be there left amongest them; for these souldiours (as I told you) remayning of the former garrisons I cast to be maintayned upon the rente of those landes which shal be escheated, and to have them divided through all Ireland in such places as shalbe thought most convenient, and occasion may require. And this was the course which the Romains used in the conquest of England, for they planted some of theyr legions in all places convenient, the which they caused the countrey to maintayne, cutting upon everye portion of lande a reasonable rent, which they called Romescott, the which might not surcharge the tenaunte or free-holder, and defrayed the pay of the garrison: and this hath bene allwayes observed of all princes in all countreyes to them newly subdued, to sett garrisons amongest them to contayne them in dutye, whose burthen they made them to beare; and the wante of this ordinaunce, in the first conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, was the cause of the shorte decaye of that government, and the quicke recoverye agayne of the Irish. Theer-

fore by all meanes it is to be provided for. And this is it that I would blame, yf it should not misbecome me, in the late planting of Mounster, that noe care was had of this ordinaunce, nor any strength of a garrison provided for, by a certayne allowaunce out of all the sayd landes, but onely the present profitt looked unto, and the safe continuaunce therof for ever hereafter neglected.

Eudox. But there is a bande of souldiours layed in Mounster, to the maintenaunce of which, what oddes is there whether the Queene, receaving the rent of the countrey, doe give paye at her pleasure, or that there be a setled allowaunce appoynted unto them out of her landes there?

Iren. There is a great oddes, for nowe that sayd rente of the countrey is not usuallye applyed to the paye of the souldiours, but it is (everye other occasion coming betweene) converted to other uses, and the souldiours in time of peace discharged and neglected as unnecessarye; whereas yf the sayde rente were appoynted and ordayned by an establishment to this ende onelye, it should not be turned to any other; nor in troublesome times, uppon everye occasion, her Majestie be soe troubled with sending over newe souldiours as she nowe is, nor the countrey ever should dare to mutinie, having still the souldiours on theyr necke, nor any forreyne enemye dare to invade, knowing there soe stronge and great a garrison allwayes readye to receave them.

Eudox. Sith then ye thinke that this Romescott of the paye of the souldiours uppon the lande to be both the readyest way to the souldiours, and least troublesome to her Majestie, tell us (I pray you) how ye would have the sayd landes rated, that both a rente may rise thereout unto the Queene, and also the souldiours paye, which (me seemes) wilbe harde?

Iren. First we are to consider how much lande there is in all Ulster, that according to the quantitye therof we may cesse the sayd rente and allowaunce issuing therout. Ulster (as the auncient recordes of that realme doe testifye) doth contayne nine thousand plowe-landes, everye of which plow-landes contayneth six score acres, after the rate of 21 foote to every pearche of the sayd acre, which amounteth in the whole to 124000 acres, every of which plow-landes I will rate at 46*s.* 8*d.* by the yeare; which is not much more then 1½*d.* an acre, the which yearely rent amounteth in the whole to 18000*l.* besides 6*s.* 8*d.* chiefrie out of every plow-land. But because the countye of Louthe, being a parte and contayning in it 712 plow-lan wholye to escheate unto her Maje rest, they having in all those w tinued for the most parte dutiful otherwise nowe a greate parte t under the rebells, there is an abate made thereout of 400 or 500 plow- I estimate the same, the which are the whole yearely rent of 46*s.* 8 everye plow-land, like as the landes doe, but yet shall paye for th position of cesse towardes the mayn of souldiours 20*s.* out of everye pl soe as there is to be deducted o former summe 200 or 300*l.* yearely, t nevertheless may be supplyed by t the fishing, which is exceeding Ulster, and also by an encrease of the best landes, and those that ly best places neere the sea-cost. T 18000*l.* will defraye the intertay 1500 souldiours, with some overpl the paye of the vittaylers which imployed in the vittayling of the g

Eudox. Soe then, belike you leave 1500 souldiours in garrison f to be payed principallye out of th those landes which shal be there esc her Majestie; the which, where you) will you have garrizoned?

Iren. I will have them devided i partes; that is, 500 in every gar which I will have to remayne in th same places where they were before a to weete, 500 at Strabane and abou foyle, soe as they may holde all the of that parte of the countrey, and them be putt in wardes, upon all th thereaboutes, which I knowe to be may stopp all passages into the cou that side; and some of them also Ban, up towardes Logh-Sidney, merlye directed. Also other 500 at upon Logh-Earne, and wardes tak them which shal be layed at Ferm Belicke, at Ballishannon, and on all t towardes Conaughte, the which I k so stronglie commaund all the that waie as that none can passe fr into Connaught, without their le last 500 shall also remayne in they Monaghane, and some of them be dr wardes, to keepe the keies of all t trey, both downewardes, and also O-Relyes countrey, and the pale; at Eniskillin, some at Belturbet, so Blacke Forte, and soe alonge that

(ye shewed in the first plaunting of
And moreover at everye of those fortes
ld have the state of a towne layed
and encompassed, in the which I would
that there should be placed inhabit-
of all sortes, as marchauntes, artificers,
sbandmen, to whom there should be
s and fraunchises graunted to incor-
them. The which, as it wil be no matter
cultye to drawe out of England persons
should very gladlye be soe placed,
uld it in shorte space turne those partes
ate comoditye, and bring ere longe to
jestie much profitt; for those places are
t for trade and trafficke, having most
ient out-gates by diverse rivers to the
d in-gates to the richest partes of the
that they would soone be enriched, and
eye enlarged, for the verye seating of
arrisons by them: besides, the safetye
suraunce that they shall woorke unto
will alsoe drawe thither store of people
ade, as I have seene examples at Mari-
the and Phillipstowne in Leynster,
by reason of these two fortes, though
were but small wardes left in them,
re two good townes nowe growen, which
greatest staye of both those two coun-

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) three such
, as you say, would doe verye well in
places with the garrisons, and in shorte
would be soe augmented, as they would
e with litle helpe to wall themselves
ye: but, for the plaunting of all the
the countrey, what order would ye

Iren. What other then (as I sayd) to bring
out of England, which should inhabite
ne; whereunto though, I doubte not,
eate troupes would be readye to runne,
r that in such cases, the woorst and
decayed men are most readye to remove,
d wish them rather to be chosen out
partes of the realme, either by discre-
wise men thereunto appoynted, or by
by the drumme, as was the old use in
g foorthe of colonyes, or such other
neanes as shall in theyr wisedome be
it meetest. Amongest the chiefest of
I would have the lande sett into
ryes, in such sorte as it is nowe in
ter, and devided into hundreds and
es, or wardes, as it is in England, and
out into shires as it was aunciently;
e countye of Downe, the countye of
, *the countye of Louthe*, the countye
aghe, *the countye of* Cavan, the countye of Colrane, the countye of Monahon, the countye of Tyrone, the countye of Fermanagh, the countye of Donnegall, being in all tenne. Over all which Irish I wish a Lord President and a Counsell to be placed, which may keepe them afterwardes in awe and obedience, and minister unto them justice and equitye.

Eudox. Thus I see the whole purpose of your plot for Ulster, and nowe I desire to heare your like opinion for Conaughte.

Iren. By that which I have allreadye sayd of Ulster you may gather my opinion for Conaughte, being verye answerable unto the former. But for that the landes, which therin shall escheate unto her Majesty, are not soe intierlye togither as that they can be accoumpted in one somme, it needeth that they be considered severallye. The province of Conaughte contayneth in the whole (as appeareth by the Recordes of Dublin) 7200 plow-landes of the former measure, and is of late devided into six shires or countyes: the countye of Clare, the countye of Leutrum, the countye of Roscomman, the countye of Gallowaye, the countye of Maiho, and the countye of Sleugho. Of the which, all the countye of Sleugho, all the countye of Maiho, the most parte of the countye of Roscomman, the most parte of the countye of Leutrum, a greate parte of the countye of Galloway, and some of the countye of Clare, is like to escheate unto her Majestie for the rebellion of theyr present possessours. The which two countyes of Sleugho and Maiho are supposed to contayne allmost 3000 plow-landes, the rente wherof, ratabile to the former, I vallewe allmost at 6000*l. per annum*. The countye of Roscomman, saving what pertayneth to the howse of Roscomman and some fewe other English there latelye seated, is all one, and therfore it is wholye likewise to escheate to her Majestye, saving those portions of English inhabitauntes; and even those English doe (as I understand by them) paye as much rente to her Majestie as is sett upon those in Ulster, counting theyr composition monye therewithall, soe as it may runne all into one reckning with the former two countyes: Soe that this countye of Roscomman, contayning 1200 plow-landes, as it is accoumpted, amounteth to 2400*l.* by the yeare, which with that former two countyes rente maketh about 8300*l.* for the former wanted somewhate. But what the escheated landes of the countyes of Galloway and Leutrum will arise unto is yet uncertayne to define, till survay therof be made, for that those landes are intermingled

with the Earle of Clanrickarde, and others; but it is thought they be the one halfe of both these countyes, soe as they may be counted to the valewe of one whole countye, which contayneth above one thousand plow-landes; for soe manye the least countye of them all comprehendeth, which maketh two thousand poundes more, that is, in all, 10 or 11000*l.* Thother two countyes must remayne till theyr escheates appeare, the which letting pass, yet as unknowen, yet thus much is knowen to be accounted for certayne, that the composition of these two countyes, being rated at 20*s.* every plow-land, will amounte to above 2000*l.* more: all which being layed togither to the former, may be reasonably estimated to rise unto 13000*l.* the which somme, togither with the rente of the escheated landes in the two last countyes, which cannot yet be valewed, being, (as I doubt not,) no less then a 1000*l.* more, will yeeld a pay largely unto a thousand men and theyr victuallers, and a thousand poundes over towardes the Govrnour.

Eudox. Ye have (me thinkes) made but an estimate of these landes of Conaughte even at a verye venture, soe as it should be harde to builde any certayntye of charge to be raysed upon the same.

Iren. Not altogither upon uncertayntyes; for thus much may easelye appeare unto you for certayne, as the composition mony of every plowland amounteth unto; for this I would have you principally to understand, that my purpose is to rate all the landes in Ireland at 20*s.* every plowland, for theyr composition toward the garrison. The which I knowe, in regarde of being freed from all other charges whatsoever, wil be readely and most gladly yeelded unto. So that there being in all Ireland (as appeareth by theyr old recordes) 43920 plowlandes, the same shall amounte to the sum likewise of 43920*l.*, and the rest to be reared of the escheated landes which fall to her Majestie in the sayd provinces of Ulster, Conaughte, and that parte of Leinster under the rebells; for Mounster we deale not yet withall.

Eudox. But tell me this, by the way, doe you then lay composition upon the escheated landes as you doe upon the rest? for soe (me thinkes) you recken alltogither. And that sure were to much to pay seaven nobles out of every plow-land, and composition mony besides, that is 20*s.* out of every plow-land.

Iren. No, you mistake me; I doe put only *seaven nobles* rent and composition both upon *every plow-land* escheated, that is 40*s.* for composition, and 6*s.* 8*d.* for cheifery Majestie.

Eudox. I doe now conceave you; then (I pray you) to the appoynting garrisons in Conaughte, and shewe how many and where you would ha placed.

Iren. I would have one thousan Conaughte in two garrisons; namel the county of Maiho, about Clan Ma lors, which shall keepe the Moores Burkes of Mac William Enter: tha in the countye of Clanrickarde, abou doughe, that they may contayne the and the Burkes there, the Kellyes an nyrrs, with all them there-about; garrison which I formerly placed a hearne will serve for all occasions in t of Slegho, being neere adjoynyng th as in one nights marche they may b in any place therof when neede sha them. And like as in the former garrisons in Ulster, I wished thre townes to be planted, which under garde of that strengthe shall dwell safely with all the countrey about would I also wish to be in this of Co and that besides, there were anoth lished at Athlone, with a convenie in the castell there for theyr defence

Eudox. What should that neede Governour of Connaughte useth to allwayes, whose presence wil be a c all that towneship?

Iren. I knowe he doth soe, bu much to be disliked that the should lye soe farr of, in the remo of all the province, whereas it wer that he should be continually abidi middest of his charge, that he m looke out alike into all places of hi ment, and also be soone at hand in where occasion shall demaunde him presence of the Governour is (as y great stay and bridle unto them th disposed: like as I see it is well ob Mounster, where the daylye good continually apparaunt: and, for t also doe I greatly dislike the Lord seating at Dublin, being the outest the realme, and least needing the a presence; whereas (me seemes) it w since his proper care is of Leinster, t hath care of all besides generally should seate himselfe about Athie, abouts, upon the skirte of that countrey, so that he might, sitt., as the very mayne mast of his shippe

ely over looke and sometimes over-
e Moores, the Butlers, the Demp-
Keatins, the Connors, O-Carrell,
, and all that heape of Irish nations
re lye hudled togither without any
le them, or contayne them in dutye.
Irishman (I assure you) feares the
nt no longer then he is within
eache.

Surely (me thinkes) herein you matter of much importaunce, more ave hearde ever noted; but sure es soe expedient, as that I wonder ene heeretofore ever omitted; but the instaunce of the cittizens of the greatest lett therof.

Truly, then it ought not to be soe; use have they to feare that it wil be nunce for them; for Dublin wil be t is, the key of all passages and itions out of England thither, to noe t of those cittizens then it nowe is, other places will thereby receave fitt. But lett us nowe (I pray you) einster, in the which I would wish course to be observed as in Ulster.

You meane for the leaving of the in theyr fortes, and for planting of all those countreyes betwene the f Dublin and the countye of Wex-it those wast wilde places, I thinke, y are wonne unto her Majestie, that one that wil be hastye to seeke to them.

Yes enough, (I warraunte you;) for e whole tracke of the countrey be e and woodye, yet there are many alleyes amongest them, fitt for itations, to which those moun-oyning wil be a greate increase of ; for that countrey is a very greate attell, and verye fitt for breede: as it is nothing naturall, save onely and otes, and some places for rye, re the larger penniworthes may be unto them, though otherwise the of the mountayne pasturage doe ce the badness of the soyle, so as I but it will fynde inhabitantes and rs enoughe.

Howe much then doe you thinke ose landes which Feugh Mac Hughe nder him may amounte unto, and t may be reared therout to the unce of the garrisons that shal be re?

Truly, it is impossible by ayme to I as for experience and knowledge thereof I doe not thinke that there was every any of the particulars therof, but yet I will (yf it please you) gesse therat, uppon grounde onely of theyr judgement which have formerly devided all that countrey into two shires or countyes, namely the countye of Wicklow, and the countye of Fearnes: the which two I see noe cause but that they should wholye escheate unto her Majestie, all but the barronye of Arckloe which is the Earle of Ormond-is auncient inheritaunce, and hath ever bene in his possession; for all the whole lande is the Queenes, unless there be some graunte of any parte therof to be shewed from her Majestie: as I thinke there is onely of New-castell to Sir Henry Harrington, and of the castell of Fearnes to Sir Thomas Masterson, the rest, being allmost thirtye miles over, I doe suppose can contayne noe less then two thousand plowlandes, which I will estimate at 4000*l.* by the yeare. The rest of Leinster, being seaven countyes, to witt, the countye of Dublin, Kildare, Katarlaghe, Wexford, Kilkennye, the King and Queenes countyes, doe contayne in them 7400 plowlandes, which amounteth to soe many poundes for composition to the garrison, that makes in the whole 11,400 poundes, the which somme will yeelde paye unto a thousand souldiours, litle wanting, which may be supplyed out of other landes of the Kavanaghes, which are to be escheated unto her Majestie for the rebellion of theyr possessours, though otherwise indeede they be of her Majesties owne auncient demeane.

Eudox. It is greate reason. But tell us nowe where would you wishe those garrisons to be layed, whether altogither, or to be dispersed in sundrye places of the countrey?

Iren. Marye, in sundrye places, to witt, in this sorte, or much like as may be better devised, for 200 in a place I doe thinke to be enough for the safegarde of the countrey, and keeping under all suddayne upstartes, that shall seeke to trouble the peace therof: therfore I wish to be layed at Ballinecorrih, for the keeping of all badd parsons from Glanmalour, and all the fastness there-aboutes, and also to contayne all that shal be planted in those landes thencefoorthe, 200. Another 200 at Knocklough in theyre former place of garrison, to keepe the Briskelagh and all those mountaynes of the Kavanaghs; 200 more to lie at Fearnes, and upwardes, inward upon the Slane; 200 to be placed at the forte of Lease, to restrayne the Moores, Ossorye, and O-Carrell; other 200 at the forte of Ofalye, to courbe the O-Connors, O-Moloys, Mac-

monye will amounte likewise to five thousand, two hundred, threscore and seaven poundes to the mayntenaunce of the garrison. But because all Meathe, lying in the bosome of that kingdome, is allwayes quiett enough, it is needeless to put any garrison there, soe as all that charge may be spared. But in the countye of Longfoorde I wish 200 footemen and fiftye horsemen to be placed in some convenient seate betwene the Analie and the Brenie, as about Lough Sillon, or some like place of that river, soe as they mighte keepe both the O-Relyes, and also the O-Farrels, and all that out-skirte of Meathe in awe; the which use upon every light occasion to be stirring, and, having contynuall enmitye amongest themselves, doe thereby oftentimes trouble all those partes, the charge wherof being 3400 and odd poundes is to be cutt out of that composition monye for Meath and Longfoorde, the over-plus, being allmost 2000*l.* by the yeare, will come in clearlye to her Majestie.

Eudox. It is woorth the harkening unto. But nowe that you have done with Meath, proceede (I pray you) with Mounster, that we may see howe it will rise there for the mayntenaunce of the garrison.

Iren. Mounster contayneth by recorde at Dublin 16000 plow-landes, the composition wherof, at the least, will make 16000*l.* by the yeare, out of the which I would have a thousand [illegible]

f theeves doe lye, which convaye
althes from all Mounster downe-
ardes Tippararye, and the English
rom the English Pale also up unto
wherof they use to make a common
sides that, ere long I doubt that
e of Tippararye it selfe will neede
ngth in it, which were good to be
lye before the evill fall, that is
some expected: And thus you see
arrisons placed.

I see it right well, but lett me
you) by the way aske you the
ye in those cittyes of Mounster,
Vaterford and Corcke, ye rather
risons then in all thothers in
For they may thinke themselves
great wronge to be soe charged
the rest.

I will tell you: those two cittyes,
the rest, doe offer an in-gate to the
s most fitlye, and also the inhabi-
them are most ill affected to the
overnment and most frendes to the
les; but yet, because they shall
exceptions to this that they are
bove all the rest, I will also laye a
on the others likewise; for indeede
reason that the corporat townes,
greate fraunchises and privileges
Majestie, and living therby not
, but drawing to them the wealth
lande, should live soe free as not
rtakers of the burthen of this
for theyr owne safetye, specially
ime of trouble, and seing all the
ened: and therfore I will thus
em all ratablye, according to theyr
towardes theyr maintenaunce, the
r Majestie may (yf she please)
of the charge of the rest, and
owardes her other costes, or els
e charge of the Presidencye in the

s . .	100	Wexford . . .	25
. . .	50	Drogheda . . .	25
. . .	50	Rosse	25
. . .	50	Dundalke . . .	10
oolshe .	10	Mollingiare . .	10
. . .	10	Newrye	10
. . .	10	Trimme . . .	10
se . .	10	Ardye	10
. . .	10	Kells	10
. . .	10	Dublin	100
. . .	10		
. . .	25	Somme . .	580

It is easye, Irenæus, to laye a
on any towne, but to fore-see howe
the same may be answered and defrayed is the cheifest parte of good advisement.

Iren. Surely this charge which I putt upon them I knowe to be soe reasonable as that it will not much be felte; for the porte townes that have benefitt of shipping may cutt it easelye of theyr trading, and all inland townes of theyr corne and cattell: nether doe I see, but since to them speciallye the benefitt of peace doth redounde, that they speciallye should beare the burthen of theyr safegarde and defence, as we see all the townes of the Lowe-Countreyes doe cutt upon themselves an excise of all thinges towarde the mayntenaunce of the warre that is made in theyr behalfe, to which though these are not to be compared in riches, yet are they to be charged according to theyr povertye.

Eudox. But nowe that you have thus sett up these forces of souldiours, and provided well (as ye suppose) for theyr paie, yet there remayneth to fore-cast how they may be vittayled, and where purveyaunce therof may be made; for in Ireland it selfe I cannot see allmost howe any thing is to be had for them, being allreadye so pitifully wasted as it is with this shorte time of warre.

Iren. For the first two yeares indeede it is needefull that they be vittayled out of England throughlye, from halfe yeare to halfe yeare, aforehand, which time the English Pale shall not be burthened at all, but shall have time to recovere itselfe; and Mounster also, being nowe reasonablye well stored, will by that time, (yf God send reasonable weather) be throughlye well furnished to supplye a greate parte of that charge, for I knowe there is greate plentye of corne sente over sea from thence, the which yf they might have sale for at home, they would be gladd to have monye soe neere-hand, specially yf they were straightly restrayned from transporting of it. Thereunto also there wil be a greate helpe and furtheraunce given in the putting forward of husbandrye in all meete places, as hereafter shall in due place appeare. But hereafter, when thinges shall growe unto a better strengthe, and the countrey be replenished with corne, as in shorte space it would, yf it be well followed, for the countrey people themselves are great plowers, and small spenders of corne, then would I wish that there should be good store of howses and magasins erected in all those greate places of garrison, and in all great townes, as well for the vittayling of souldiours and shippes,

as for all occasions of suddayne services, as also for preventing of all times of dearthe and scarcitye: and this wante is much to be complayned of in England above all other countreyes, whoe, trusting to much to the usuall blessing of the earthe, doe never forecast any such harde seasons, nor any such suddayne occasions as these troublous times may everye day bring foorth, when it will be to late to gather provision from abrode, and to bring it perhaps from farre for the furnishing of shippes or souldiours, which peradventure may neede to be presently employed, and whose wante may (which God forbidd) happyle hazzarde a kingdome.

Eudox. Indeede the wante of these magasins of vittayls, I have hearde oftentimes complayned of in England, and wondred at in other countreyes, but that is nothing nowe to our purpose; but as for these garrisons which ye have nowe soe strongly plaunted throughout all Ireland, and every place swarming with souldiours, shall there be noe end of them? For nowe thus being (me seemes) I doe see rather a countrey of warre then of peace and quiet, which ye earst pretended to worke in Ireland; for if you bringe all thinges to that quietness which you sayd, what neede then to mayntayne soe great forces as you have charged upon it?

Iren. I will unto you, Eudoxus, in privitye discover the drifte of my purpose: I meane (as I tolde you) and doe well hope heereby both to settell an eternall peace in that countrey, and also to make it verye profitable to her Majestie, the which I see must be brought in by a stronge hand, and soe continued, till it runne in a stedfast course of government, the which in this sorte will neither be difficile nor daungerous; for the souldiour being once brought in for the service into Ulster, and having subdued it and Connaughte, I will not have him to laye downe his armes any more, till he have effected that which I purpose; that is, first to have this generall composition for the mayntenaunce of these throughout all the realme, in regarde of the troublous times, and daylye daunger which is threatned to this realme by the King of Spayne: And therupon to bestowe all my souldiours in such sorte as I have done, that noe parte of all that realme shal be able or dare soe much as to quinche. Then will I eftsones bring in *my reformation*, and therupon establish such *an order* of government as I may thinke *meetest for* the good of that realme, which being once established, and all into a right way, I doubt not runne on fayrely. And thoug ever seeke to swarve aside, y not be able without forreyne to remove, as you your selfe hope) in your own reason read which yf ever it shall appea her Majestie at pleasure with of her garrisons, and turne th her purse, or yf she will never doe (which I would rather wis she have a number of brave allwayes readye for any occa will imploye them unto, sup garrisons with fresh ones in t the mayntenaunce of whom more charge to her Majestie th realme is; for all the revennu much more, she spendeth, even peaceable times that are ther nowe stand. And in time of is nowe surelye every seaven spendeth infinite treasure bes purpose.

Eudox. I perceave your nowe that you have thus st waye unto your reformation, the people soe humbled and they will and must yeelde to an that shal be given them, I doe to understand the same: for ginning you promised to she howe to redresse all those in and abuses, which you shewed state of government, which there, as in the lawes, custo ligion: wherin I would gladly whether, insteede of those lawe have newe lawes made? for no that I see, you may doe what y

Iren. I see, Eudoxus, that member our first purpose, and continue the course therof. F to speake of Lawes, since we with them, I doe not thinke it though nowe it be in the p Prince to change all the law newe; for that should breed trouble and confusion, as well in now dwelling there and to be pla in the Irish. For the English, trayned up allwayes in the En ment, will hardly be enured un and the Irish will better be d English, then the English t government. Therfore since nowe applye lawes fit for the

titution of common-wealthes it
we will applye the people, and
the lawes, as it most conve-
be. The lawes therfore we
abide in the same sorte that
oth Common Lawe and Stat-
such defectes in the Common
inconveniences in the Statutes,
ginning we noted and as men of
t shall advise, may be chaunged
er newe Actes and ordinaunces
Parliament there confirmed: As
alls of Pleas of the Crowne, and
tes betwene partyes, colourable
es, accessaryes, &c.

But howe will those be redressed
ent, when as the Irish which
in Parliament (as you sayd),
themselves agaynst them?

at may nowe be well avoyded:
that soe many Free-holders of
al be established, they togither
sses of townes, and such other
-men as may be preferred to be
the Shire, and such like, wil be
ole and counter-poise the rest;
eing nowe broughte more in awe,
ore easely submitt to any such
as shal be for the good of
and that realme generallye.

You say well for the increase of
, for theyre numbers will hereby
augmented; but howe shall it
gh the higher howse, which will
all of Irish?

larye, that also may well be re-
the example of that which I have
done in the like case by King
e Thirde (as I remember), whoe,
tly bearded and crossed by the
he Cleargye, they being then by
he Lordes Abbots and others, to
l to stronge for him, soe as he
for theyr frowardness order and
inges as he desired, was advised
t his writtes to certayne Gentell-
best abilitye and trust, entitling
n Barrons, to serve and sitt as
the next Parliament. By which
had soe many Barrons in his Par-
were able to waigh downe the
nd theyr frendes; the which Bar-
ay, were not afterwardes Lordes,
rronetts, as sundrye of them doe
the name. And by the like de-
ajestie may nowe likewise courbe
rte these Irish and unrulye Lordes
all good proceedinges.

Eudox. It seemeth noe less then for re-forming of all those inconvenient statutes that ye noted in the beginning, and re-dressing of all those evill customes, and lastly, for settling sound religion amongest them: me thinkes ye shall not neede any more to goe over those particulars agayne, which you mentioned, nor any other which might besides be remembred, but to leave all to the reformation of such Parliamentes, in which, by the good care of the Lord Deputye and Counsell they may all be amended. Therfore nowe you may come to that generall reformation which you spake of, and bringing in of that establishment, by which you sayd all men should be contayned in dutye ever after, without the terrour of warlicke forces, or violent wrestinge of thinges by sharpe punnishments.

Iren. I will soe at your pleasure, the which (me seemes) can by noe meanes be better plotted then by example of such other realmes as have bene annoyed with like evills, that Ireland nowe is, and useth still to be. And first in this our realme of England, it is manifest, by reporte of the Chronicles and auncient writers, that it was greatlye infested with robbers and out-lawes, which lurked in woodes and fast places, whence they used oftentimes to breake foorthe into the highe wayes, and sometimes into the small villages to robbe and spoyle. For redress wherof it is written that King Allured, or Alfred, who then raigned, did devide the realme into shires, and the shires into hundrethes, and the hundrethes into rapes or wapentakes, and the wapentakes into tithinges: Soe that tenn tithinges made an hundrethe, and five made a lathe or wa-pentake, of which tenn, ech one was bounde for another, and the eldest or best of them, whom they called the Tithingman or Burse-holder that is, the eldest pledge, became suretye for all the rest. Soe that yf any one of them did starte into any undutifull action, the Burseholder was bounde to bringe him foorthe, whoe joyning eft-sones with all his tithing, would followe that loose person through all places, till they broughte him in. And yf all that tithing fayled, then all that lath was charged for that tythinge, and if that lath failed, then all the hundred was demaunded for them; and yf the hundred, then the shire, whoe, joyning eft-sones togither, would not rest till they had founde out and delivered in that undutifull fellowe which was not amenable to lawe. And herin it seemeth, that that good Saxon King

thinge, and theyr Burseholder, whoe being his neghbour or next kinsman were privye to all his wayes, and looked narrowlye into his life. The which institution (yf it were observed in Ireland) would woorke that effecte which it did then in England, and keepe all men within the compass of dutye and obedience.

Eudox. This is contrarye to that you sayde before; for, (as I remember,) you sayd there was a greate disproportion betwene England and Ireland, soe as the lawes which were fitting for one would not fitt the other. Howe comes it then, nowe, that you would transferre a principall institution from England to Ireland?

Iren. This lawe was made not by a Norman Conquerour, but by a Saxon King, at what time England was very like to Ireland, as nowe it standes: for it was (as I tolde you) greatlye annoyed with robbers and outlawes, which troubled the whole state of the realme, everye corner having a Robin Hoode in it, that kepte the woodes, and spoyled all passagers and inhabitauntes, as Ireland nowe hath; soe as, me seemes, this ordinaunce would fitt verye well, and bring them all into awe.

Eudox. Then, when you have thus tithed the comunaltye, as ye say, und set Burseholders over them all, what would ye doe when ye come to the gentellmen? would ye holde the same course?

Iren. Yea, marye, most specially: for

…n of them, and one bounde for another, …nby, yf any shall swarve, his suretyes …ll for safegarde of theyr bandes either …g him in, or seeke to serve upon him: …besides this, I would wish them all to be …rne to her Majestie, which they never were, but at theyr first creation; and …oath would sure contayne them greatlye, …he breache of it bring them to shorter …geaunce, for God useth to punnish per…e sharpelye. Soe I reade, that in the …ne of Edwarde the Second, and also of …ary the Seaventh, (when the times were …ye broken) that there was a corporat oth …en of all the lordes and best gentell-men, …fealtye to the King, which nowe is noe …needfull, because many of them are sus…ted to have taken another othe privilye …ome badd purposes, and therupon to have …eaved the Sacrament, and bene sworne to a …ist, which they thinke bindeth them more …n theyr alleageance to theyr Prince, or …e of theyr countrey.

Eudox. This tithing of that common…ple, and taking suretyes of lordes and …tellmen, I like verye well, but that it …be very troublesome: should it not be as …ll to have them all booked, and the lordes …d gentell-men to take all the meaner sorte …n themselves? for they are best able to …ng them in, whensoever any of them …teth out.

Iren. This indeede (Eudoxus) hath bene …erto, and yet is a common order amongest …n, to have all the people booked by the …es and gentellmen, but yet it is the woorst …r that ever was devised; for by this …king of men all the inferiour sorte are …ght under the comaunde of theyr lordes, …forced to followe them into any action …tsoever. Nowe this you are to under…nd, that all the rebellions that you see …n time to time happen in Ireland are not …onne by the common people, but by the …es and captaynes of countreyes, upon …e or willfull obstinacye agaynst the go…rnment, which whensoever they will enter …, they drawe with them all theyr people …followers, which thinke themselves …nde to goe with them, because they have …ked them and undertaken for them. And …is the reason that ye have fewe such …d occasions here in England, by reason …t the noblemen, however they should …pen to be ill disposed, should have noe …maunde at all over the comunaltye, …ugh dwelling under them, because that *…rye man standeth uppon* himselfe, and buildeth his fortunes upon his owne fayth and firme assuraunce: the which this manner of tithing the polls will woorke also in Ireland. For by this the people are broken into many small partes, like litle streames, that they cannot easely come togither into one head, which is the principall regarde that is to be had in Ireland to keepe them from growing to such a head, and adhering unto great men.

Eudox. But yet I can not see howe this can be well brought, without doing great wrong to the noblemen there; for at the conquest of that realme, those great segnioryes and lordships were given them by the King, that they should be the stronger agaynst the Irish, by the multitude of followers and tenauntes under them: all which hold theyr tenementes of them by fealtye, and such services, whereby they are (by the first graunt of the King) made bounde unto them, and tyed to rise out with them into all occasions of service. And this I have often heard, that when the Lord Deputye hath raysed any generall hostinges, the noblemen have claymed the leading of them, by graunte from the Kinges of England under the Greate Seale exhibited; soe as the Deputyes would not refuse them to have the leading of them, or, yf they did, they would soe woorke, as none of theyr followers should rise foorthe to the hosting.

Iren. You say verye true; but will you see the fruite of these grauntes? I have knowen when these lordes have had the leading of theyr owne followers under them to the generall hosting, that they have for the same cutt upon every plowland within theyr countrey 40*s.* or more, wherebye some of them have gathered above 7 or 800*l.*, and others much more, into theyr purse, in lieu wherof they have gathered unto themselves a nomber of loose kearne out of all partes, which they have carryed foorth with them, to whom they never gave pennye of entertaynement, allowed by the countrey or forced by them, but let them feede upon the countreyes, and extort upon all men where they come; for that people will never aske better entertaynement then to have a colour of service or employment given them, by which they will poll and spoyle soe outragiously, as the verye Enemye can not doe much woorse: and they also sometimes turne to the Enemyes.

Eudox. It seemes the first intent of these grauntes was agaynst the Irish, which nowe some of them use agaynst the Queene her selfe. But nowe what remedye is there for

this? Or howe can these grauntes of the Kinges be avoyded, without wrouging of those lordes which had those landes and lordshipps given them?

Iren. Surely they may be well enough; for most of those lordes, since theyr first grauntes from the Kinges by which these landes were given them, have sithence bestowed the most parte of them amongest theyr kinsfolkes, as every lorde perhaps in his time hath given one or other of his principall castells to his yonger sonne, and other to others, as largely and as amplye as they were given to him; and others they have sold, and others they have bought, which were not in theyr first graunte, which nowe nevertheless they bring within the compass therof, and take and exacte upon them, as upon their first demeanes, all those kinde of services, yea and the verye wilde Irish exactions, as Coignye and Liverye, for him, and such like, by which they poll and utterly undoe the poore tenauntes and freeholders unto them, which either through ignorannce knowe not theyr tenures, or through greatness of theyr newe lordes dare not challenge them; yea, and some lordes of countreyes also, as greate ones as themselves, are nowe by strong hand brought under them, and made theyr vassalls. As for example Arondell of Stronde in the Countye of Corcke, whoe was aunciently a greate lorde, and was able to spend 3500*l.* by the yeare, as appeareth by good Recordes, is nowe become the Lord Barryes man, and doth to him all the services which are due unto her Majestie. For reformation of all which, it were good that a commission should be graunted foorth under the Great Seale, as I have seene once recorded in the old counsell booke of Mounster; It was sent foorthe in the time of Sir William Drurye unto persons of speciall trust and judgement to enquire throughout all Ireland, beginning with one countye first, and soe resting a while till the same were settled, by the verdicte of a sounde and substantiall jurye, how everye man holdeth his landes, of whom, and by what tenure, soe that everye one should be admitted to shewe and exhibite what right he hath, and by what services he holdeth his land, whether in cheif or in socadge, or in knightes service, or howe else soever. Therupon would appeare, first howe all those greate English lordes doe clayme those great services, what segnioryes they usurpe, what *wardeships* they take from the Queene, what *landes of hers they* conceale: and then howe *those Irish* captaynes of countreyes have encrocheel upon the Queenes free-hol tenauntes, howe they have transl tenures of them from English hold Irish Tanistrie, and defeated her M all the rightes and dutyes whic accrewe to her therout, as wa liveryes, mariadges, fines of alienat manye other comodityes; which n kepte and concealed from her Majes value of 60,000*l.* yearely, I dare n in all Ireland, by that which I know countye.

Eudox. This, Irenæus, would daungerous commission, and readye up all the Irish into rebellion, whos that they have nothing to shewe for landes which thoy holde, but theyr s would rather drawe them then suf landes to be thus drawen away from

Iren. Nether should theyr landes away from them, nor the utternost tages enforced agaynst them: But discretion of the commissioners s made knowen unto them, that it i Majesties meaning to use any s tremitye, but onely to reduce thir order of English lawe, and make ther theyr landes of her Majestie, and r her her due services, which they de of those landes which were auncie of her. And that they should not o be thrust out, but also have est grauntes of theyr landes nowe made from her Majestie, soe as they shoul foorth holde them rightfullye, wh nowe usurpe most wrongfullye; and all I would wish, that in all th countreyes there were some land re her Majesties free disposition for t contayning of the rest, and ente them with English inhabitauntes tomes, that knowledge might still b them, and of all theyr doinges, s manner of practize or conspiracye had in hand amongest them, but noti be given therof by one meanes or o theyr practises prevented.

Eudox. Trulye neither can the nor yet the Irish lords, thinke th wronged, nor hardlye dealt with to have that indeede which is none owne at all, but her Majesties given to them with such equall cond that both they may be assured thero then they are, and also her Majesti frauded of her right utterlye; for it grace in a prince, to take that with o which is absolutely her owne. Thus

ll satisfyed, and as for the great had such grauntes made them at Kinges of England, it was in re- ney should keepe out the Irish, and kinges right, and his subjectes: but that, insteede of defending them, and spoyle them, and, insteede of the Irish, they doe not onelye Irish theyr tenauntes in those thrust out the English, but also elves become meere Irish, with with them, fostring with them, ng with them agaynst the Queene; is there but that those grauntes ges should be either revoked, or at to the first intention for which graunted? For sure in myne are more sharply to be chastised then the rude Irish, which, being at the first, are nowe become more civill, when as these from growen to be wilde and meere

deede as you say, Eudoxus, these a sharper reformation then the for they are much more stubborne, ent to lawe and government, then and more malicious to the Eng- lye are sent over.

Is it possible I pray you? Howe pass, and what may be the reason

rye! they say that the lande is by right, being first conquered by tours, and that they are wronged English mens intruding therunto, call Alloonagh with as greate re- y would rate a dogge. And for theyr auncestours were in times they were civill and incorrupted) Deputyes of the lande, they thinke e authoritye should be given to he charge of the realme left in s; which, for that they see it nowe sposed, and that trust not given h theyr auncestours had) they selves greatly indignifyed and dis- thereby growe both discontented ull.

In truth, Irenæus, this is more then le, that English-Irish there should hen the wilde Irish: Lord! howe that countrey alter mens natures! nothing (I perceave) that I have the Counsell of England thinke it llicie to have that realme reformed, with English, least they should *dutifull as the Irish*, and become much more daungerous: as appeareth by the example of the Lacies in the time of Edward the Second, which you spoke of, that shooke of theyr alleageaunce to theyr naturall Prince, and turned to the Scott (Edward le Bruce), devising to make him King of Ireland.

Iren. Noe times have bene without badd men: but as for that purpose of the Counsell of England, which ye spake of, that they should keepe that realme from reformation, I thinke they are most lewdly abused, for theyr great carefulness and earnest endevours doe witness the contrarye. Neither is it the nature of the countrey to alter mens manners, but the badd myndes of them, whoe having bene brought up at home under a straight rule of dutye and obedience, being allwayes restrayned by sharpe penaltyes from lewde behaviour, soe soone as they come thither, where they see lawes more slacklye tended, and the harde restraynt which they were used unto nowe slacked, they growe more loose and careless of theyr dutye: and as it is the nature of all men to love libertye, soe they become flatt libertines, and fall to all licentiousness, more boldly daring to disobey the lawe, through the presumption of favour and frendship, then any Irish dare.

Eudox. Then yf that be soe, (me thinkes) your late advisement was every evill, wherby you wished the Irish to be sowed and sprinckled with the English, and in all the Irish countreyes to have English plaunted amongest them, for to bring them to English fashions, since the English be sooner drawen to the Irish then the Irish to the English: for as you sayd before, if they must runne with the streame, the greater number will carrye away the less: Therfore (me seemes) by this reason it should be better to parte the Irish and English, then to mingle them togither.

Iren. Not soe, Eudoxus; for where there is noe good stay of government, and strong ordinaunces to holde them, there indeede the fewer will followe the more, but where there is due order of discipline and good rule, there the better shall goe formost, and the woorse shall followe. And therfore nowe, since Ireland is full of her owne nation, that may not be rooted out, and somewhat stored with English allreadye, and more to be, I thinke it best by an union of manners, and conformitye of myndes, to bring them to be one people, and to putt away the dislikefull conceit both of the one, and the other, which wil be by noe meanes better then by this entermingling of them: That neither all the Irish may dwell togither, nor all the English, but

borough, which is the head of the Lathe, him will I make an English man, or an Irish man of noe small assuraunce: as also when I come to appoynte the Alderman, that is the head of that hundred, him will I surely choose to be an English man of speciall regarde, that may be a staye and piller of all the bouroughes under him.

Eudox. What doe you meane by your hundred, and what by your bourough? By that, which I have reade in auncient recordes of England, an hundred did contayne an hundreth villages, or as some say an hundreth plowlandes, being the same which the Saxons called a Cantred; the which cantred, as I finde recorded in the blacke booke of Ireland, did contayne 30 Villatas terræ, which some call, quarters of land, and every Villata can maintayne 400 cowes in pasture, and the 400 cowes to be devided into fowre heardes, so as none of them shall come neere another: every Villata containeth 17 plowlands, as is there sett downe. And by that which I have reade of a bourough it signifieth a free towne, which had a principall officer, called a head-bourough, to become ruler, and undertaker for all the dwellers under him, having for the same fraunchises and priviledges graunted them by the King, wherof it was called a free bourough, and of the lawyers *Franciplegium.*

Iren. Both that which you say, Eudoxus, is true, and yet that which I say not untrue; for that which ye spake of deviding the coun-

into those tithinges and
you have them soe preser
For people doe often ch
inges, and some must dy
doe growe up unto stre
become men.

Iren. These hundreds
to assemble themselves
with theyr pledges, an
selves before the justices
shal be thereunto appoyn
and numbred, to see
happened since the ye
defectes to supplye of t
late growen up, the whi
be overlooked and viewe
and demeanour they be,
be taken for them, and
of some tithing: of all w
is to be taken, and book
cordingly.

Eudox. Nowe (me t
are to be warned to tak
wares ye fall into that
you formerly found fau
namely, that by this bo
doe not gather them unt
having broken theyr fo
not agayne unite them
everye alderman, having
of his hundred under
thinkes) yf he be ill disp
his companie unto any
likewise, by this assembl

ger therof to be doubted, seing it is
re a justice of peace, or some high
to be thereunto appoynted: Soe as
thinges there can noe perill ensue,
ayne assuraunce of peace and great
they are thereby withdrawen from
ies, and subjected to theyr Prince.
for the better breaking of those
id septs, which (I tolde you) was
e greatest strengthes of the Irish,
s, it should doe very well to renewe
tatute in Ireland that was made in
ie of England (in the raigne of
he Fourth), by which it was com-
hat wheras all men then used to be
he name of theyr septs, according to
erall nations, and had noe surnames
t from thencefoorth ech one should
himselfe a severall surname, either
le or facultye, or of some qualitye
y or mynd, or of the place where he
e as everye one should be distin-
from the other, or from the most
erby they shall not onely not depend
head of theyr sept, as nowe they
lso shall in shorte time learne quite
this Irish nation. And heerewithall
also wish all the Oes and Macks,
heads of the septs have taken to
nes, to be utterlye forbidden and ex-
d; for that the same being an old
as some say) first made by O-Brien
trengthning of the Irish, the abro-
erof will as much enfeeble them.

I like this ordinaunce verye well;
that ye have thus devided and dis-
d them, what other order will ye
heyr manner of life? For all this,
erhaps it may keepe them from
nce and disloyaltye, yet will it not
m from theyr barbarisme and sa-
.

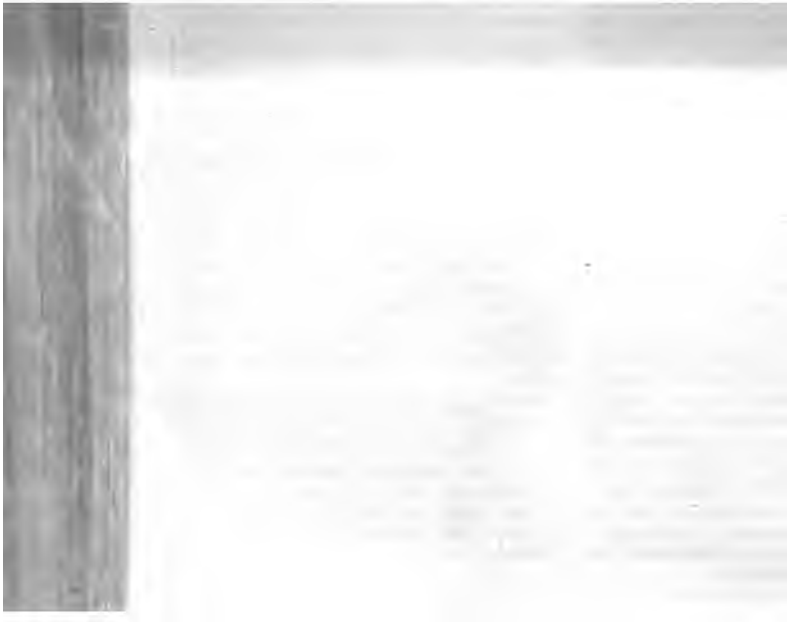
The next thing that I will doe
appointe to everye one, that is not
ve of his free-holde, a certayne trade
which he shall finde himselfe fittest,
be thought ablest, the which trade
bounde to followe, and live onely
. All trades therfore, it is to be un-
are to be of three kindes, manuall,
all, and mixt. The first contayn-
ich as needeth exercise of bodylye
the perfourmaunce of theyr pro-
the other consisting onelye of the
of witt and reason; the third sort,
bodelye labour, and partly of witt,
ding most of industrye and carefull-
the first sorte be all handycraftes
and husbandrye labour. Of the secon
all sciences, and those which are called
liberall artes. Of the thirde is marcha
and chafferie, that is, buying and sel
and without all these three there is noe
monwealth can allmost consist, or a
least be perfect. But that wretched re
of Ireland wanteth the most principa
them, that is, the intellectuall; therfo
seeking to reforme her state it is special
be looked unto. But because of husban
which supplyeth unto us all necessarye th
for foode, wherby we cheifly live, the
it is first to be provided for. The first t
therfore that we are to drawe these
tithed men unto, ought to be husban
First, because it is the most easye t
learned, needing onely the labour of
bodye; next, because it is most general
most needefull; then, because it is
naturall; and lastlye, because it is
enemy to warre, and most hateth unq
ness: As the Poet sayeth,

——' bella execrata colonis :'

for husbandrye being the nurse of thrift
the daughter of industrye and labour, dete
all that may woorke her hinderaunce, an
troye the travell of her handes, whose
is all her lives comforte unto the plowgh:
fore all those Kearne, Stokaghs, and H
boyes are to be driven and made to em
that ableuesse of bodye, which they
wonte to use to thefte and villanye, h
foorth to labour and industrye. In the w
by that time they have spente but a
payne, they will finde such sweetness
happy contentment, that they will
wardes hardly be hayled away from i
drawen to theyr woonted lewde life in
verye and rogerye. And being thus
entred thereunto, they are not onely
countenaunced and encouradged by all
meanes, but also provided that theyr chi
after them may be brought up likewi
the same, and succeede in the roomes of
fathers. To which end there is a Stat
Ireland allreadye well provided, which
aundeth that all the sonnes of husban
shal be trayned up in theyr fathers
but it is (God wote) very slenderlye exe

Eudox. But doe you not counte, i
trade of husbandrye, pasturing of cattel
keeping of theyr cowes, for that is re
as a parte of husbandrye?

Iren. I knowe it is, and needfullye
used, but I doe not meane to allowe ar
those able bodyes, which are able t



wne authoritye, with such paynes as
ns should seeme to deserve: for yf he
once taken soe idlye roging, he may
him more lightlye, as with stockes,
like; but yf he be founde agayne soe
, he may scourge him with whippes, or
after which yf he be agayne taken, lett
ve the bitterness of the marshall lawe.
ise yf any relickes of the old rebellion
nde by him, that have not either come
submitted themselves to the lawe, or
having once come in, doe breake foorthe
he, or walke disorderlye, lett them taste
e same cupp in Gods name; for it was
nto them for theyr first guilte, and nowe
g revived by theyr later looseness, lett
a have theyr first desarte, as nowe being
ide unfitt to live in a commonwealth.

Eudox. This were a good manner; but me
akes it is an unnecessarye charge, and
o unfitt to continue the name or forme of
y marshall lawe, when as there is a proper
icer allreadye appoynted for these turnes,
witt the sheriff of the shire, whose peculiar
Bee it is to walke continuallye up and
owne his baly-wick, as ye would have a
marshall, to snatche up all those runnagates
nd unprofitable members, and to bring them
o his goale to be punnished for the same.
Therfore this may well be spared.

Iren. Not soe, me seemes; for though the
sherriff have this authoritye of himselfe to
take up all such stragglers, and imprison
them, yet shall he not doe soe much good,
nor woorke that terrour in the hartes of them,
that a marshall shall, whom they shall knowe
to have power of life and death in such cases,
and specially to be appoynted for them:
Neither doth it hinder but that, though
it pertayne to the sherriff, the sherriff may
doe therin what he can, and yet the marshall
may walke his course besides; for both of
them may doe the more good, and more
terrifye the idle rogues, knowing that though
he have a watche upon the one, yet he may
light upon the other. But this proviso is
needefull to be had in this case, that the
sheriff may not have the like power of life
as the marshall hath, and as heertofore they
have bene accustomed; for it is daungerous
to give power of life into the handes of him
which may have benefitt by the partyes
death, as, yf the sayd loose liver have any
goods of his owne, the Sherriff is to seaze
therupon, wherby it hath often come to pass,
that some that have not deserved perhaps
judgement of death, though otherwise perhaps
offending, have 'bene for theyr goodes sake
caught up, and carryed straight to the bonghe;
a thing indeede very pittiful and verye horri-
ble. Therfore by noe meanes I would wish
the Sherriff to have such authoritye, nor yet to
emprison that loosell till the sessions, for soe
all gayles might soone be filled, but to send
him to the Marshall, whoe, eftsones finding him
faultye, shall give him meete correction, and
ridd him away foorthwith.

Eudox. I doe nowe perceave your reason
well. But come we nowe to that wherof we earst
spake, I mean, to religion and religious men;
What order will you sett amongest them?

Iren. For religion litle have I to saye, my
selfe being (as I sayd) not professed therin,
and it selfe being but one, soe as there is but
one waye therin; for that which is true
onelye is, and the rest are not at all, yet in
planting of religion thus much is needfull to
be observed, that it be not sought forcebly to
be impressed into them with terrour and
sharpe penalties, as nowe is the manner, bu
rather delivered and intimated with mildenes
and gentleness, soe as it may not be hate
afore it be understood, and theyr Professo
dispised and rejected. For this I knowe th
the most of the Irish are soe farre from und
standing of the popish religion as they are
the protestauntes profession; and yet
they hate it though unknowen, even for
very hatred which they have of the Eng
and theyr government. Therfore it is e
dient that some discreete Ministers of t
owne countrey-men be first sent amo
them, which by theyr milde persuasion
instructions, as also by theyr sober lif
conversation, may drawe them first to
stand, and afterwardes to embrace, th
trine of theyr salvation; for yf th
auncient godly Fathers, which first co
them, beinge infidells, to the faith, w
to drawe them from Infidelitye an
nisme to the true beleefe in Christ
Pattricke, and St. Columbi howe mu
easelie shall the godlye teachers bri
to the true understanding of th
they allready profess? wherin it
wonder to see the oddes which i
the zeale of Popish preistes,
Ministers of the Gospell; for they
to come out of Spayne, from
from Rhemes, by long toyle and
travell hither, where they know
death awayteth them, and noe r
richess is to be founde, onely t
people to the Church of Rome;
of our idell Ministers, having
credit and estimation thereby

them, and having the livinges of the countrey offered them, without paynes, and without perrill, will neither for the same, nor for any love of God, nor zeale of religion, nor for all the good they might doe by winning of soe many sowles to God, be drawen foorth from theyr warme nests and theyr sweete loves side to looke out into Godes harvest, which is even readye for the sickle, and all the fieldes yellowe long agoe: doubtless those good old godly Fathers will (I feare me) rise up in the Daye of Judgement to condemne them.

Eudox. Surelye, it is great pittye, Ireneus, that there are none chosen out of the Ministers of England, good, sober, and discreet men, which might be sent over thither to teache and instructe them, and that there is not as much care had of theyr sowles as of theyr bodyes; for the care of both lyeth upon the Prince.

Iren. Were there never soe many sent over they should doe smal good till one enormitye be taken from them, that is, that both they be restrayned from sending theyr yonge men abrode to other Universities beyond the seas, as Rhemes, Doway, Lovayne, and the like, and that others from abrode be restrayned from coming to them; for they lurking secretly in theyr howses and in corners of the countrey doe more hurte and hinderaunce to religion with theyr private persuasions, then all the others can doe good with theyr publicke instructions; and though for these later there be a good statute there ordayned, yet the same is not executed, and as for the former there is noe lawe nor order for theyr restrainte at all.

Eudox. I marvayle it is noe better looked unto, and not only this, but that also which, I remember, you mencioned in your abuses concerning the profitts and revenues of the landes of fugitives in Ireland, which by pretence of certayne colourable conveyaunces are sent continuallye over unto them, to the comforting of them and others agaynst her Majestie, for which heere in England there is good order taken; and whye not then as well in Ireland? For though there be noe statute there enacted therfore, yet might her Majestie, by her onelye prerogative, seaze all the fruits and profitts of those fugitives landes into her handes, till they come over to testifye theyr true alleageaunce.

Iren. Indeede she might soe doe; but *the combrous* times doe perhaps hinder the *regarde therof*, and of many other good *intentions*.

Eudox. But why then did they it in peaceable times?

Iren. Leave we that to th considerations, but procede we Next care in religion is to builde payre all the ruinous churches, most parte lye even with the gr some that have bene lately repay unhandsomelye patched, and tha men doe even shnnne the plac uncomeliness therof; therfore I that there were order taken to builte in some better forme, accor churches of England; for the outw (assure your selfe) doth greatlye rude people to the reverencing quenting therof, what ever some to nice fooles saye,—'there is notl seemelye forme and comely ord churche.' And, for soe keeping tinuing them, there should likewi wardens of the gravest men in the appoynted, as there be heere in which should take the yearely ch herof, and also of the schoole-how I wished to be builded neere to churches; for mayntenaunce of b it were meete that some severall landé were allotted, sith no m mains are to be looked for.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) i soe convenient; but when all is will ye have your churches serve Ministers mayntained? since th (as you sayd) are not sufficient make them a newe gowne, muc yeelde meete maintenaunce accor diguitie of theyr degree.

Iren. There is noe way to but to laye two or thre of them untill such time as the countrey g riche and better inhabited, at whi tithes and other oblations will al augmented and better valewed: that we have gone thus throug theyr sortes of trades, and sett a theyre good establishment, lett please) goe next to some other pointes of other publicke matter concerning the good of the com though but accidentallye dependi former. And first I wish that taken for the cutting downe and all paces through woodes, soe th waye of the space of a hundreth ya be layed open in everye of them for of travellers, which use often in su places to be robbed, and some

all. Next, that bridges were builte
all rivers, and all the foordes marred
spilte, soe as none might pass any other
e but by those bridges, and everye
ge to have a gate and a small gate-
se sett theron; wherof this good will
e that noe night stealthes (which are
rmonlye driven in by-wayes and by
ale foordes unused of anye but such like)
be convayed out of one countrey into
ther, as they use, but they must pass by
se bridges, where they may be either
ily encountred, or easely tracked, or not
red to pass at all, by meanes of those
e-howses: Also that in all straytes and
rowe passages, as betwene two bogges,
through any deepe foorde, or under any
ntayne side, there should be some litle
llage, or wooden castell sett, which
uld keepe and comaunde that strayte,
rby any rebell that should come in the
atrey might be stopped the waye, or pass
great perill. Moreover, that all highe
es should be fenced and shutt up on
sides, leaving onely fortye foote
eithe for passage, soe as none should be
to passe but through the highe waye,
rby theeves and night robbers might be
more easely pursued and encountred,
n there shal be noe other waye to drive
yr stollen cattell but therin, as I former-
declared. Further, that there should be
sundrye convenient places, by the high
es, townes appoynted to be builte, the
ch should be free Bouroughes, and in-
porate under Bayliffes, to be by theyr
abitaunts well and strongly intrenched,
otherwise fenced with gates at each side
rof, to be shutt nightlye, like as there is
manye places of the English Pale, and all
wayes about it to be stronglye shutt up,
that none should passe but through those
nes: To some of which it were good that
priviledge of a markett were given, the
ier to strengthen and enable them to
yr defence, for nothing dothe sooner
se civilitye in anye countreye then
aye markett townes, by reason that people
airing often thither for theyr needes, will
lye see and learne civill manners of the
ter sort. Besides, there is nothing doth
re staye and strengthen the countreye
n such corporate townes, as by proofe in
ny rebellions hathe bene seene; in all
ch when the countreyes have swarved,
townes have stood stiffe and fast, and
dded good relief to the souldiours in all
sions of service. And lastly there doth
nothing more enriche any countreye or
realme then manye townes; for to them will
all the people drawe and bring the fruites of
theyr trades, as well to make money of
them, as to supplye theyr needefull uses;
and the countreymen will also be more
industrious in tillage, and rearing all hus-
bandrye comodityes, knowing that they shall
have readye sale for them at those townes:
and in all those townes should there be
convenient Innes erected for the lodging
and harbourghing of all travellers, which are
now oftentimes spoyled by lodging abrode
in weake thatched howses, for wante of such
safe places to shrowde themselves in.

Eudox. But what profitt shall your mar-
kett townes reape of theyr markett, whereas
each one may sell theyr corne and cattell
abrode in the countrey, and make theyr
secrett bargaynes amongest themselves, as
nowe I understand they use?

Iren. Indeede, Eudoxus, they doe soe,
and thereby noe small inconvenience doth
arise to the commonwealth; for nowe, when
any one hath stollen a cowe or a garron, he
may secretlye sell it in the countreye without
privitye of anye, wheras yf he brought it in
the markett towne it would perhaps be
knowen, and the theif discovered. Therfore
it were good that a straighte ordinaunce
were made, that none should buye or sell any
cattell but in some open markett (there being
nowe markett townes everye where at hand)
upon a great penaltye; neither should they
likewise buye any corne to sell the same
agayne, unless it were to make malte therof;
for by such engrossing and regrating we see
the dearthe that nowe comonly raigneth
heere in England to have bene caused.
Heereunto also is to be added that good
ordinaunce, which I remember was once pro-
claymed throughout all Ireland. That all
men should marke theyr cattell with an open
severall marke upon theyr flanckes or but-
tocks, soe as yf they happened to be stollen,
they might appeare whose they were, and
they which should buye them might therby
suspecte the owner, and be warned to
abstayne from buying of them of a suspected
person with such an unknowen marke.

Eudox. Surely these ordinaunces seeme
verye expedient, but speciallye that of free
townes, of which I wonder there is such
small store in Ireland and that in the first
peopling and planting therof they were neg-
lected and omitted.

Iren. They were not omitted; for there
were, through all places of the countrye

convenient, manye good townes seated, which through that inundation of the Irish, which I first told you of, were utterlye wasted and defaced, of which the ruines are yet in manye places to be seene, and of some noe signe at all remayning, save onelye theyr bare names, but theyr seates are not to be founde.

Eudox. But howe then cometh it to pass, that they have never since recovered, nor their habitations reedifyed, as of the rest which have bene noe less spoyled and wasted?

Iren. The cause therof was for that, after theyr desolation, they were begged by gentellmen of the Kinges, under colour to repayre them and gather the poore reliques of the people agayne togither, of whom having obtayned them, they were soe farre from reedifying of them, as that by all meanes they have endevoured to keepe them wast, least that, being repayred, theyre charters might be renewed, and their Burgesses restored to theyr landes, which they had nowe in their possession; much like as in these old monumentes of abbeyes, and religious howses, we see them likewise use to doe: For which cause it is judged that King Henry the Eight bestowed them upon them, knowing that therby they should never be able to rise agayne. And even soe doe these Lordes, in those poore old corporate townes, of which I could name you diverse but for kindling of displeasure. Therfore as I wished manye corporate townes to be erected, soe would I agayne wish them to be free, not depending upon the service, nor under the commaundement of anye but the Governour. And being soe, they will both strengthen all the countreye rounde about them, which by theyr meanes wil be the better replenished and enriched, and also be as continuall holdes for her Majestie, yf the people should revolte and breake out agayne; for without such it is easye to forraie and over-runne the whole lande. Lett be for example, all those free-bouroughes in the Lowe-countreyes, which are nowe all the strength therof. These and other like ordinaunces might be delivered for the good establishment of that realme, after it is once subdued and reformed, in which it might be afterwardes veryе easelye kept and mayntayned, with small care of the Governours and Counsell there appoynted, soe as that it *should in shorte space yeeld a plentifull revenue to the crowne of England; which nowe doth but sucke and consume the treasurye therof,* through those unsounde plottes and changefull orders which s devised for her good, yet never prosecuted or perfourmed.

Eudox. But in all this your have not marked any thing by y touching the appoyntment of th Officer, to whom you wish the c perfourmaunce of all this to be e Onelye I observed some fowle abu noted in some of the late Gover reformation wherof you left for th time.

Iren. I delighte not to laye blames of soe great Magistrats to of the woorlde, and therfore theyr r I will not meddle with, but leave wisedome of greater heades to be c onelye this much I will speake therof, to satisfye your desire, Government and cheif Magistracye continue as it doth; to weete, ruled by a Lorde Deputye or J that it is a very safe kinde of there-withall I wish that over were placed also a Lord Lieutenan of the greatest personages in Eng an one I could name, upon whom all England is fixed, and our last rest); whoe being entitled with that and being allwayes heere resident, and defende the good cause of th ment agaynst all malignours, whic through theyr cunning woorking u deprave and pull backe what e shal be well begunne or intended th commonlye see by experience at t the utter ruine and desolation of realme: and this Lieutenauncye noe discountenauncing of the Lor but rather a strengthning and m of all his doinges; for nowe the ch that government is, that noe Go suffred to goe on with any one upon the least information heere. that, he is either stopped or c other courses appoynted him fr which he shall runne, which h venient it is, is at this howre to And therfore this should be one p the appoyntment of the Lord De thoritye, that it shoulde be more absolute then it is, and that he sh uncontrolled power to doe any he, with the advisement of the should thinke meete to be done: not possible for the Counsell heer a Governour there, whoe shal oftentimes to followe the neces

occasions, and to take the suddayne advantage of time, which being once loste not be recovered; whilest, through exing directions from hence, the delayes are oftentimes through other greater most irkesome, the opportunitye there meane time passes away, and greate ger often groweth, which by such timely ention might easely be stopped. And (I remember) is woorthelye observed by hiavell in his discourses upon Livye, he comendeth the manner of the Roygne government, in giving absolute power theyr Counsuls and Governours, which they abused, they should afterwardes ely answeare it: And the contrarye he reprehendeth in the States of ce, of Florence, and many other princiies of Italye, whoe use to limitte r cheif officers soe straightly, as that by oftentimes they have lost such yye occasions as they could never come to agayne. The like wherof, whoe soe h bene conversaunte in that government Ireland, hath to often seene to theyr great draunce and hurte. Therfore this I ld wish to be redressed, and yet not soe that in particular thinges he should be trayned, though not in the generall vernment; as namelye in this, that noe es should be solde by the Lord Deputye monye, nor noe pardons, nor protections ught for rewardes, nor noe beeves taken for ptaynries of countreys, nor noe shares of shopricks for nominating theyr Bishops, r noe forfeytures, nor dispensations with nall Statutes given to theyr servauntes or ndes, nor noe selling of licences for transtation of prohibited wares, and speciallye corne and flesh, with manye the like; hich needs some manner of restraint, or very great trust in the honourable dispotion of the Lord Deputye.

Thus I have, Eudoxus, as breifly as I could, and as my remembraunce would serve me, runne throughe the state of that whole countrey, both to lett you see what it nowe is, and also what it may be by good care and amendment: Not that I take upon me to chaunge the pollicye of soe greate a kingdome, or prescribe rules to such wise men as have the handling therof, but onelye to shewe you the evills, which in my small experience I have observed to be the cheif hinderaunces of the reformation therof; and by way of conference to declare my simple opinion for the redresse therof, and establishing a good course for that government; which I doe not deliver for a perfect plott of myne owne invention, to be onelye followed, but as I have learned and understood the same by the consultacions and actions of verye wise Governours and Counsellours whom I have sometimes hearde treate thereof. Soe have I thought good to sett downe a remembraunce of them for myne owne good, and your satisfaction, that whoe so list to overlooke them, allthough perhaps much wiser then they which have thus advised of that state, yet at least, by comparison herof, may perhaps better his owne judgement, and by the light of others fore-going him may followe after with more ease, and happely finde a fayrer waye thereunto then they which have gone before.

Eudox. I thanke you, Irenæus, for this your gentell paynes; withall not forgetting, nowe in the shutting up, to putt you in mynde of that which you have formerlye halfe promised, that heereafter when we shall meete agayne uppon the like good occasion, ye will declare unto us those your observations which ye have gathered of the Antiquities of Ireland.

APPENDIX I.

VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

Page 4 (LETTER OF THE AUTHORS), col. 2, l. 9, . All the early editions read *v.*

P. 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col. 2, l. 13, *faire* [illegible] *fare* (1590)

P. 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col. 2, l. 17, [illegible] (1609). The 4to. 1590 has *reede.*

P. 9 (VERSES BY THE AUTHOR), col. 1, l. 30, [illegible]. The 4to. 1590 reads *soverain*, but fol. 91 has *soveraignes.*

Page 11, book I. canto i. stanza 4, line 5, *my* [illegible] (1596), *mine feeble* (1590).

P. 13, bk. I. c. i. st. 12, l. 5, *your stroke.* The [illegible] 1590 reads *your hardy stroke;* but it is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print,' though the incorrect reading is retained in the 4to. 1596, and in the fol. 1611.

P. 13, bk. I. c. i. st. 15, l. 7, *shapes* (1590), [illegible] (1596).

P. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 21, l. 5, *later spring.* The editions of 1590, 1596, and 1611 read *later ebbe gins* [illegible] *(to swale)*, but this lection is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 23, l. 9, *oft* (1590), *? off* (Collier).

P. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 24, l. 8, *raft* (1590), *reft* (1609).

P. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 30, l. 9, *sits* (1590), *fits* (1609).

P. 16, bk. I. c. i. st. 42, l. 8, *sights.* The 4to. 1590 reads *sighes.* In the 'Faults escaped in the Print' we are told to read *sights.*

P. 17, bk. I. c. i. st. 50, l. 3, *He thought have* (1590), *He thought t' have* (1611).

P. 17, bk. I. c. i. st. 50, l. 8, *can* (1590), *gan* (1679).

P. 17, bk. I. c. ii. Arg. l. 3, *stead* (1596). The [illegible] 1590 has *steps.*

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 14, l. 4, et passim (Books I. [illegible] III.) *off* (1596), *of* (1596).

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 17, l. 5, *cruell spies.* The [illegible]tos. 1590, 1596, and fol. 1609 read *cruelties*, which [illegible] corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 17, l. 9, *die* (1609), *dies* 1590).

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 18, l. 1, *quoth* (1596) *qd.* 1590).

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 19, l. 9, et passim (Books I. [illegible] III.) *whither* (1596), *whether* (1590).

P. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 22, l. 5, *thy* (1590), *your* 1596).

P. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 29, l. 2, *shade him thither* 1590), *shade thither (1596), shadow thither* (1609).

P. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 29, l. 3, *now ymounted. now that mounted* (1590, 1596). The reading in the text is found in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 21, bk. I. c. ii. st. 32, l. 9, *plaints* (1596), *plants* (1590).

P. 26. bk. I. c. iii. st. 38, l. 7, *the* (1590), *that* in errata.

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 16, l. 3, *hurtlen* (1590), *hurlen* (1609).

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 23, l. 7, *dry dropsie* (1590), *? dire dropsie* (Upton), *hydropsy* (Collier).

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 24, l. 3, *whally* (1590), *wailed* (?).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 27, l. 6, *pelfe* (1596), *pelpe* (1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 29, l. 9, *fourth* (1596), *forth* (1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 30, l. 4, *chaw* (1590), *jaw* (1609).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 30, l. 6, *neighbours* (1596), *neibors* (1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 32, l. 9, *fifte. first* (1590), but *fifte* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 39, l. 2, *faery* (1596), *fary* (1590).

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 41, l. 9, *renverst* (1590), *re'nverst* (1609).

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 43, ll. 1, 3, *pledge, edge* (1596), *pledg, edg* (1590).

P. 33, bk. I. c. v. st. 2, l. 5, *hurld.* The 4to. 1590 has *hurls*, but *hurld* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.' The editions 1596, 1609 retain the incorrect reading.

P. 33, bk. I. c. v. st. 7, l. 9, *And heaven helmets deepe* (1590), *And helmets heaven deepe* (1596).

P. 34, bk. I. c. v. st. 15, l. 2, *thristy* (1590), *thirstie* (1596).

P. 36, bk. I. c. v. st. 35, l. 9, *leke* (1590), *leake* (1596).

P. 36, bk. I. c. v. st. 38, l. 6, *cliffs.* The editions 1590, 1596, and 1609 read *clifts.* The correction is supplied in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 37, bk. I. c. v. st. 41, l. 2, *nigh* (1590), *high* (1596).

P. 38, bk. I. c. v. st. 52, l. 9, *ensewd* (1596), *ensewed* (1590).

P. 38, bk. I. c. vi. st. 1, l. 5, *in.* The 4tos. and folio 1609 read *it*, though *in* is among the errata.

P. 40, bk. I. c. vi. st. 15, l. 2, *Or Bacchus* (1590), *Of Bacchus* (1596); Hughes, *If Bacchus.*

P. 41, bk. I. c. vi. st. 23, l. 8, *nousled* (1590), *nourished* (1596).

P. 41, bk. I. c. vi. st. 26, l. 5, *fiers and fell* (1596), *swift* and *cruell* (1590).

P. 42, bk. I. c. vi. st. 33, l. 9, *woods* (1596), *wods* (1590).

P. 42, bk. I. c. vi. st. 39, l. 7, *he* (1596), *she* (1590).

P. 43, bk. I. c. vi. st. 47, l. 8, *to fight* (1590), *two fight* (1611).

P. 45, bk. I. c. vii. st. 12, l. 9, *stound* (1596), *stoond* (1590).

P. 45, bk. I. c. vii. st. 13, l. 8, *smoke* (1596), *smok* (1590).

P. 45, bk. I. c. vii. st. 18, ll. 4, 5, *braught, naught* (1590), *brought, nought* (1596).

P. 45, bk. I. c. vii. st. 20, l. 3, *that* (1590), *the* (1596).

P. 46, bk. I. c. vii. st. 22, l. 9, *sight* is omitted in 4to. 1590, but is found in the 4to. 1596.

P. 46, bk. I. c. vii. st. 29, l. 4, *glitterand* (1590), *glitter and* (1679).

P. 47, bk. I. c. vii. st. 32, l. 18, *whose* (1609), *her* (1590).

P. 47, bk. I. c. vii. st. 37, l. 7, *trample* (1596), *amble* (1590).

P. 47, bk. I. c. vii. st. 37, l. 8, *chaufi* (1596), *chaust* (1590).

P. 48, bk. I. c. vii. st. 43, l. 5, *ronne*. The 4to. 1590 has *come*, which is amended in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 48, bk. I. c. vii. st. 47, l. 3, *hands* (1596). The 4to. 1590 reads *hand*.

P. 49, bk. I. c. vii. st. 52, l. 4, *That*. All the early editions read *that*, but ? *the*.

P. 49, bk. I. c. viii. Arg. l. 3, *that gyaunt* (1590, 1596), but *the gyaunt* is among the errata.

P. 49, bk. I. c. viii. st. 1, l. 6, *through* (1596), *thorough* (1590).

P. 50, bk. I. c. viii. st. 7, l. 6, *wise*. The 4to. 1590 reads *wist*, which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 51, bk. I. c. viii. st. 21, l. 5, *their* ? *his*, i. e. Argoglio's (Church).

P. 51, bk. I. c. viii. st. 21, l. 7, *powre* (1596), *poure* (1590).

P. 51, bk. I. c. viii. st. 22, l. 4, *right* (so in all old editions). Most modern editions read *left*.

P. 51, bk. I. c. viii. st. 24, l. 6, *his* (1596), *her* (1590).

P. 53, bk. I. c. viii. st. 44, l. 4, *delight*, ? *dislike* (Upton).

P. 54, bk. I. c. ix. Arg. l. 2, *bands* (1596). The text of the 4to. 1590 reads *hands*, but *bands* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 55, bk. I. c. ix. st. 9, l. 3, *the* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.') Ed. 1590 reads *that*, a lection which Church defends.

P. 56, bk. I. c. ix. st. 12, l. 9, *on* (from 'Faults escaped in the Press'). The text has *at*.

P. 56, bk. I. c. ix. st. 17, l. 8, *prowes* (1590), *prowesse* (1609).

P. 58, bk. I. c. ix. st. 32, l. 7, *glee* (1590), ? *fee* (Church).

P. 58, bk. I. c. ix. st. 33, l. 3, *cliff* in errata, *clift* (1590).

P. 58, bk. I. c. ix. st. 33, l. 3, *ypight* (1596), *yplight* (1590).

P. 58, bk. I. st. 55, l. 4, *grisie* (1590 (1611).

P. 59, bk. I. c. ix. st. 42, l. 7, *holde*. 1590 reads *hold*.

P. 59, bk. I. c. ix. st. 46, l. 7, *false falsest* (1590).

P. 60, bk. I. c. ix. st. 52, l. 1, *saw* (15 (1590).

P. 60, bk. I. c. ix. st. 52, l. 3, *relic'd* (*liev'd* (1611).

P. 60, bk. I. c. ix. st. 53, l. 2, *feeble* (1 (1596), *silly* (1609).

P. 60, bk. I. c. ix. st. 53, l. 6, *great greter* (1590).

P. 62, bk. I. c. x. st. 20, l. 5, *Drp-shod*, line is found in fol. 1609, but is omitted in

P. 63, bk. I. c. x. st. 27, l. 6, *His blam in salt water sore* (1590), *His body in s smarting sore* (1596).

P. 64, bk. I. c. x. st. 36, l. 4, *their*. 1590 reads *there*.

P. 65, bk. I. c. x. st. 52, l. 6, *Bringe*. 1590 has *Bring*.

P. 65, bk. I. c. x. st. 52, l. 6, *them* (15 or for *traveler* (l. 4) read *travellers*.

P. 66, bk. I. c. x. st. 57, l. 5, *profest*, from the errata in 'Faults escaped in th The text of the 4to. 1590 has *pitoous*, wh tained by the fol. 1611.

P. 66, bk. I. c. x. st. 59, l. 2, *frame*. tions of 1590, 1596, 1609, 1611, read *fame frame* is among the errata in 'Faults es the Print.'

P. 67, bk. I. c. x. st. 62, l. 4, *As wre* (1590). The 4to. 1596 reads *Quoth he, as and liv'd in like paine*.

P. 67, bk. I. c. x. st. 62, l. 8, *And bitter* &c. (1590), *And battailes none are to be fou*

P. 67, bk. I. c. x. st. 62, l. 9, *they* (1590) ted in 1596 and 1611.

P. 67, bk. I. c. x. st. 65, l. 3, *face* (15 (1596).

P. 68, bk. I. c. xi. st. 3, This stanza is in the first 4to., but is in second 4to. 1596.

P. 70, bk. I. c. xi. st. 22, l. 1, *Air* (1 (Church).

P. 70, bk. I. c. xi. st. 26, l. 6, *swinge singed* (1609).

P. 71, bk. I. c. xi. st. 30, l. 5, *one*. read *its* though *one* is in 'Faults escape Print.' Mr. Collier says there is no anti reading *one*.

P. 71, bk. I. c. xi. st. 37, l. 2, *yelle yelded* (1590).

P. 72, bk. I. c. xi. st. 41, l. 4, *Nor* (1 (4tos. 1590, 1596).

P. 73, bk. I. c. xi. st. 54, l. 7, *poyse* (159

P. 75, bk. I. c. xii. st. 11, l. 2, *foo* (1596).

P. 75, bk. I. c. xii. st. 11, l. 4, *gossibs* (1 *sips* (1596).

P. 75, bk. I. c. xii. st. 17, l. 4, *note* (1 1596).

P. 77, bk. I. c. xii. st. 32, l. 6, *sylie* (15

P. 77, bk. I. c. xii. st. 34, l. 2, *vaine*, adop the errata. The text of the 4to. 1590 Church thinks that *faine* = *feigned* or *fa* good reading.

P. 237, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 19, l. 1, *bestitting* (1596), *befitting* (1679).

P. 238, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 22, l. 7, *avizing*. The 46cs. have *advising*, the folios *avising*.

P. 241, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 52, l. 9, *so be* (1596), *be so* (?).

P. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 7, l. 4, *skill* (1609), *sill*, (1596).

P. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 8, l. 8, *arengement* (1609), *enlongement* (1596).

P. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 9, l. 6, *n'ote* (1609), *not* (1596).

P. 243, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 13, l. 8, *other brethren* (so all copies). It should be *second brother* (Church).

P. 243, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 20, l. 1, *adventure* (so all copies). It has been proposed to read *adeantage*; but *adventure*=opportunity.

P. 245, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 36, l. 3, *wards* (so all copies). Church proposed to read *swords*.

P. 247, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 52, l. 9, *elsewhere* (1609), *elsewere* (1596).

P. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 1. l. 4, *minds* (1596), *likes* (1609).

P. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 2, l. 3, *als* (1609), *els* (1596).

P. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 2, l. 4, *Blandamour* (1679), *Scudamour* (1596).

P. 248, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 8, l. 2, *Ferrau* (1609), *Ferrat* (1596).

P. 248, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 13, l. 5, *worse* (1609), *worst* (1596).

P. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 17. l. 4, *maiden-headed* (1596), ? *satyr-headed* (Church).

P. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 24, l. 9, *swound*. The 46s. has *sound*.

P. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 24, l. 1, *beam-like* (1609), *brunstike* (1596).

P. 250, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 29, l. 6, *cuffing* (1611), *cuffling* (1596).

P. 252, bk. IV. c. v. st. 4, l. 4, *Lemno* (1596), *Lemnos* (1611).

P. 253, bk. IV. c. v. st. 5, l. 5, *Acidalian* (1596), *Aridalian* (1609).

P. 253, bk. IV. c. v. st. 6, l. 8, *Martian* (1596), ? *mavtial*.

P. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 16, l. 1, *that* (1596), *the* (1609).

P. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 21, l. 8, *one* (so all old copies). Hughes reads *own*.

P. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 23, l. 7, *sens* (1596), *sinnes* (1609).

P. 255, bk. IV. c. v. st. 25, l. 5, *one* (1609), *once* (1596).

P. 255, bk. IV. c. v. st. 31, l. 3, *his* (1609), *her* (1596).

P. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 35, l. 4, *unpared* (1596), *prepared* (1611).

P. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 37, l. 2, *Pyracmon* (1609). Ed. 1596 reads *Pynacmon*.

P. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 40, l. 7, *wheresoever* (1596), *wheresoere* (1611).

P. 260, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 24, l. 8, *feare* (1609), *his feare* (1596).

P. 260, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 28, l. 6, *Him* (proposed by Upton and Church). *Her* (1596). *He* (1609).

P. 261, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 33, l. 6, *ranging* (1596), *raging* (1611).

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 44, l. 4, *in* (1 Some modern editors, following fol. 1609, alter

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 46, l. 5, *whom* (*who* (1596).

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 1, l. 1, *darts* (*dart* (1596).

P. 263, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 10, l. 9, *over* (1596), *ore-sight* (1609).

P. 264, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 12, l. 1, *captive* (1 Some editors have proposed to read *captire*.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 22, l. 1, *Nor helpe* (1 Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read *For helpe*.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 23, l. 3, *to* (159 omitted in 1679.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 25, l. 1, *which* (1 *with* (1596).

P. 266, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 34, l. 1, *and* (1 *said* (1596).

P. 267, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 1, l. 9, *infixed* (1 *inferted* (1611).

P. 268, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9. *pertake* (1 *partake* (1609).

P. 268, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 12, l. 3, *her* (sugg by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 64, l. 1, *this* (1 *his* (1609).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. Arg. l. 2, *Emylia* (gested by Church), *Perana* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 1. l. 8, *vertuous* (1 *vertues* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 3, l. 3, *these* (1 *this* (1609).

P. 275, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 11, l. 9, *them* (sugg by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 275, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 12, l. 2, *he* (1 ? *they* or *was* (Church).

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 14, l. 8, *dyple=* complexioned. Church suggested *cole*.

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 17, l. 5, *quest*, *guest* in 1596 and in all old copies.

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 17, l. 7, *bequest* (1 *request* (1611).

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 23, l. 8, *wride*. M P. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the f 1611 *wilde* is suggested as an emendation for *w*

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 26, l. 1, *Then gan* (posed by Church). In 1596 it is *their gan*, in *there gan*.

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 30, l. 8, *repayed* (1 *repayred* (1596).

P. 278, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 37, l. 2, *Knight* (1 ? *Knights* (Upton).

P. 279, bk. IV. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *ancient* (1 *ancients* (1596).

P. 280, bk. IV. c. x. st. 9, l. 1, *earne* (1 *yearne* (1611).

P. 280, bk. IV. c. x. st. 17, l. 5, *adward* (1 *award* (1609).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 19, l. 1, *meanest* (1 *nearest* (1596).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 23, l. 2, *ghesse* (1 *bee* (1609).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 23, l. 8, *to be* (1 *to ghesse* (1609). *I ghesse* (1611).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 26, l. 9, *aspire* (1 *inspire* (1611).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 27, l. 1, *Hyllus* (1 *Hylus* (1609).

P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 19, l. 7, *garre* (1590), *do* (1596).

P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 21, l. 7, *occasions* (1590), *occasion* (1609).

P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 22, l. 5, *spight* (1590), *spright* (1609).

P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 23, l. 1, *that* (1590), *the* (1609).

P. 105, bk. II. c. v. st. 29, l. 5, *prickling* (1590), *pricking* (1596).

P. 105, bk. II. c. v. st. 31, l. 5, *In Nemus gayned*, &c. (1590), *Gayn'd in Nemea* (1596).

P. 105, bk. II. c. v. st. 32, l. 6, *meriments*. All old copies read *meriment*.

P. 105, bk. II. c. v. st. 34, l. 8, *So he them* (1590), *So them* (1596 and 1609).

P. 106, bk. II. c. vi. st. 1, l. 7, *abstaine* (1590), *restraine* (1596).

P. 106, bk. II. c. vi. st. 3, l. 4, *As merry as Pope Jone* (1590), *that nigh her breath was gone* (1596).

P. 106, bk. II. c. vi. st. 3, l. 6, *That to her might move* (1590), *That might to her move* (1596).

P. 107, bk. II. c. vi. st. 12, l. 9, *and throwe her sweete smels*, &c. (1590), *and her sweet smells throw*, &c. (1596).

P. 107, bk. II. c. vi. st. 14, l. 9, *whiles* (1596), *whils* (1590).

P. 107, bk. II. c. vi. st. 14, l. 9, *love lay* (1590), *loud lay* (1596).

P. 108, bk. II. c. vi. st. 18, l. 7, *wave . . . griesy* (1590), *waves . . . grisely* (1609).

P. 108, bk. II. c. vi. st. 21, l. 8, *bonds* (1590), *bounds* (1609).

P. 109, bk. II. c. vi. st. 27, l. 9, *there* (1596), *their* (1590).

P. 109, bk. II. c. vi. st. 29, l. 2, *importune* (1590), *importance* (1596), *important* (1609).

P. 110, bk. II. c. vi. st. 38, l. 5, *salied* (1590), *sailed* (1609).

P. 110, bk. II. c. vi. st. 43, l. 7, *hath lent this cursed light* (1596), *hath lent but this his cursed light* (1590).

P. 111, bk. II. c. vi. st. 48, l. 6, *wondred* (1596), *woundred* (1590).

P. 111, bk. II. c. vi. st. 50, l. 3, *liver swell* (1596), *livers swell* (1590).

P. 111, bk. II. c. vi. st. 51, l. 5, *fire too inly* (1596), *fier inly* (1590).

P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 1, l. 2, *to a stedfast starre*, ? *to the stedfast starre*, i. e. the *pole-star* (Church).

P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 3, l. 9, *fire-spitting* (1590), *fire-spetting* (1609).

P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 4, l. 4, *Well yet appeared* (1590), *Well it appeared* (1596).

P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 5, l. 6, *Ingowes* (1590), *Ingoes* (1596), *Ingots* (1679).

P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 5, l. 9, *straunge* (1596), *straung* (1590).

P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 7, l. 3, *rich hils* (1590), *rich heapes* (1596).

P. 113, bk. II. c. vii. st. 10, l. 1, *ill besits* (1590), *ill befits* (1609).

P. 113, bk. II. c. vii. st. 12, l. 9, *as great* (1596), *in great* (1590).

P. 114, bk. II. c. vii. st. 19, l. 5, bloodguiltinesse (1609), *bloodguiltnesse* (1590, 1596).

P. 114, bk. II. c. vii. st. 21, l. 5, *infernall* [illegible] (1590), *infernall Payne* (1596). Perhaps *infernall Payne*=*infernal punishement* should stand in the [illegible] Collier suggests *eternal* as an amended reading.

P. 114, bk. II. c. vii. st. 24, l. 7, *ought* (1[illegible] *nought* (1590).

P. 115, bk. II. c. vii. st. 36, l. 4, *yron* (1[illegible] *dying* (1590).

P. 115, bk. II. c. vii. st. 37, l. 1, *when as* (1[illegible] *when as* (1596).

P. 116, bk. II. c. vii. st. 39, l. 8, *mespruse* (1[illegible] *mespise* (1596).

P. 116, bk. II. c. vii. st. 40, l. 7, *golden* (1[illegible] *yron* (1590).

P. 116, bk. II. c. ii. st. 40, l. 7, *But* (1596), *[illegible]* (1590).

P. 116, bk. II. c. vii. st. 41, l. 2, *sterne was [illegible] looke* (1590), *sterne was to looke* (1596).

P. 117, bk. II. c. vii. st. 52, l. 6, *with chick.* [illegible] the old copies read *which with*.

P. 118, bk. II. c. vii. st. 60, l. 4, *intemperie* (1596), *more temperate* (1590).

P. 118, bk. II. c. vii. st. 64, l. 9, *of his pr[illegible]* (1590), *of the pray* (1596).

P. 119, bk. II. c. viii. st. 3, l. 8, *Come hith[illegible] hither* (1609), *Come hether, Come hether* (1590).

P. 120, bk. II. c. viii. st. 16, l. 7, *hond-bla[illegible]* (1596), *tomblacke* (1590).

P. 121, bk. II. c. viii. st. 25, l. 1, *Which [illegible] his cruell foes* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The text of the 4tos. read:—

Which those same foes that stand hereby,

The folios (1609, 1611) have:—

Which those same foes, that doen awaite herby.

P. 122, bk. II. c. viii. st. 29, l. 7, *upheave.* [illegible] old editions read *upreare*.

P. 122, bk. II. c. viii. st. 32, l. 3, *lodge* (15[illegible] *lodg* (1590).

P. 122, bk. II. c. viii. st. 35, l. 5, *in his* (15[illegible] *on his* (1609).

P. 123, bk. II. c. viii. st. 37, l. 3, *raple* (15[illegible] *traile* (1609).

P. 123, bk. II. c. viii. st. 40, l. 4, *so well as it [illegible] ought* (1590), *so wisely as it ought* (1609).

P. 123, bk. II. c. viii. st. 44, l. 8, *no more* (15[illegible] *not thore*, i.e. *not there* (1590).

P. 124, bk. II. c. viii. st. 47, l. 4, *sword* (15[illegible] *sword* (1596).

P. 124, bk. II. c. viii. st. 47, l. 9, *this* (15[illegible] 1596, 1609, 1611), *he* (1679).

P. 124, bk. II. c. viii. st. 48, l. 8, *Prince Arth[illegible]* (1609), *Sir Guyon* (1590).

P. 124, bk. II. c. viii. st. 49, l. 7, *trod* (15[illegible] *treed* (?).

P. 125, bk. II. c. viii. st. 55, l. 3, *bowing with.* [illegible] the old editions read *with bowing*; but were directed to be *deled* among the errata in 'Fa[illegible] escaped in the Print.'

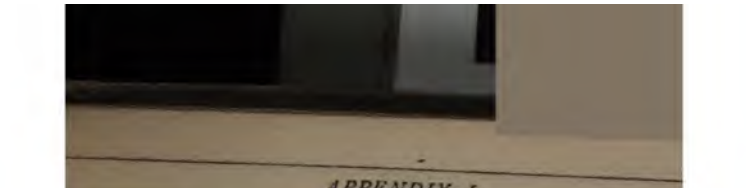
P. 125, bk. II. c. ix. st. 4, l. 5, *liefe* (1590), [illegible] (1679).

P. 126, bk. II. c. ix. st. 6, l. 9, *Arthegall* (15[illegible] *Arthogall* (1590)

P. 126, bk. II. c. ix. st. 7, l. 5, *Seven times [illegible] Sunne* (1590), *Now hath the Sunne* (1596).

P. 126, bk. II. c. ix. st. 7, l. 6, *Hath wi[illegible] about* (1590), *Walkte round aboute* (1596).

P. 126, bk. II. c. ix. st. 9, l. 1, *weete.* All [illegible] editions read *wote*.



, bk. II. c. ix. st. 15, l. 3, *Capitaine* (1609),
, (1590).
, bk. II. c. ix. st. 18, l. 3, *woo'd* (1596),
590).
', bk. II. c. ix. st. 21, l. 1, *them* (1596),
0).
, bk. II. c. ix. st. 21, l. 3, *fensible* (1590),
1596).
, bk. II. c. ix. st. 28, l. 4, *meate* (1590),
9).
', bk. II. c. ix. st. 37, l. 8, *doen you love* (1590).
, bk. II. c. ix. st. 38, l. 2, *mood*. All old read *word*.
, bk. II. c. ix. st. 38, l. 9, *three years* eelvemoneths (1596).
bk. II. c. ix. st. 41, l. 7, *Castory* (from Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts 596 read *lastery*.
, bk. II. c. ix. st. 42, l. 1, *cheare* (1596), 590). If the reader prefers *cleare* (the hich Collier prints and defends), he must a substantive in the sense of *clearness*,
bk. II. c. ix. st. 48, l. 3, *these* (1596), *this*
bk. II. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *reason*, (so all Mr. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of ll *reason* is altered to *season*.
bk. II. c. ix. st. 52, l. 9, *th' house* (1609), 1590).
bk. II. c. x. st. 6, l. 6, *For safety that r safeties sake that* (1596).
k. II. c. x. st. 7, l. 7, *liveden* (1590), *lived*
bk. II. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *sternnesse* (1596), 590)
k. II. c. x. st. 15, l. 9, *munificence* (1596), (1590).
k. II. c. x. st. 19, l. 5, *upon the present* 0), *in that impatient stoure* (1596).
k. II. c. x. st. 20, l. 2, *to sway* (1590), 96).
k. II. c. x. st. 24, l. 8, *it mote* (1596), *he*
k. II. c. x. st. 30, l. 2, *weeke* (1590),
k. II. c. x. st. 31, l. 1, *too* (1596), *to*
k. II. c. x. st. 34, l. 7, *then* (1590), *till* (1600).
. II. c. x. st. 41, l. 1, *Gurgiunt* (1590), 96).
k. II. c. x. st. 43, l. 1, *Sisillus*. All *Sifillus*.
. II. c. x. st. 53, l. 2, *in great* (1590), 609).
. II. c. x. st. 65, l. 9, *have forst* (1590),).
. II. c. xi. st. 9, l. 9, *they that Bulwarke* 1596), *they against that Bulwarke lent*
. II. c. xi. st. 10, l. 2, *assignment* (1590), 1596).
. II. c. xi. st. 11, l. 4, *dismayd* (so all lent and modern) but ? *mis-mayd*, i. e. *ide amiss, mis-shaped, ill-shaped* (Child). *icture be right*, and it is extremely

plausible, the *comma* after ape sh
Church thought that *dismayd=dis*
ened), and that '*Some like to hound*
apes,' should be read as in a paren
dismayd will refer to *feends of hel*
spectacle *dismayd*,' 'F. Q.' bk. III. c.
P. 141, bk. II. c. xi. st. 13, l. 2,
(1596).
P. 141, bk. II. c. xi. st. 13, l. 5, *a*
assayled (1596).
P. 142, bk. II. c. xi. st. 21, l. 8,
(1609), *their . . . their* (1590).
P. 143, bk. II. c. xi. st. 30, l. 9, *su*
the errata in 'Faults escaped in the
texts of the 4to. 1590, and folios 16
revive.
P. 143, bk. II. c. xi. st. 32, l. 5,
infest (1590).
P. 145, bk. II. c. xii. Arg. l. 1, *by* (
(1590).
P. 145, bk. II. c. xii. Arg. l. 2, *pa*
(1596), *through passing* (1590).
P. 146, bk. II. c. xii. st. 8, l. 4,
hoarse (1596).
P. 146, bk. II. c. xii. st. 13, l.
temple (1590), *Apolloes honor* (1596).
P. 147, bk. II. c. xii. st. 21, l. 1, *he*
earnest (1590).
P. 147, bk. II. c. xii. st. 23, l. 9,
(Child), *monoceros* (1590).
P. 148, bk. II. c. xii. s. 27, l. 4, *se*
(1609), *sea the resounding* (1590).
P. 149, bk. II. c. xii. st. 39, l. 8, *upsta*
upstarting (1596).
P. 149, bk. II. c. xii. st. 43, l. 7, *migh*
mightest (1590).
P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 47, l. 6, *for*
forsee (1590).
P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 51, l. 1, *There*
Thereto (1596).
P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 54, l. 7, *Hya*
Hyacint (1590).
P. 151, bk. II. c. xii. st. 60, l. 5, *curios*
(1590), *pure imageree* (1609).
P. 151, bk. II. c. xii. st. 61, l. 8, *fearef*
tenderly (1596).
P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 76, l. 8, *T*
Thot (1590).
P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 77, l. 5, *alabla*
1596, 1609, 1611), *alabaster* (1679).
P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 81, l. 4, *that s*
the same (1590).
P. 154, bk. II. c. xii. st. 83, l. 7, *spo*
spoyld (1596).
P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Prol. st. 1, l. 2,
(1590), *That fayrest* (1596)
P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Prol. st. 4, l. 2, *thy*
(1590), *your selfe you* (1596)
P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Arg. l. 3, *Malecas*
errata in 'Faults escaped in the Prin
texts of 4tos. 1590, 1596, and folios 1609,
Materastaes.
P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 41, l. 8, *light*
highly (1590).
P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 47, l. 7, *whic*
that (1590).
P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 48, l. 2, *bru*
burst (1609).

P. 401, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 50, l. 4, *they* (1596), *shee* (1609).

P. 402, bk. VI. c. ix. st. iv. l. 9, *time* (1596), ? *tine* (Church and Upton).

P. 405, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 28, l. 6, *th' heavens* (1596). Some modern editions read *the heaven*.

P. 405, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 36, l. 3, *addrest* (1596), ? *he drest* (Church).

P. 406, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 36, l. 8, *Oenone* (Hughes), *Benone* (4to. 1596 and all old editions).

P. 406, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 45, l. 9, *bought* (1596), ? *sought* (Church).

P. 407, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 46, l. 5, *did dwell* (1611), *did well* (1596).

P. 407, bk. VI. c. x. st. 2, l. 9, *in the port* (1609). The 4to. has *on the port*.

P. 409, bk. VI. c. x. st. 22, l. 5, *Æacidee*. The 4to. has *Æcidee*.

P. 409, bk. VI. c. x. st. 24, l. 7, *frouard* (1611), *forward* (1596).

P. 410, bk. VI. c. x. st. 34, l. 9, *her*. Collier suggests *ere* = before.

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 36, l. 6, *he* (omitted in all old editions).

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 42, l. 5, *daily* (1596), ? *deadly* (Church).

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 44, l. 8, *And* (1609), *But* (1596).

P. 414, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *pretended* ? *protended* (Collier).

P. 414, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 24, l. 1, *relis'd* (1596), *revis'd* (1609).

P. 417, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 45, l. 4, *lyful* (1596), *lifeful* (1609).

P. 419, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 12, l. 8, *loos* (1596), *praise* (1609).

P. 422, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 40, l. 7, *learned* (1596), *gentle* (1609).

P. 422, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 41, l. 3, *cleanest* (1596), ? *clearest* (Child).

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vi. st. 53, l. 6, *unto* (1609). The folio 1611 has *unto unto*.

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vi. st. 54, l. 8, *champain* (1611), *champian* (1609).

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 2, l. 3, *feeble*. The folios have *sable*.

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 8, l. 9, *showe* (1611), *shew* (1609).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 9, l. 1, *hard* (1611), *heard* (1609).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 9, l. 7, *kinde*. The folios have *kindes*.

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 10, l. 7, *they*:—*which they* (1611).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 12, l. 5, *Peleus* (1611), *Pelene* (1609).

P. 431, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 16, l. 3, *thy* (1609), *my* (1611).

P. 432, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 28, l. 3, *bloosmes did* (1609). The ed. of 1611 omits *did*.

P. 433, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 41, l. 5, *rode* (so all copies); the rhyme requires *rade*.

P. 433, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 41, l. 7, *Idæan* (Upton). The folios read *Iæan*.

P. 435, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 55, l. 7, *saine* (1609), *faine (1611)*.

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 1, l. 7, to cast (1609), and cast (1611)

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 8, *Sabaoth* (1609).

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 8, For *th* Collier suggests *thou*. But there should be no comma after *God*, and the sentence an optative one signifying 'O may that gra of hosts grant me the enjoyment of that re nal.' Perhaps *Sabaoths sight* is an allusion ancient interpretation of the word *Jeruse visio pacis*.

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *S* (1609 and 1611) ? *Sabbaths* (Church).

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabe* (1611), *Sabbaoth God* (1609).

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR

P. 440, l. 4, *Noblesse* (1579), *nobleasse* (1

P. 440, l. 12, *my* (1579), *thy* (1611).

P. 441, col. 1, l. 16, *of few* (1579), *of a few*

P. 441, col. 2, l. 25, *coveting* (1579), (1597).

P. 442, col. 1, l. 5, *common*. The 4to. (1 *commen*.

P. 442, col. 1, l. 49, *scene* (1586), *seme* (1 1581).

P. 442, col. 1, l. 57, *to be counted st* (1597), *straungers to be counted* (1579).

P. 442, col. 2, l. 27, *ungyrt* (1579). All editions read *unright*.

P. 443, col. 1, l. 24, *as one that* (1597) (1579).

P. 443, col. 2, l. 21, *rare* (1579), *rath* (1

P. 443, col. 2, ll. 1, 2 from bottom, *thys* (1 *the tenth* (1597).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 13, *more . . . then* (15 . . . *and* (1579).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 17, *Invencion*. The has *Intervicion*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 18, *these* (1597), *his* (15

P. 444, col. 1, l. 24, *definition*. The ed. *diffinition*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 35, *Æglogues* (1597). 1579 reads *Ecloyues*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 40, *containe* (1597). (1579).

P. 445, col. 1, l. 4, *Abib*. All old editi *Abil*.

P. 445, col. 2, l. 8, *entraunce*. The ed. *enrraunce*.

P. 445, col. 2, l. 13, *itselfe* (1597), *self* (

P. 445, col. 2, ll. 21, 22, *of thone par thother* (1579), *of the one part . . . of the oth*

P. 445, col. 2, l. 25, *Shepheards* (15 *heard* (1579).

P. 446 (Januarie), Arg. l. 1, *him* (1579) (1597).

P. 446, Arg. l. 5, *delights* (1579), *delight*

P. 446, l. 34, *bloosmes* (1579), *blossomes*

P. 447 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 1, *who that ha who hath* (1579).

P. 447 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 3 from bottom *feicting* (1579), *counterfaiting* (1597).

P. 448 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1, *Poesye* (15 (1597).

P. 448 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 3, *notwithst* The ed. 1579 reads notwithstande.

ɔk. III. c. vi. st. 48, l. 9, *losen* (1590), 9).
ɔk. III. c. vi. st. 52, l. 9, *launched* (1596), 90), *launced* (1609).
ɔk. III. c. vii. Arg. l. 4, *Gyaunts*. It is 1590, and *Gyants* in 1596.
ɔk. III. c. vii. st. 1, l. 8, *she did* (1596), 0).
bk. III. c. vii. st. 5, l. 1, *the tops* (1590), 09).
bk. III. c. vii. st. 9, l. 3, *to* (1596), *two*
bk. III. c. vii. st. 13, l. 6, *hath* (1590),
bk. III. c. vii. st. 18, l. 5, *Might by the her sonne compast* (1590). The verb *be* nderstood before *compast*. *Might be the t her sonne* (1596).
bk. III. c. vii. st. 19, l. 6, *her* (1590),
ɔk. III. c. vii. st. 23, l. 4, *he* (1596), *she*
ɔk. III. c. vii. st. 32, l. 7, *muchell* (1596), 611). Collier is wrong in contradicting ertion respecting the lection of the fol.
bk. III. c. vii. st. 43, l. 8, *nere*. The as *were*; the 4to. 1596 reads *neare*.
bk. III. c. vii. st. 45, l. 5, *from him from* (1609).
ɔk. III. c. vii. st. 46, l. 8, *the* (1590), *that*
bk. III. c. vii. st. 48, l. 4, *And many* . (1596), *Till him Chylde Thopas to* &c.
ɔk. III. c. viii. st. 2, l. 7, *golden* (1590), 96).
bk. III. c. viii. st. 5, l. 1, *advice*:—*device vise* (1596).
bk. III. c. viii. st. 6, l. 7, *wex* (1590),).
bk. III. c. viii. st. 7, l. 4, *to womens comans* (1596).
bk. III. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9, *whom* (1609),).
bk. III. c. viii. st. 17, l. 3, *brought*, The 4to. 1590 has *broght*, *throgh*.
bk. III. c. viii. st. 25, l. 6, *hond*. It is l old editions.
bk. III. c. viii. st. 30, l. 3, *frory* (1609), 0), but see p. 204, st. 35, l. 2.
bk. III. c. viii. st. 32, l. 7, *Had* . . . all the old editions). Church proposed *d* . . . *assoyle*.
bk. III. c. viii. st. 33, l. 9, *her by* (1590), 96).
bk. III. c. viii. st. 37, l. 9, *hight* (1596),).
bk. III. c. viii. st. 47, l. 5, *surely*. Upon *sorely*.
bk. III. c. viii. st. 49, l. 2, *T'have* (1596), 590).
bk. III. c. ix. st. 2, l. 4, *attone* (1596), 90).
bk. III. c. ix. st. 7, l. 3, *misdonne* (1596), 1590).
bk. III. c. ix. st. 20, l. 9, *persant* (1590), *09), present (1611)*.

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 1, *Bellona* (1 *Minerva* (1596).
P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 5, *her s* (1590), *the speare* (1596).
P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 5, *that gla* (1609), *with glaunces* (1590).
P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 7, *demeas* (1590), *demeanure* (1609).
P. 209, bk. III. c. ix. st. 32, l. 8, *glad* (1 *yglad* (1590).
P. 209, bk. III. c. ix. st. 37, l. 7, *glories* (1 1596, 1609), *glorious* (1611, 1679).
P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 43, l. 9, *remoud* (1 *remou'd* (1609), *remov'd* (1679).
P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 45, l. 3, *neek* (1 *necks* (1590).
P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 47, l. 3, *heard* (1 *hard* (1590).
P. 211, bk. III. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *Which*, *rest* (1596), *And after rest* (1609).
P. 211, bk. III. c. x. st. 2, l 2, *grievously* (1 *grivously* (1590).
P. 212, bk. III. c. x. st. 8, l. 9, *to* (1596), (1590).
P. 213, bk. III. c. x. st. 18, l. 4, *Then* (1596 (1590).
P. 213, bk. III. c. x. st. 21, l. 9, *earned* (1 *yearned* (1609).
P. 214, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 3, *and with* (1596), *that with thy* (1590).
P. 214, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 7, *vertues pay* (1 *vertuous pray* (1590).
P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st, 33, l. 7, *over-ronne* is *overonne* in 1590.
P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l. 1, *addresse*. old copies have *addrest*.
P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l, 3, *wastefull* (1 *faithfull* (1590).
P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 41, l. 7, *wide forest*, (1 *wild forest* (1609).
P. 216, bk. III. c. x. st. 47, l. 1, *the* (1609) (1590).
P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 2, l. 3, *golden* (1 *golding* (1590).
P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 4, l. 4, *all that I* &c. (1590), *that I did ever*, &c. (1596).
P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 6, l. 6, *has* (1 *was* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradi Todd's assertion respecting the reading of th 1611.
P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 7, l. 6, *of* (1590 (1596).
P. 219, bk. III. c. xi. st. 12, l. 1, *singults* (1 *singultes* (1590).
P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 19, *death* (1590), (Jortin).
P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 22, l. 8, *the which* (1 In 4to. 1590 *the* is omitted.
P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 23, l. 2, *Inglo beastlike*. The 4to. 1590 reads *Inglorious and like*. In fol. 1611 *and* is omitted. Collier is w in saying that no old edition omits *and*.
P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 27, l. 7, *entred* (1 *decked* (1590).
P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 28, l. 8, *Like a* (1 *Like to a* (1590).
P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 33, l. 9, *her* (1590 (1609).

P. 161, bk. III. c. i. st. 56, l. 8, *Bascimano* (1590), *Bascio mani* (1609).

P. 162, bk. III. c. i. st. 60, l. 8, *wary* (1609), *weary* (1590).

P. 162, bk. III. c. i. st. 60, l. 9, *fond* (1590), *fand* (1609).

P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 3, l. 6, *loo* (1596), *to* (1590).

P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 4, l. 1, *She travelling with Guyon by the way* (so all old editions). Upton proposed to read *the Redcrosse Knight* instead of *Guyon*. Todd suggested *Redcrosse*, and Drayton, according to Collier, proposed *S. George*.

P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 8, l. 5, *Which to prove* (1590), *Which I to prove* (1596).

P. 164, bk. III. c. ii. st. 15, l. 4, *allegge* (1590), *alledge* (1679).

P. 164, bk. III. c. ii. st. 16, l. 9, *part* (1590), *point* (1609). Mr. Collier says that Todd was a careless collator, yet Todd is right in saying that the folios read *point*, and Mr. Collier is wrong in asserting that they read *part*.

P. 166, bk. III. c. ii. st. 30, l. 5, *her in her warme bed* (1590), *in her warme bed her dight* (1596).

P. 167, bk. III. c. ii. st. 44, l. 1, *minde* (1590), *mine* (1609).

P. 168, bk. III. c. ii. st. 50, l. 2, *breaded* (1590), *braided* (1609).

P. 168, bk. III. c. iii. st. 1, l. 1, *Most* (1590), *Oh!* (1609).

P. 169, bk. III. c. iii. st. 3, l. 1, *dredd* (1590), *drad* (1609).

P. 169, bk. III. c. iii. st. 4, l. 8, *protense* (1590), *pretence* (1596).

P. 171, bk. III. c. iii. st. 23, l. 5, *shall* (1590), *all* (1679).

P. 171, bk. III. c. iii. st. 29, l. 1, *with* (1590), *where* (1596).

P. 172, bk. III. c. iii. st. 35, l. 1, *thy* (1590), *the* (1596).

P. 172, bk. III. c. iii. st. 37, l. 7, *their* (1590), *the* (1596).

P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 44, l. 5, *yeares* (in 1590) is omitted by the 4to. 1596 and fol. 1609, and *full* is inserted to render the line complete.

P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 44, l. 6, *Ere they to former rule*, &c. (1596), *Ere they unto their former rule* (1590).

P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 50, l. 9, *Hee* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The text of 4to. 1590 reads *she*, and omits *as earst*, which are supplied from the fol. 1609.

P. 174, bk. III. c. iii. st. 53, l. 3, *(need makes good schollers) teach* (1590), *whom need new strength shall teach* (1596).

P. 175, bk. III. c. iv. st. 5, l. 8, *she* (1596), *he* (1590).

P. 176, bk. III. c. iv. st. 8, l. 9, *thy* (1590), *these* (1596).

P. 176, bk. III. c. iv. st. 15, l. 6, *speare* (1609), *speares* (1590).

P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 27, l. 6, *fleshly* (1596), *fleshy* (1590).

P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 30, l. 6, *swowne* (1596), *swound* (1590).

P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 33, l. 4, *raynes* (1590), *traynes* (1596).

P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 39, l. 9, *sith we no more shall meet* (1596), *till we againe may meet* (1590).

P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 40, l. 6, *golly-* (1590), *jelly'd blood* (1611).

P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 45, l. 4, *vaunt* (1590), *vaulted* (1609).

P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 46, l. 2, *great* (1590), *gret* (1590).

P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 48, l. 1, *of* (1590), *of* (1596).

P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 49, l. 8, *forhent* (1590), *forehent* (1609).

P. 181, bk. III. c. iv. st. 53, l. 5, *Dayes dearn children be* (1596), *The children of day be* (1590).

P. 182, bk. III. c. v. st. 3, l. 2, *till that* (1590), *till at the last* (1609).

P. 184, bk. III. c. v. st. 19, l. 5, *as* (1596), *as* (1590).

P. 184, bk. III. c. v. st. 21, l. 9, *blood*. The 4to. 1590 reads *flood*, (1596) *bloud*.

P. 185, bk. III. c. v. st. 30, l. 7, *better* (1590), *bitter* (1590).

P. 185, bk. III. c. v. st. 37, l. 3, *did* (1590) (Collier).

P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 39, l. 9, *his* (1596), *her* (1590).

P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 40, l. 4, *loves sweet* (1596), *sweet loves teene* (1590).

P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 40, l. 9, *liking* (1596), *living* (1596).

P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 44, l. 5, *bounde* (Collier).

P. 187, bk. III. c. iv. st. 50, l. 8, *to all* (1590), *to* is omitted in fol. 1609.

P. 187, bk. III. c. v. st. 51, l. 9, *let to* (1590), *it* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion that the fol. 1611 reads *let it*.

P. 187, bk. III. c. v. st. 53, l. 9, *weare* (1590), *were* (1590).

P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 3, l. 9, *were* (1590), *were* (1596).

P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 5, l. 2, *bare* (1596), *bore* (1590).

P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 6, l. 5, *his beames*. The fol. of 1609 has *his hot beames*.

P. 189, bk. III. c. vi. st. 12, l. 2, *aspect*. The 4to. 1590 reads *aspects*.

P. 189, bk. III. c. vi. st. 12, l. 4, *beautie* (1590), *beauties* (1596).

P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 20, l. 3, *. . . straunge*. The 4to. 1590 reads *chaung straung*; the 4to. 1596 has *change, strange*.

P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 25, l. 5, *Which as* (1590), *From which* (4tos. 1590, 1596). Church proposed to read *Of which a fountaine*, &c.

P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 26, l. 4, *both farre neare* (1596), omitted in the 4to. 1590.

P. 191, bk. III. c. vi. st. 28, l. 6, *thence* (1590), *hence* (1596).

P. 191, bk. III. c. vi. st. 29, l. 5, *Gnidus* (1590), *Gnidas* (1590).

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 39, l. 1, *and to all* (1590), *to* is omitted in fol. 1611.

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 40, l. 6, *sore*. The old copies read *spyde*.

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 42, l. 5, *heavy* (1590), *heavenly* (1590).

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 45, l. 4, *And shame* (in 1609), omitted in the 4tos.

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 45, l. 5, *Sarcina* (1590), *Marcisse* (1590).

, bk. III. c. vi. st. 48, l. 9, *losen* (1590), 609).

, bk. III. c. vi. st. 52, l. 9, *launched* (1596), 1590), *launced* (1609).

, bk. III. c. vii. Arg. l. 4, *Gyaunts*. It is in 1590, and *Gyants* in 1596.

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 1, l. 8, *she did* (1596), 1590).

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 5, l. 1, *the tops* (1590), 1609).

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 9, l. 3, *to* (1596), *two*

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 13, l. 6, *hath* (1590), 09).

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 18, l. 5, *Might by the by her sonne compast* (1590). The verb *be* understood before *compast*. *Might be the that her sonne* (1596).

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 19, l. 6, *her* (1590), 09).

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 23, l. 4, *he* (1596), *she*

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 32, l. 7, *muchell* (1596), (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting assertion respecting the lection of the fol.

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 43, l. 8, *nere*. The 0 has *were*; the 4to, 1596 reads *neare*.

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 45, l. 5, *from him him from* (1609).

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 46, l. 8, *the* (1590), *that*

, bk. III. c. vii. st. 48, l. 4, *And many* &c. (1596), *Till him Chylde Thopas to* &c.

, bk. III. c. viii. st. 2, l. 7, *golden* (1590), 1596).

, bk. III. c. viii. st. 5, l. 1, *advice:—device advise* (1596).

, bk. III. c. viii. st. 6, l. 7, *wex* (1590), 09).

, bk. III. c. viii. st. 7, l. 4, *to womens a womans* (1596).

, bk. III. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9, *whom* (1609), 08.).

2, bk. III. c. viii. st. 17, l. 3, *brought*, . The 4to. 1590 has *broght, throgh*.

3, bk. III. c. viii. st. 25, l. 6, *hond*. It is all old editions.

, bk. III. c. viii. st. 30, l. 3, *frory* (1609), 1590), but see p. 204, st. 35, l. 2.

3, bk. III. c. viii. st. 32, l. 7, *Had . . .* (so all the old editions). Church proposed *Did . . . assoyle*.

3, bk. III. c. viii. st. 33, l. 9, *her by* (1590), (1596).

4, bk. III. c. viii. st. 37, l. 9, *hight* (1596), 90).

5, bk. III. c. viii. st. 47, l. 5, *surely*. Upton ed *sorely*.

5, bk. III. c. viii. st. 49, l. 2, *T'have* (1596), (1590).

6, bk. III. c. ix. st. 2, l. 4, *attone* (1596), (1590).

6, bk. III. c. ix. st. 7, l. 3, *misdonne* (1596), e (1590).

8, bk. III. c. ix. st. 20, l. 9, *persant* (1590), *(1609), present (1611).*

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 1, *Bellona* (15 *Minerva* (1596).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 5, *her spe* (1590), *the speare* (1596).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 5, *that glau* (1609), *with glaunces* (1590).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 7, *demeasn* (1590), *demeanure* (1609).

P. 209, bk. III. c. ix. st. 32, l. 8, *glad* (15 *yglad* (1590).

P. 209, bk. III. c. ix. st. 37, l. 7, *glories* (15 1596, 1609), *glorious* (1611, 1679).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 43, l. 9, *remoud* (15 *remow'd* (1609), *remov'd* (1679).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 45, l. 3, *neck* (15 *necks* (1590).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 47, l. 3, *heard* (15 *hard* (1590).

P. 211, bk. III. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *Which, a rest* (1596), *And after rest* (1609).

P. 211, bk. III. c. x. st. 2, l. 2, *grievously* (15 *grivously* (1590).

P. 212, bk. III. c. x. st. 8, l. 9, *to* (1596), (1590).

P. 213, bk. III. c. x. st. 18, l. 4, *Then* (1596), (1590).

P. 213, bk. III. c. x. st. 21, l. 9, *earned* (15 *yearned* (1609).

P. 214, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 3, *and with* (1596), *that with thy* (1590).

P. 214, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 7, *vertues pay* (16 *vertuous pray* (1590).

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 33, l. 7, *over-ronne*. is *overonne* in 1590.

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l. 1, *addresse*. old copies have *addrest*.

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l. 3, *wastefull* (15 *faithfull* (1590).

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 41, l. 7, *wide forest*, (15 *wild forest* (1609).

P. 216, bk. III. c. x. st. 47, l. 1, *the* (1609), (1590).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 2, l. 3, *golden* (16 *golding* (1590).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 4, l. 4, *all that I* &c. (1590), *that I did ever*, &c. (1596).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 6, l. 6, *has* (15 *was* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradict Todd's assertion respecting the reading of the 1611.

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 7, l. 6, *of* (1590), (1596).

P. 219, bk. III. c. xi. st. 12, l. 1, *singults* (16 *singulfes* (1590).

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 19, *death* (1590), 7 (Jortin).

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 22, l. 8, *the which* (15 In 4to. 1590 *the* is omitted.

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 23, l. 2, *Inglori beastlike*. The 4to. 1590 reads *Inglorious and b like*. In fol. 1611 *and* is omitted. Collier is wr in saying that no old edition omits *and*.

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 27, l. 7, *entred* (15 *decked* (1590).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 28, l. 8, *Like a* (15 *Like to a* (1590).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 33, l. 9, *her* (1590) (1609).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 36, l. 7, *thee* (1596), *the* (1590).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 38, l. 5, *fire* (1590), *fier* (1596).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 39, l. 6, *each other* (1596), *his other* (1590).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 39, l. 8, *stag* (suggested by Jortin). All old copies read *hag*.

P. 223, bk. III. c. xi. st. 47, l. 9, *hevens hight* (suggested by Church). All old editions read *heven bright*.

P. 224, bk. III. c. xii. st. 7, l. 8, *wood* (1596), *word* (1590).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 9, l. 3, *other* (1609), *others* (1596).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 12, l. 3, *too or froe* (1590), *to and fro* (1596).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 12, l. 6, *winged* (1590), *wingy* (1590).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 17, l. 6, *did tosse* (so all copies). Church would omit *did*, and for *tosse* read *tost: In her right hand a fierbrand she tost*.

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 18, l. 5, *drad* (1596), *dread* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 18, l. 8, *hony-laden*. All old editions read *hony-lady*.

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 21, l. 7, *fading*. Church thinks that Spenser meant to write *failing*.

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 21, l. 8, *still* (1596), *skill* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 23, l. 5, *hand* is omitted in 4tos., but is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 26, l. 7, *by the* (1590), *with that* (1596).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 27, l. 3, *and bore all away* (1596), *nothing did remayne* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 27, l. 8, *It* (1590), *In* (1611). Collier is wrong respecting the reading of the folios.

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 28, l. 1, *there* (1609). The 4tos. read *their*.

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 29, l. 1, *wandering* (1590), *wondering* (1611).

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 33, l. 3, *to herselfe* (1596), *to the next* (1590).

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 34, l. 4, *unto her* (1609), *unto him* (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 38, l. 5, *bor'd* (1596), *sor'd*, i. e. made sore, hurt (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 40, l. 6, *faire Lady* (1596), *faire Lad* (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 45, l. 9, *Whilest here I doe respire*.

When Spenser printed his first three books of the 'Fairie Queene' the two lovers, Sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting: but afterwards, when he printed the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, he reprinted likewise the first three books; and, among other alterations, he left out the five last stanzas and made three new stanzas, viz. 43, 44, 45. *More cause iscue now*, &c. By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense *which is* necessary in a well-told story. The *stanzas which* are mentioned above as omitted in *the second edition*, and printed in the first, are the following:—

43.

" At last she came unto the place, where late
" She left Sir Scudamour in great distresse,
" Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate.
" Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
" And of the hardie Britomarts successe:
" There on the cold earth him now thrown al
" found,
" In wilfull anguish and dead heavinesse,
" And to him cald; whose voices knowen sound
" Soon as he heard, himself he reared light fro
" ground.

44.

" There did he see, that most on earth him joyd.
" His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
" Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd
" And wearied his life with dull delayes.
" Straight he upstarted from the loathed layes,
" And to her ran with hasty egernesse,
" Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
" In the cool solle, after long thirstinesse,
" Which he in chace endured hath, now ni
" breathlesse.

45.

" Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
" And streightly did embrace her body bright,
" Her body, late the prison of sad paine.
" Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare delig
" But she, faire Lady, overcommen quight
" Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
" And in sweete ravishment pourd out h
" spright.
" No word they spake, nor earthly thing th
" felt,
" But like two sencelos stocks in long embracem
" dwelt.

46.

" Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thou
" That they had beene that faire Hermaphrodi
" Which that rich Romane of white mar
" wrought,
" And in his costly Bath caused to bee site.
" So seemd these two, as growne together qu
" That Britomart, halfe envying their blesse.
" Was much empassioned in her gentle sprite.
" And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse:
" In vain she wisht, that fate n'ould let her
" possesse.

47.

" Thus doe those louers, with sweet countervai
" Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
" But now my teme begins to faint and fa
" All woxen weary of their journall toyle:
" Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoy
" At this same furrowes end, till a new day.
" And ye, faire Swayns, after your long tarri
" Now cease your worke, and at your pleas
" play:
" Now cease your work; to morrow is an holy da

P. 229, bk. IV. c. i. l. 4, *Triamond*. All the ea editions have *Telamond*.

P. 231, bk. IV. c. i. st. 16, l. 4, *griefull* (15 *griefe-full* (1609).

P. 231, bk. IV. c. i. st. 16, l. 7, *sone* (1596); (1609).

P. 236, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 2, l. 3, *concealed* (1 concealed (1679).

P. 237. bk. IV. c. ii. st. 19, l. 1, *besitting* (1596), *sitting* (1679).

P. 238, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 22, l. 7, *avizing*. The 4to. have *adrizing*, the folios *avising*.

P. 241, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 32, l. 9, *so be* (1596), *be* (?).

P. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 7, l. 4, *skill* (1609), *sill*, (1596).

P. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 8, l. 8, *avengement* (1609), *abengement* (1596).

P. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 9, l. 6, *n'ote* (1609), *not* (1596).

P. 243, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 13, l. 8, *other brethren* (so all copies). It should be *second brother* (Church).

P. 243, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 20. l. 1, *adventure* (so all copies). It has been proposed to read *advantage*; but *adventure*=opportunity.

P. 245, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 36, l. 3, *wards* (so all copies). Church proposed to read *swords*.

P. 247, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 52, l. 9, *elswhere* (1609), *elsuere* (1596).

P. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 1. l. 4, *minds* (1596), *likes* (1609).

P. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 2, l. 3, *als* (1609), *els* (1596).

P. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 2, l. 4, *Blandamour* (1679), *Scudamour* (1596).

P. 248, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 8, l. 2, *Ferrau* (1609), *Ferrat* (1596).

P. 248, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 10, l. 5, *worse* (1609), *worst* (1596).

P. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 17, l. 4, *maiden-headed* (1596), ? *satyr-headed* (Church).

P. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 24, l. 9, *swound*. The 4to. has *sound*.

P. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 24, l. 1, *beam-like* (1609), *brasselike* (1596).

P. 250, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 29, l. 6, *cuffing* (1611), *cuffling* (1596).

P. 252, bk. IV. c. v. st. 4, l. 4, *Lemno* (1596), *Lemnos* (1611).

P. 253, bk. IV. c. v. st. 5, l. 5, *Acidalian* (1596), *Aridalian* (1609).

P. 253, bk. IV. c. v. st. 6, l. 8, *Martian* (1596), ? *martial*.

P. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 16, l. 1, *that* (1596), *the* (1609).

P. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 21, l. 8, *one* (so all old copies). Hughes reads *own*.

P. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 23, l. 7, *sens* (1596), *since* (1609).

P. 255, bk. IV. c. v. st. 25, l. 5, *one* (1609), *once* (1596).

P. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 31, l. 3, *his* (1609), *her* (1596).

P. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 35, l. 4, *unpared* (1596), *prepared* (1611).

P. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 37, l. 2, *Pyracmon* (1609). Ed. 1596 reads *Pynacmon*.

P. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 40, l. 7, *wheresoever* (1596). *wheresoere* (1611).

P. 260, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 24. l. 8, *feare* (1609), *his feare* (1596).

P. 260, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 28, l. 6, *Him* (proposed by Upton and Church). *Her* (1596). *He* (1609).

P. 261, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 33, l. 6, *ranging* (1596), *raging* (1611).

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 44, l. 4, *in* (15 Some modern editors, following fol. 1609, alter to

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 46, l. 5, *whom* (16 *who* (1596).

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 1, l. 1, *darts* (160 *dart* (1596).

P. 263, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 10, l. 9, *orer-si* (1596), *ore-sight* (1609).

P. 264, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 12, l. 1, *caytive* (159 Some editors have proposed to read *captive*.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 22, l. 1, *Nor hedge* (159 Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read *For hedge*.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 23, l. 3, *to* (1596) omitted in 1679.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 25, l. 1, *which* (160 *with* (1596).

P. 266, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 34, l. 1, *sad* (160 *said* (1596).

P. 267, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 1, l. 9, *infixed* (159 *infected* (1611).

P. 268, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9. *partake* (159 *partake* (1609).

P. 268, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 12, l. 3, *her* (suggest by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 64, l. 1, *this* (159 *his* (1609).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. Arg. l. 2, *Æmylia* (su gested by Church), *Perana* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 1. l. 8, *vertuous* (160 *vertues* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 3, l. 3, *these* (159 *this* (1609).

P. 275, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 11, l. 9, *them* (suggest by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 275, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 12, l. 2, *he* (159 ? *they* or *was* (Church).

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 14, l. 8, *dyde*=*dy* complexioned. Church suggested *eyde*.

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 17, l. 5, *quest*. It *guest* in 1596 and in all old copies.

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 17, l. 7, *bequest* (159 *request* (1611).

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 23, l. 8, *wide*. Mr. P. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the fol. 1611 *wilde* is suggested as an emendation for *wid*

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 26, l. 1, *Then gan* (pr posed by Church). In 1596 it is *their gan*, in 16 *there gan*.

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 30, l. 8, *repayed* (160 *repayred* (1596).

P. 278, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 37, l. 2, *Knight* (159 ? *Knights* (Upton).

P. 279, bk. IV. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *ancient* (160 *ancients* (1596).

P. 280, bk. IV. c. x. st. 9, l. 1, *carne* (159 *yearne* (1611).

P. 280, bk. IV. c. x. st. 17, l. 5, *adward* (159 *award* (1609).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 19, l. 1. *meanest* (160 *nearest* (1596).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 23, l. 2, *ghesse* (159 *bee* (1609).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 23, l. 8, *to bee* (159 *to ghesse* (1609). *I ghesse* (1611).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 26, l. 9, *aspire* (159 *inspire* (1611).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 27, l. 1, *Hyllus* (159 *Hylus* (1609).

copies read *times*.

P. 287, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *fortold* (1596), *foretold* (1611).

P. 289, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 34, l. 5, *Grant* (Child). The ed. of 1596 reads *Guant*.

P. 290, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 45, l. 1, *lovely* (1596), *loving* (1609).

P. 290, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 48, l. 8, *Endore* (1596), read *Endore* (Child).

P. 290, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 52, l. 7, *but* (so all copies). Some editors have proposed to read *both*.

P. 292, bk. IV. c. xii. st. 13, ll. 1, 2, *Thus whilst*, &c. (1590),

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with, &c.

And mighty courage something mollifide (1609).

P. 293, bk. IV. c. xii. st. 23, l. 9, *That it was no old sore* (1596), *That no old sore it was* (1611).

P. 295, bk. V. Prol. st. 2, l. 2, *at* (1596), *as* (1611).

P. 295, bk. V. Prol. st. 2, l. 9, *degendered* (1596), *degenered* (1611).

P. 296, bk. V. Prol. st. 7, l. 8, *thirtie* (1596), ? *thirteen*.

P. 296, bk. V. Prol. st. 9, l. 4, *ne* (1596), *no* (1611).

P. 296, bk. V. Prol. st. 11, l. 2, *stead* (1609), *place* (1596).

P. 297, bk. V. c. i. st. 4, l. 1, *Irena* (1609), *Eirena* (1596).

P. 300, bk. V. c. ii. Arg. l. 3, *Munera*, &c. The 4to. has *Momera*. The correct reading was adopted by Hughes.

P. 300, bk. V. c. ii. st. 2, l. 7, *As to his* (1609), *And to his* (1596).

P. 300, bk. V. c. ii. st. 4, l. 1, *he* (1609), *she* (1596).

P. 301, bk. V. c. ii. st. 11, l. 4, *When as*. All editions read *Who as*. Church proposed to read *Then as*—*then as*.

P. 313, bk. V. c. iv. st. 39, l. 9, *their* (1611).

P. 314, bk. V. c. iv. st. 3 *divide* (1609), *dolle* . . . *davide*

P. 323, bk. V. c. vi. st. 5, l &c. (so all editions); but we Church.

For dayes, but houres: for mone She told but weekes, &c.

P. 323, bk. V. c. vi. st. 13, l *singults* (1596).

P. 324, bk. V. c. vi. st. 16, l Mr. J. P. Collier, following *compacte*=a concerted thing. stand if we look upon *things* case.

P. 324, bk. V. c. vi. st. 17, *Here* (1596).

P. 325, bk. V. c. vi. st. 24, l. (1609).

P. 325, bk. V. c. vi. st. 25, l. suggested *Knight's*.

P. 325, bk. V. c. vi. st. 29, *glimse* (1609), *glimpse* (1679).

P. 326, bk. V. c. vi. st. 32, l. 7

P. 326, bk. V. c. vi. st. 33, *rerenge* (1609).

P. 326, bk. V. c. vi. st. 34, *that* (1611).

P. 326, bk. V. c. vi. st. 35, l. (1609).

P. 327, bk. V. c. vii. st. 6, (1596), ? *his wreathed* (Church).

P. 328, bk. V. c. vii. st. 13, *to be* (1611).

P. 331, bk. V. c. vii. st. 38, l (1609).

P. 331, bk. V. c. vii. st. 42, l.

P. 341, bk. v. c. ix. st. 33, l. 8, *rebellious* (1609), *rebellions* (1596).

P. 342, bk. v. c. ix. st. 44, l. 1, *oppose* (1596), *oppose* (1609).

P. 343, bk. v. c. x. st. 6, l. 4, *and her* (1609), *and of her* (1596).

P. 344, bk. v. c. x. st. 8, l. 4, *Idols* ? *Idol* (Church).

P. 345, bk. v. c. x. st. 18, l. 8, *fastnesse* (1596), *fastnesse* (1611).

P. 345, bk. v. c. x. st. 23, l. 1, *whether* (1596), *whether* (1611).

P. 345, bk. v. c. x. st. 23, l. 4, *threating* (1596), *threatning* (1611).

P. 346, bk. v. c. x. st. 26, l. 3, *so now* ? *now so* (Church).

P. 347, bk. v. c. x. st. 37, l. 6, *hard preased* (1596), *had preaced* (1609).

P. 348, bk. v. c. xi. st. 5, l. 9, *have rive* (1596), *have rive* (1611).

P. 349, bk. v. c. xi. st. 12, l. 4, *to them* (1596), *to them* (1679).

P. 349, bk. v. c. xi. st. 13, l. 9, *through* (1609), 1596 reads *throgh*.

P. 352, bk. v. c. xi. st. 40, l. 6, *shall sure* The 4to. 1596 omits the two words *shall sure*, which are supplied from the folio 1.

P. 352, bk. v. c. xi. st. 41, l. 2, *too blame* (1596), *blame* (1679).

P. 352, bk. v. c. xi. st. 41, l. 6, *know* (suggested Upton), *knew* (1596).

P. 353, bk. v. c. xi. st. 54, l. 9, *corruptfull* (1596), *corrupted* (1609).

P. 354, bk. v. c. xi. st. 61, l. 7, *meed* (so all editions). The rhyme requires *hyre* (Church).

P. 354, bk. v. c. xi. st. 61, l. 8, *froward* (1609), *forward* (1596).

P. 354, bk. v. c. xii. st. 1, l. 9, *enduren* (1609), *endure* (1596).

P. 355, bk. v. c. xii. st. 5, l. 9, *the Eagle* (1596), *th' Eagle* (1609).

P. 356, bk. v. c. xii. st. 17, l. 5, *such* (1596), *sure* (1609).

P. 356, bk. v. c. xii. st. 19, l. 2, *shame* (1596), *harme* (Collier).

P. 357, bk. v. c. xii. st. 30, l. 6, *hungrily* (1596), *hungerly* (1609).

P. 360, bk. vi. Prol. st. 6, l. 9, *fame* (adopted by Collier), *name* (1596).

P. 362, bk. vi. c. i. st. 8, l. 7, *wretched* (1596), *wicked* (1611).

P. 364, bk. vi. c. i. st. 28, l. 6, *ere he* (1609), *ere thou* (1596).

P. 364, bk. vi. c. i. st. 34, l. 2, *wound* (adopted by Child), *sound* (1596).

P. 365, bk. vi. c. i. st. 37, l. 5, *potshares* (1596), *potshards* (1611).

P. 365, bk. vi. c. i. st. 40, l. 9, *yearne* (1596), *earne* (1609).

P. 366, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, l. 2, *deed and word* (1609), *act and deed* (1596).

P. 366, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, l. 3, *eares*. All old editions read *eyes*.

P. 366, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, l. 4, *eyes*. All old editions read *eares*.

P. 370, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 39, l. 2, *implements* (1596), *ornaments* (1609).

P. 371, bk. vi. c. iii. In 1679 *a* is omitted.

P. 372, bk. vi. c. iii. *salve hole* (1611).

P. 373, bk. vi. c. iii. ? *assault* (Collier).

P. 374, bk. vi. c. iii. *shew* (1609). The 4to. *vaine to shew*, &c.

P. 374, bk. vi. c. ii (1679), *softing fool* (156

P. 374, bk. vi. c. iii. The 4to. 1596 has *throu*

P. 375, bk. vi. c. iii The 4to. 1596 has *that*.

P. 376, bk. vi. c. iii. *reprove* (1596).

P. 376, bk. vi. c. iii. *approve* (1596).

P. 376, bk. vi. c. iii old editions), ? *with all*

P. 378, bk. vi. c. i *there* (1596).

P. 378, bk. vi. c. i *hurts* (1596).

P. 380, bk. vi. c. *happie paine* (so all old *of this our happie pain*

P. 380, bk. vi. c. i *Low* (1596).

P. 381, bk. vi. c. v. *Matilda* (1596).

P. 384, bk. vi. c. v. Professor Child prints

P. 385, bk. vi. c. v (1596).

P. 385, bk. vi. c. *glee* (1596).

P. 385, bk. vi. c. v The 4to. has *their*.

P. 386, bk. vi. c. vi *In which* (1611).

P. 387, bk. vi. c. v 4to 1596 has *Make*.

P. 387, bk. vi. c. (Hughes), *Calidore* (1

P. 389, bk. vi. c. *right* (1596).

P. 391, bk. vi. c. v The 4to. has *arm'd*.

P. 392, bk. vi. c. vi *earned* (1609).

P. 395, bk. vi. c. v The 4to. 1596 has *thro*

P. 395, bk. vi. c. v *tyrling* (1679).

P. 396, bk. vi. c. *misus'd* (1609).

P. 397, bk. vi. c. *tow* (1596).

P. 398, bk. vi. c. (1596), *powned* (1609)

P. 398, bk. vi. c. *For* (1596).

P. 400, bk. vi. c (1596), *daintiest* (1609

P. 401, bk. vi. c. *toyles* (1596).

P. 401, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 50, l. 4, *they* (1596), *shee* (1609).

P. 402, bk. VI. c. ix. st. iv. l. 9, *time* (1596), ? *time* (Church and Upton).

P. 405, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 28, l. 6, *th' heavens* (1596). Some modern editions read *the heaven*.

P. 405, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 36, l. 3, *address* (1596), ? *he drest* (Church).

P. 406, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 36, l. 8, *Oenone* (Hughes), *Benone* (4to. 1596 and all old editions).

P. 406, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 45, l. 9, *bought* (1596), ? *sought* (Church).

P. 407, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 46, l. 5, *did dwell* (1611), *did well* (1596).

P. 407, bk. VI. c. x. st. 2, l. 9, *in the port* (1609). The 4to. has *on the port*.

P. 409, bk. VI. c. x. st. 22, l. 5, *Æacidee*. The 4to. has *Æcidee*.

P. 409, bk. VI. c. x. st. 24, l. 7, *frouard* (1611), *forward* (1596).

P. 410, bk. VI. c. x. st. 34, l. 9, *her*. Collier suggests *ere* = before.

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 36, l. 6, *he* (omitted in all old editions).

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 42, l. 5, *daily* (1596), ? *deadly* (Church).

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 44, l. 8, *And* (1609), *But* (1596).

P. 414, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *pretended* ? *protended* (Collier).

P. 414, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 24, l. 1, *relis'd* (1596), *revis'd* (1609).

P. 417, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 45, l. 4, *lyful* (1596), *lifeful* (1609).

P. 419, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 12, l. 8, *loos* (1596), *praise* (1609).

P. 422, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 40, l. 7, *learned* (1596), *gentle* (1609).

P. 422, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 41, l. 3, *cleanest* (1596), ? *clearest* (Child).

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vi. st. 53, l. 6, *unto* (1609). The folio 1611 has *unto unto*.

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vi. st. 54, l. 8, *champain* (1611), *champian* (1609).

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 2, l. 3, *feeble*. The folios have *sable*.

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 8, l. 9, *showe* (1611), *shew* (1609).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 9, l. 1, *hard* (1611), *heard* (1609).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 9, l. 7, *kinde*. The folios have *kindes*.

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 10, l. 7, *they*:—*which they* (1611).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 12, l. 5, *Peleus* (1611), *Pelene* (1609).

P. 431, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 16, l. 3, *thy* (1609), *my* (1611).

P. 432, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 28, l. 3, *bloosmes did* (1609). The ed. of 1611 omits *did*.

P. 433, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 41, l. 5, *rode* (so all copies); the rhyme requires *rade*.

P. 433, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 41, l. 7, *Idæan* (Upton). The folios read *Iæan*.

P. 435, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 55, l. 7, *saine* (1609), *faine* (1611).

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 1, l. 7, to cast (1609), *and cast* (1611)

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 8, *Sabaoth* (16[illegible] *Sabbaoth* (1609).

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, For *that* I Collier suggests *thou*. But there should perh[aps] be no comma after *God*, and the sentence will an optative one signifying 'O *may* that great G[od] of hosts grant me the enjoyment of that rest [eter]nal.' Perhaps *Sabaoths sight* is an allusion to th[e] ancient interpretation of the word *Jerusalem*, i.[e.] *visio pacis*.

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabaoth* (1609 and 1611) ? *Sabbaths* (Church).

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabaoth God* (1611), *Sabbaoth God* (1609).

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR.

P. 440, l. 4, *Nobleste* (1579), *nobleneste* (1597).

P. 440, l. 12, *my* (1579), *thy* (1611).

P. 441, col. 1, l. 16, *of few* (1579), *of a few* (1597).

P. 441, col. 2, l. 25, *coveting* (1579), *covering* (1597).

P. 442, col. 1, l. 5, *common*. The 4to. (1579) has *commen*.

P. 442, col. 1, l. 49, *scorne* (1586), *scorne* (1579 and 1581).

P. 442, col. 1, l. 57, *to be counted straungers* (1597), *straungers to be counted* (1579).

P. 442, col. 2, l. 27, *ungyrt* (1579). All other old editions read *unright*.

P. 443, col. 1, l. 24, *as one that* (1597), *as that* (1579).

P. 443, col. 2, l. 21, *rare* (1579), *rath* (1597).

P. 443, col. 2, ll. 1, 2 from bottom, *thys* 10. (1579) *the tenth* (1597).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 13, *more . . . then* (1597), *more . . . and* (1579).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 17, *Invencion*. The ed. 15[79] has *Invercion*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 18, *these* (1597), *his* (1579).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 24, *definition*. The ed. 1579 h[as] *diffinition*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 35, *Æglogues* (1597). The [ed.] 1579 reads *Eclogues*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 40, *containe* (1597), *contein* (1579).

P. 445, col. 1, l. 4, *Abid*. All old editions re[ad] *Abil*.

P. 445, col. 2, l. 8, *entraunce*. The ed. 1579 h[as] *enrraunce*.

P. 445, col. 2, l. 13, *itselfe* (1597), *self* (1579).

P. 445, col. 2, ll. 21, 22, *of thone part . . . thother* (1579), *of the one part . . . of the other* (1597).

P. 445, col. 2, l. 25, *Shepheards* (1597), *Shep[heard]* (1579).

P. 446 (Januarie), Arg. l. 1, *him* (1579), *hem* (1597).

P. 446, Arg. l. 5, *delights* (1579), *delight* (1597).

P. 446, l. 34, *bloosmes* (1579), *blossomes* (1581).

P. 447 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 1, *who that hath* (1579) *who hath* (1579).

P. 447 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *counterfeicting* (1579), *counterfaiting* (1597).

P. 448 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1, *Poesye* (1579), *Poesie* (1597).

P. 448 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 3, *notwithstanding*. The ed. 1579 reads *notwithstanded*.

EBRUARIE), l. 17, *threttie* (1579), *thirtie*

52, *youngth* (1579), *youth* (1597).
57, *hast* (1597), *hath* (1579).
8, *tadvaunce* (1579), *to advance* (1597).
142, *overcrawed* (1597), *overawed* (1579).
181, *oft* (1579), *of* (1597).
, 189, *To this the* (1579), *To this this*

218, *to the earth* (1579), *to the ground*

Glosse), col. 1, l. 9 from the bottom, 1). All 4tos. read *meane*.
losse), col. 2, l. 11 from bottom, *giveth* A (1579).
Emblem), col. 1, l. 10, *wexe* (1579),

Emblem), col. 1, l. 15, *rash-headed* -*headed* (1597).
mblem), col. 2, l. 8, *God* (1597), *Gods*

mblem), col. 1, l. 1, *with him* (1579),).
[ARCH), col. 1, l. 4, *nighes* (to be pro- a dissyllable). The 4tos. read *nighest*, l *nigheth*.
l. 1, l. 6, *winters* (1579), *winter* (1597).
ol. 1, l. 40, *als* (1579 and 1597), *alas* 586).
Vyllyes Emblem), l. 2, *Gods* (Child). ons read *God*.
losse), col. 1, l. 9 from bottom, *Goddesse* e 4to. 1579 has *Goddes*.
Glosse), col. 1, l. 5, *winged love* (1597), ve (1579).
PRIL), (Arg.), l. 2, *herein* (1579), *here*

g.), l. 4, *alienate* (1579), *alienated* (1597).
ol. 1, l. 64, *angelick* (1579), *angel-like*

l. 1, l. 135, *Anenesse* (1597), *Anesse* (1579).
losse), col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *meanesse* nes (1597).
losse), col. 2, l. 32, *deffly* (1597), *deaffly*

l. 2, l. 18 from bottom, *behight* (1611). 79, 1581, 1586, 1597, read *bedight*.
losse), col. 1, l. 7, *coronation* (1579), *car-*).
losse), col. 2, l. 6, *slea* (1579), *slay* (1597).
losse), col. 2, l. 9, *of* (1579), *by* (1597).
losse), col. 2, l. 19, *blinded* (1579, 1581, Collier, who reads *blended*, is wrong hat Todd has no authority for printing . 1611 has *blended*.
MAYE), (Arg.), l. 1, *Syfe* (1597), *Syrste*

l. 2, l. 19, *no* (1579), *ne* (1581).
l. 1, l. 54, *great* (1597), *greed* (1579).
l. 1, l. 82, *forsay* (1597), *foresay* (1579).
ol. 1, l. 150, *say I* (1597, 1611), *sayd I*

l. 1, l. 159, *witen* (1579), *twiten* (1611).
l. 1, l. 164, *none* (1579), *no* (1597).
ol. 2, l. 211, *the* (1579, 1581, 1586, 1597),

col. 1, l. 273, *forestall* (1597), *forstall*

P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 4, *oracles* (1579), *miracles* (1597).
P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 8, *passengers* (1579), *persons* (1597).
P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1 from bottom, *Algrind* (1597), *Algrim* (1579).
P. 462 (Glosse), col. 2, ll. 32, 34, *of whom . . . Prometheus*, in 1579 and 1581, but omitted in 1586.
P. 462, col. 2, l. 52, *hys* (1579), *her* (1581).
P. 463, col. 1, l. 2, *and* (1579), *or* (1586).
P. 463, col. 1, l. 29, *Tyranne* (1579), *Tyrant* (1597).
P. 463, col. 2, l. 15, *agreeing* (1597), *a greeting* (1579).
P. 463, col. 2, l. 22, *beware* (1579), *to beware* (1597).
P. 464 (JUNE), col. 1, l. 16, *shroude* (1611), *shouder* (1579).
P. 464, col. 1, l. 24, *ravenes* (1611), *ravene* (1579, 1581, 1586).
P. 464, col. 2, l. 98, *painfull* (1579), *plainefull* (1581, 1586).
P. 465 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 4 from bottom, *all* is omitted in 1597.
P. 465 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 15, *Lorde* (1579), *Lorde of* (1597).
P. 465 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 16, *noblesse* (1579), *noblenesse* (1597).
P. 466 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 13, *of* (1597), *of the* (1581).
P. 466 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 12, *undermyne* (1597), *undermynde* (1579).
P. 466 (JULYE), col. 2, l. 35, *willesse* (1597), *weetlesse* (1579).
P. 466, col. 2, l. 58, *hyllye* (1579), *holy* (1597).
P. 467, col. 1, l. 69, *forsayd* (1597), *foresayd* (1579).
P. 467, col. 1, l. 77, *recourse* (1581), *resourse* (1579).
P. 467, col. 1, l. 99, *a starre* (1611). The 4tos. 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597 have *the starres*.
P. 467, col. 1, l. 129, *And* (1586), *As* (1579, 1581).
P. 468, col. 1, l. 131, *other* (1579), *others* (1597).
P. 468, col. 1, l. 197, *welter* (1579), *weltre* (1597).
P. 468 (Thomalins Emblem). The old editions have *Palinodes Emblem*.
P. 468 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 10, *lapsus* (1579), *lapsu* (1597).
P. 468 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 7, *then* (1597), *and* (1579).
P. 468 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 9 from bottom, *that* (1579), *the* (1586).
P. 469 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 17, *of the* (1597), *of* (1579).
P. 469 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 24, *of a* (1579), *of the* (1597).
P. 470 (AUGUST), (Arg.), l. 2, *choose* (1579), *chose* (1597).
P. 470, col. 1, l. 10, *did passe* (1597), *didst passe* (1579).
P. 470, col. 1, l. 13, *that mischaunce* (1597), *that newe mischaunce* (1579).
P. 470, col. 2, l. 46, *hetheward*, read *hetherward*.
P. 470, col. 2, l. 53, *holy* (1597), *holly* (1579).
P. 471, col. 1, l. 84, *thy hart* (1579), *my hart* (1597).
P. 471, col. 1, l. 104, *curelesse* (Collier). All editions read *carelesse*.
P. 471, col. 2, l. 162, *debarres . . . from* (1579), *debars . . . of* (1611).
P. 471, col. 2, l. 166, *woodes* (1597). The 4to. 1579 has *woddes*.
P. 471, col. 2, l. 167, or (1579), nor (1597).

P. 474, col. 2, l. 144, *stay* (1597), *stray* (1579).
P. 474, col. 2, l. 145, *yeed*. The 4tos. have *yeeld* e folio 1611 reads *yead*.
P. 474, col. 2, l. 158, *walke* (1579), *talke* (1611).
P. 474, col. 2, l. 160, *to* (1597), *two* (1579).
P. 474, col. 2, l. 162, *privé* (1579), *privie* (1597).
P. 475, col. 2, l. 257, *her* (1579), *his* (1597).
P. 475 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1 from bottom, *Thrise*. The 4to. 1579 has *These*; fol. 1611 *Thrice*.
P. 477 (OCTOBER), col. 2, l. 75, *be forst to fayne* (1579), *to forst to faine* (1597), *to force to faine* (1611).
P. 477, col. 2, l. 79, *thy place* (1597), *the place* (1579).
P. 477, col. 2, l. 80, *doe* (1579), *doest* (1597).
P. 477, col. 2, l. 103, *weightye*. The 4to. 1579 has *wightye*, the folio 1611 *waightie*.
P. 478, col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *Arcadian*. The 4to. 1579 has *Aradian*, 4to. 1597, fol. 1611 *Arabian*.
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 11, *is*. So all old editions (?) *in*.
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, ll. 27, 28, *from stately discourse* (1579), *to stately course* (1597, 1611).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 32, *wel knowen to be Virgile* (1579), *well knew noble Virgil* (1597, 1611).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 38, *flocks* (1579), *flocke* (1597).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 2, *by fire*; omitted in 4to. 1597.
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 13, *layde* (1597), *lay* (1579).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 40, *Petrarch, saying* (1579), *Petrarchs saying* (1597).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *had* (1597), *hath* (1579).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 2 from bottom, *is* (1597), *it* (1579).
P. 480 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 8, *forth* (1579), *out* (1597).

HARES OF THE MUSES.

13, *anew*, (?) *in vew*.
26, *of sin*. Some mod. editions read

32, *singults* (1611), *singulfs* (1591).
01, *that winged God* (1591), *the winged*

76, *Poetrease* (1591), *Poetesse* in some
s.
00, *living* (1611), *loving* (1591).

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

3, *waves* (1591), ? *wave*.
122, *heart* (1611). The ed. 1591 has

49, *Asœan*. The ed. 1591 reads *As-*

40, *not* (1611) is omitted by 4to. 1591.
43, *fire* (1591), *fier* (1611).
87, *throat*. The 4to. 1591. reads *threat*.
06, *flittering* (1611), *flattering* (1591).
17, *waladay* (1591), *weladay* (1611).
36, *subtile* (1611), *slye* (1591).
75, *billowes*. The 4to. 1591 reads *bil-*

88, *Herœan* (1591) ? *Ægean*.

THER HUBBERD'S TALE.

3, *Gossip* (1611), *Goship* (1591).
67, *lifted upon high* (1591), *lifted high*

7, *worldis* (1611), *worlds* (1591).
64, *thetch* (1591), *thatch* (1611).
40, *carried* (1591), ? *cover'd* (Collier).
53, *dirigues* (1611), *dirges* (1591).
01, *or* (1591), *ere* (1611).
29, *she* (1591), *hee* (1611).
48, *at* (in 1611), omitted by 1591.
84, *gentrie* (1591). This word must be
as three syllables (Todd). Perhaps
genterie.
735, *lothefull* (1591), ? *slothefull* (Col-

830, *kindle*. The 4to. 1591 and the fol.
ndly.
997, *whether*. The 4to. 1591 has *whi-*

1012, *stopt*. The 4to 1591 and fol. 1611

1019, *whither*. The 4to. 1591 reads

1245, *stal'd* (1591), *stall'd* (1611).

THE RUINES OF ROME.

21, *Mausolus*. The 4to 1591 has *Man-*

48, *The Giants old* (1611), *the old Giants*

119, *palaces*. The line is defective;
ed.
210, *now* (1611). Omitted by the 4to.

243, *ornaments*. The 4to. has *orna-*

P. 529, l. 270, *Tethis* (1591), *Thetys* (1611).
P. 529, l. 272, *dimmed*, read *dimmed*.
P. 531, l. 414, *stackes* (1611), *stalkes* (1591).

MUIOPOTMOS.

P. 532, l. 34, *yongth* (1591), *youth* (1611).
P. 533, l. 149, *champain o're he*. The 4to. 1591 has *champion he*, but the fol. 1611 reads *champaine o're he*.
P. 534, l. 250, *dispacing*. The 4to. has *displacing*.
P. 535, l. 335, *hayrie* (1591), *ayrie* (1611).
P. 535, l. 354, *enfested* (1591), ? *enfesterd* (Collier).
P. 536, l. 370, *framde craftily* (1611), *did slily frame* (1591).
P. 536, l. 392, *hateful* (1591), *fatall* (1611).
P. 536, l. 431, *yongthly*. The 4to. has *yougthly*, but see p. 532, l. 34.

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

P. 537, st. 3, l. 11, *did*. The 4to. 1591 has *doth*.
P. 538, st. 8, l. 12, *native* (1611), *nature* (1591).

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

P. 538, st. 2, l. 9, *On*. The 4to. 1591 reads *one*.
P. 538, st. 2, l. 9, *Afrike golds*, ? *Afrikes gold*.
P. 539, st. 9, l. 1, *astonied*. The 4to. 1591 reads *astoined*.

The following is an earlier version of 'The Visions of Bellay,' which is found in the 'THEATRE FOR WORLDLINGS.' '*A Theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, As also the greate joyes and plesures which the faithfull do enjoy. An Argument both profitable and delectable, to all that sincerely love the word of God. Devised by S. Iohn vander Noodt. Seene and allowed according to the order appointed. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman. Anno Domini.* 1569.' 8vo. Then follow two pages of Latin verses—'In commendationem operis ab Nobiliss. et virtutis Studiosissimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodt Patricio Antuerpiensi editi, Carmen.' and 'Doctor Gerardus Goossenius Medicus, Physicus, et Poeta Brabant. moder. in Zollum Octastichon.' And a Dedication to Q. Elizabeth, dated 'At London your Majesties Citie and seate royal. The 25. of May. 1569.' and signed, 'Your Majesties most humble servant. *Iean vander Noodt.*'

Next come Spenser's six 'Visions of Petrarch' (called Epigrams), with four additional lines at the end, and then follow the remaining poems, entitled 'Sonets,' with descriptive woodcuts.

Then follow 107 leaves of Prose, entitled 'A briefe declaration of the Authour upon his *visions*, taken out of the holy scriptures, and dyvers Orators, Poetes, Philosophers, and true histories. Translated out of French into Englishe by Theodore Roest.' The following is an extract. 'And to sette the vanitie and inconstancie of worldly and transitorie thyngs, the livelier before your eyes, I have broughte in here *twentie sightes or vysions, and caused them to be graven*, to the ende al men may see that with their eyes, whiche I go about to expresse

by writing, to the delight and plesure of the eye and eares, according unto the saying of Horace.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

That is to say,

He that teacheth pleasantly and well,
Doth in eche poynt all others excell.

Of which oure visions the learned Poete M. Francisce Petrarche Gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan *the six firste*, after suche tyme as hee had loved honestly the space of .xxi. yeares a faire, gracious, and a noble Damosell, named Laurette, or (as it plesed him best) Laura, borne of Avinion, who afterward hapned to die, he being in Italy, for whose death (to shewe his great grief) he mourned ten yeares together, and amongest many of his songs and sorowfull lamentations, devised and made a Ballade or song, containyng *the sayd visions, which* bicause they serve wel to our purpose, *I have out of the Brabants speeche, turned them into the Englishe tongue.*' fol. 13.

'The *other ten visions* next ensuing, ar described of one Ioachim du Bellay, Gentleman of France, *the whiche* also, bicause they serve to our purpose, *I have translated them out of Dutch into English.*' fol. 14.

SONETS.*

IT was the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulnesse of slepe,
The carefull travailes of the painefull day:
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes
On that great rivers banke that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my propre name,
He bade me upwarde unto heaven looke.
He cride to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What under this great Temple is containde,
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I knowing the worldes unstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of ty
In God alone do stay my confidence.

On hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie
I sawe, an hundred pillers eke about,
All of fine Diamant decking the front,
And fashiond were they all in Dorike wise.
Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of deepe vaute threw forth a thousand rayes
Upon an hundred steps of purest golde.
Golde was the parget: and the sielyng eke
Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates.
The floor was Jaspis, and of Emeraude.
O worldes vainenesse. A sodein earthquake loe,
Shaking the hill even from the bottome deepe,
Threwe downe this building to the lowest stone.

Then did appeare to me a sharped spire
Of diamant, ten feete eche way in square,
Justly proportionde up unto his height,
So hie as mought an Archer reache with sight.
Upon the top therof was set a pot
Made of the mettall that we honour most.
And in this golden vessell couched were
The ashes of a mightie Emperour.

Upon foure corners of the base there lay
To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde,
A worthie tombe for such a worthie corps.
Alas, nought in this worlde but griefe endures,
A sodaine tempest from the heaven, I saw,
With flushe [? flashe] stroke downe this monument.

I saw raisde up on pillers of Ivorie,
Whereof the bases were of richest golde,
The chapters Alabaster, Christall frisse,
The double front of a triumphall arke.
On eche side portraide was a victorie,
With golden wings in habite of a Nymph.
And set on hie upon triumphing chaire,
The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes,
The worke did shew it selfe not wrought by m
But rather made by his owne skilfull hande
That forgeth thunder dartes for Jove his sire,
Let me no more see faire thing under heaven,
Sith I have seene so faire a thing as this,
With sodaine falling broken all to dust.

Then I behelde the faire Dodonian tree,
Upon seven hilles throw forth his gladsome s
And Conquerors bedecked with his leaves
Along the bankes of the Italian streame.
There many auncient Trophees were erect,
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes,
To shewe the greatnesse of the stately race,
That erst descended from the Trojan blood.
Ravisht I was to see so rare a thing,
When barbarous villaines in disordred heape,
Outraged the honour of these noble bowes.
I hearde the tronke to grone under the wedge,
And since I saw the roote in hie disdaine
Sende forth againe a twinne of forked trees.

I saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,
With feeble flight venture to mount to heaven,
By more and more she gan to trust hir wings,
Still folowing th' example of hir damme:
I saw hir rise, and with a larger flight
Surmount the toppes even of the hiest hilles,
And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings reache
The place where is the temple of the Gods,
There was she lost, and sodenly I saw
Where tombling through the aire in lompe of f
All flaming downe she fell upon the plaine.
I saw hir bodie turned all to dust,
And saw the foule that shunnes the cherefull l
Out of hir ashes as a worme arise.

Then all astonned with this nightly ghost,
I saw an hideous body big and strong,
Long was his beard, and side did hang his hair
A grisly forehed and Saturnelike face.
Leaning against the belly of a pot
He shed a water, whose outgushing streame
Ran flowing all along the creckie shoare
Where once the Troyan Duke with Turnus fo
And at his feete a bitch Wolfe did give sucke
To two yong babes. In his right hand he bar
The tree of peace, in left the conquering Palm
His head was garnisht with the Laurel bow.
Then sodenly the Palme and Olive fell,
And faire greene Laurel witherd up and dishe

* Or 'The Visions of Bellay.'

vers side, a wailing Nimphe,
armes with thousand sighs to heaven,
plaint to falling rivers sound,
faire visage and golden haire,
iod she) this whilome honored face?
glory and the anncient praise,
orldes hap was reposed,
Gods and man I worshipt was?
it not that civile bate
spoile and bootie of the world,
Hydra mete to be assailde
hundred such as Hercules,
springing heds of monstrous crimes,
roes and Caliguiaes
ing forth to rule this croked shore.

I saw a kindled flame,
ke waves with triple point to heaven,
cense of precious Ceder tree
like odor did perfume the aire.
hite, well fetherd on hir winges
flie up to the throne of Gods,
with most plesant melodie
up to heaven in the smoke.
fire the faire dispersed rayes
abrode a thousand shining leames,
dropping of a golden shoure
the glystering flame. O grevous
!
erstwhile so pleasaunt scent did yelde,
now did breathe corrupted smel.

spring rise out of a rocke,
istall against the Sunny beames,
yellow like the shining land,
Pactol drives upon the plaine.
at arte and nature strived to joyne
place all pleasures of the eye.
o heare a noise alluring slepe
ccordes more swete than Mermaids

nd benches shone as Ivorie,
Nymphes sate side by side about,
nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes
is cry assembled on the place,
their feete uncleane the water fouled,
the seats, and drowne the Nimphs to

ven at the time when Morpheus
doth appeare unto our eyes,
e th' inconstance of the heavens:
eat Typhæus sister come,
l bravely with a morian armed,
she seemde to matche the Gods.
shore, harde by a violent streame,
Trophee over all the worlde.
vanquisht kings gronde at hir feete,
s in shamefull wise bounde at their

with so dreadfull sight afrayde,
avens warre against hir tho,
r striken fall with clap of thunder,
t noyse I start in sodaine wonder.

, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth
ellay,' *which are in Spenser's* transla-
are not in the '*Theatre for* World-

lings;' but four others are substituted, of which the writer thus speaks: 'And to the ende we myght speake more at large of the thing, I have taken *foure visions out of the revelations of S. John*, where as the Holy Ghost by S. John setteth him (Anti-christ) out in his colours.' Fol. 20.

I saw an ugly beast come from the sea,
That seven heads, ten crounes, ten hornes did beare,
Having theron the vile blaspheming name.
The cruell Leopard she resembled much:
Feete of a beare, a Lions throte she had.
The mightie Dragon gave to hir his power.
One of hir heads yet there I did espie,
Still freshly bleeding of a grievous wounde.
One cride aloude. What one is like (quod he)
This honoured Dragon, or may him withstande?
And then came from the sea a savage beast,
With Dragons speche, and shewde his force by fire,
With wondrous signes to make all wights adore
The beast, in setting of hir image up.

I saw a Woman sitting on a beast
Before mine eyes, of Orenge colour hew:
Horrour and dreadfull name of blasphemie
Filde hir with pride. And seven heads I saw,
Ten hornes also the stately beast did beare.
She seemde with glorie of the scarlet faire,
And with fine perle and golde puft up in heart.
The wine of hooredome in a cup she bare.
The name of Mysterie writ in hir face:
The bloud of Martyrs dere were hir delite.
Most fierce and fell this woman seemde to me.
An Angell then descending downe from Heaven,
With thondring voice cride out aloude, and sayd,
Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen.

Then might I see upon a white horse set
The faithfull man with flaming countenaunce,
His head did shine with crounes set therupon.
The worde of God made him a noble name.
His precious robe I saw embrued with bloud.
Then saw I from the heaven on horses white,
A puissant armie come the selfe same way.
Then cried a shining Angell as me thought,
That birdes from aire descending downe on earth
Should warre upon the kings, and eate their flesh.
Then did I see the beast and Kings also
Joinyng their force to slea the faithfull man.
But this fierce hatefull beast and all hir traine
Is pitilesse throwne downe in pit of fire.

I saw new Earth, new Heaven, sayde Saint John.
And loe, the sea (quod he) is now no more.
The holy Citie of the Lorde, from hye
Descendeth garnisht as a loved spouse.
A voice then sayde, beholde the bright abode
Of God and men. For he shall be their God,
And all their teares he shall wipe cleane away.
Hir brightnesse greater was than can be founde,
Square was this Citie, and twelve gates it had.
Eche gate was of an orient perfect pearle,
The houses golde, the pavement precious stone.
A lively streame, more cleere than Christall is,
Ranne through the mid, sprong from triumphant seat.
There growes lifes fruite unto the Churches good.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

P. 541, st. 1, l. 5, *mote* (1591), *mought* (Theatre for Worldlings).
P. 541, st. 1, l. 9, *that* (1591), *this* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 2, l. 19, *show* (1591), *shew* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 2, ll. 25—28. In the T. for W. these lines are as follows: —

Strake on a rock, that under water lay.
O great misfortune, O great griefe, I say,
Thus in one moment to see lost and drownde
So great riches, as lyke can not be founde.

P. 541, st. 3, l. 29, *The* (1591), *Then* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 3, l. 30, *the* (1591), *a* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 3, l. 31, *Amidst* (1591), *Amidde* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 3, l. 35, *That with*, &c. (1591), *My sprites were ravisht with these pleasures there* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 4, l. 43, *a* (1591), *the* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 4, l. 49, *To the soft* (1591), *Unto the gentle* (T. for W.)
P. 541, st. 4, l. 50, *That my glad heart*, &c. (1591), *The sight wherof dyd make my heart rejoyce* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st 4, l. 51, *But, while herein*, &c. (1591), *But while I take herein*, &c. (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 4, ll. 55, 56, are omitted by T. for W.
P. 541, st. 5, l. 63, *at last* (1591), *at length* (T. for W.)
P. 541, st. 5, ll. 68—70, These three lines are not in T. for W. but instead we have the following concluding line:—*For pitie and love my heart yet burnes in paine.*
P. 541, st. 6, l. 72, *thinking yet* (1591), *in thinking* (T. for W.)
P. 541, st. 6, l. 81, *on* (1391), *in* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 6, l. 82, *and sorrowful annoy* (1591), *That dothe our hearts anoy* (T. for W.).
P. 541, st. 6, ll. 83, 84, are omitted by T. for W.
P. 542, st. 7. This stanza does not occur in T. for W., but the four following lines are added to the Epigrams:—

My Song thus now in thy Conclusions,
Say boldly that these same SIX VISIONS
Do yelde unto thy lorde a sweete request,
Ere it be long within the earth to rest.

P. 542, st. 7, l. 85, *behold*. The 4to. 1591 reads *beheld*.

DAPHNAIDA.

P. 543, l. 79, *unpitied, unplained* (1591). Some mod. editions read *unpitied and unplained*.
P. 544, ll. 159, 160, *fro* (1591), *from* (1611).
P. 547, l. 391, *till* (1596), *tell* (1591).
P. 547, l. 478, *starres* (1591), *starre* (1596).
P. 548, l. 487, *deepe* (1591), *deere* (1596).

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

P. 549, l. 1, *knowen*. The 4to. 1595 reads *knowne*.
P. 550, l. 46, *glorious bright*, i. e. *glorious bright one* (1595). Some mod. editions read *glory bright*.
P. 550, l. 88, *lasse* (1611), *losse* (1595).
P. 550, l. 91, *chose* (1595), *choose* (1611).
P. 551, l. 168, *singults* (1611), *singulfs* (1595.)
P. 552, l. 315, *bordrags*. The 4to. 1595 reads *bodrags*.
P. 553, l. 382, *there is Corydon*. The 4to. 1595 reads *there is a Corydon*.
P. 554, l. 487, *Urania*. The ed. *Uriana*.
P. 555, l. 600, *clusters*. The 4to. 1596 r
P. 555, l. 601, *braunches* (suggested The 4to. 1595 has *bunches*.
P. 556, l. 670, *durst*. The ed. 1595 h
P. 556, l. 757, *fare* (1611), *far* (1596)
P. 566, l. 762, *drownded* (1595), *dro*
P. 557, l. 860, *her* (referring to *w* editions read *their*.
P. 557, l. 861, *life-giving*. All old *like giving*.
P. 558, l. 884, *the creatures* (1611), *their creatures*. Collier suggests *them*.

ASTROPHEL.

P. 559, l. 22, *and sweetingly* (1596) ?
P. 560, l. 50, *often* (1611), *oft* (1595) ser intend to write *oft had sighed*?
P. 560, l. 53, *sight* i. e. *sighed* (1595).
P. 560, l. 89, *needeth* (1611), *need* (1
P. 561, l. 149, *beare* (1595), *bier* (16

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLO

P. 562, l. 35, *him did see* (1611), *him*
P. 562, l. 50, *fro me* (1611), *me fro* (

THE MOURNING MUSE OF TH

P. 563, l. 20, *thy ireful*. All old *their ireful*.
P. 565, l. 84, *Scyne*. The old edition
P. 566, l. 193, *to thee let fall*. S read *to let thee fall*.

A PASTORALL AEGLOGU

P. 566, l. 29, *testified*. Ed. 1595 has
P. 566, l. 41, *hard* (1595), *and* (1611)

AN ELEGIE.

P. 568, l. 3, *glasse*. The ed. 1595 r
P. 568, l. 72, *night* (1611), *might* (15
P. 569, l. 109, *never* (1611), *ever* (15
P. 569, l. 134, *Astrophill*. The ori *trophrill*.
P. 569, l. 150, *To short-livde* (1595) tions read *The short-livde*.
P. 569, l. 155, *nor* (1595), *or* (1611).
P. 569, l. 177, *do* (1595), *doth* (1611)
P. 570, l. 181, *This word* (1611), *His*
P. 570, l. 206, *of each kinde* (1611), *of*
P. 570, l. 234, *discollor* (1611), *discol*

AN EPITAPH (II.).

P. 571, l. 25, *parallels* (1611), *parall*
P. 572, l. 39, *Go, seeke* (1611), *Go, s*

SONNETS.

P. 574, st. 10, l. 7, *captive*. Ed. 15 *tives*.
P. 574, st. 11, l. 8, *unpittied*. Ed. 1 *pitteid*.
P. 575, st. 15, l. 3, *treasure*. Ed. *treasures*.
P. 576, st. 21, l. 6, *love*. Ed. 1595 r
P. 576, st. 26, l. 4, *braunche is*. Th reads braunches.
P. 576, st. 26, l. 5, rough read, trou

3, l. 11, *Sins* (1595), *Sith* (1611).
5. This stanza is repeated in ed. es between stanzas 82 and 83. There eading in l. 6, it is *having it* in our *g it* in the omitted version.
l. 11, *her* (1595), *their* (1611).
, l. 9, *first* (1595). Some copies read

53, l. 6, *semblant* (1597), *semblance*

5, l. 12, *mind* (1595). Some editions

7, l. 10, *these* ? *those*.
8, l. 1, *By her*. Some editors pro- o but *By*=concerning.
8, l. 8, *glories* (1595). Some editions *glorious*.
1, l. 9, *above*. Ed. 1595 reads *about*.
rite :—
your worke is all about yvove ?
2, l. 2, *placed*. Ed. 1595 has *plac'd*.
87, l. 9, *the idœa* (1611), *th' idœa*,

88, l. 3, *vow*. The ed. 1595 reads

EPITHALMION.

me (1595). Some editions read *the*.
3, *girlands*. The ed. 1595 reads *gir-*

, *dore* (so ed. 1595), but read *deere* as Professor Child.
, *dreames*. All the old editions read

0, *mazefull*. The ed. 1595 has *maze- ıefull* is suggested by Professor Child.
8, *receyve*. Ed. 1595 has *recyve*.
290, *nights sad dread* (1611), *nights*

1, *Pouke*. The ed. 1595 reads *Ponke*.
59, *your bed* (1595). Some modern *e bed*.
79, *wool*. The ed. 1595 has *woll*.
95, *thy will* (1611), *they will* (1595).

HYMNES.

AN HYMNE OF LOVE.

), *make* (1596), *made* (1611).
3, *hated fyre*. Ed. 1596 has *hate fyre*.
22, *with*. Warton proposed to read

150, *Since* (1596). Some mod. copies

161, *doest* (1596). Some mod. copies

227, *hath eyde* (1596). Some copies

AN HYMNE OF BEAUTIE.

6, *doest* (1596). Some mod. editions

47, *clotheth it* (1596). Collier reads

3, *oft-times*. Ed. 1596 has *oftimes*.
147, *Perform'd*. The ed. 1596 reads

58, *will* ? *evill*.
71, *affections* (1596), ? *affection*.

P. 598, l. 195, *no love* (1596), *not love* (Collier).
P. 598, l. 222, *to his fancies* (1596), ? *of his fa cies*.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLIE LOVE.

P. 599, l. 53, *in powre* (1596), *of powre* (Collier
P. 600, l. 72, *still to them* (1596). Collier rea *unto them*.
P. 600, l. 158, *launching* (1596). Some moder editions read *launcing*.
P. 601, l. 179, *of us* (1596), *for us* (Collier).
P. 601, l. 188, *us so* (1596), *was so* (Collier).
P. 601, 195, *Even he himselfe*. Ed. 1596 has *Eve himselfe*. In 1611 it is *Even hee himself*.
P. 601, l. 238, *of great* (1596), *by great* (Collier).
P. 602, l. 266, *to thee* (1596), *for thee* (1611).

HYMNE OF HEAVENLIE BEAUTIE.

P. 603, l. 121, *Suns bright beames* (1596), *Sun bright beames* (1611).
P. 604, l. 165, *And dampish aire*. Ed. 1596 read *The dark and dampish aire*.
P. 604, l. 170, *more bright* (in 1611), is omitte by 1596.
P. 605, l. 270, *to paine* (1596), *a paine* (1611).
P. 605, l. 294, *on matter* (1611), *no matter* (1596

PROTHALAMION.

P. 605, l. 5, *whom* (1596). Some copies read *whos*
P. 606, l. 117, *Yet* (1611), *Yeat* (1596).

SONNETS WRITTEN BY SPENSER.

I. This is taken from '*Foure Letters, and Certai Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, and oth parties, by him abused*: &c. London. 4to.: *I printed by John Wolfe*, 1592.'

II. This is prefixed to '*Nennio, Or a Treatise Nobility*, &c. *Written in Italian by that famo Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptista Nen of Bari. Done into English by William Jones, Gen* 4to. 1595.'

III. Prefixed to the '*Historie of George Castri surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie: Containi his famous actes*, &c. *Newly translated out of Fren into English by Z. I., Gentleman. Imprinted for Ponsonby*, 1596,' fol. There is a copy of this wo in the Bodleian Library. AA. 37. Art. Seld.

IV. Prefixed to '*The Commonwealth and Gover ment of Venice. Written by the Cardinall Gasp Contareno, and translated out of Italian into Engli by Lewis Lewkenor, Esquire*. London. *Imprint by John Windet for Edmund Mattes*, &c., 1599,' 4t

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.*

P. 610, col. 2, l. 17, *entred* (22), *enured* (19).
P. 610, col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *Breaghe* (22 *Iriach* (19).
P. 611, col. 1, l. 39, *sure* (22), *faire* (19).
P. 611, col. 2, l. 10, *forestald* (22), *foreslaked* (and 73).
P. 611, col. 2, ll. 32, 33, *Tanistih* (22), *Tanist* (1
P. 612, col. 1, l. 30, *innovation* (19), *invasion* (7

* 22=Additional MS. 22022. 19=Harl. M 1932. 73=Harl. MS. 7388. W.=Ware's Trans.

P. 612, col. 2, l. 19, *wayced* (73), *waged*, *waied* (19 and 22).

P. 612, col. 2, l. 41, *of a King* (22), 'Of a Kinge, which tytle was gyven by the Yrish rather for a more greater honour of their countrey then for any gratification or addition of power to the kynge, who was before Lord of Yreland; which tytle did not import the absolute soveraigne command of a lord seignour over his subjects as over his vassalles; for all other absolute power of principalitie he had in himself before deryved from manie former kinges,' &c.

P. 613, col. 1, l. 15, *kerpe* (22), *plucke* (19).

P. 613, col. 2, l. 9 from bottom, *warrelike* (19), *wicked* (22).

P. 614, col. 2, l. 15, *enured* (73), *entred* (22 and 19).

P. 615, col. 1, ll. 11, 12, *Culvers, Mointerolis, Oroirke.* MS. 22 omits *Culvers and Mointerolis*; 19 reads *Culvers, Moneroo* (73 *Moneroe*), and *Ourkes* (*Orourcks* 73).

P. 615, col. 1, ll. 14, 15, *Glaunmaleerih, Shillelah, Briskelagh, Polmonie.* MS. 19 has *Glaunmalor* (73 *Glamalour*), *Shillelagh* and *Briskiagh. Polmonie* is inserted from Ware's text.

P. 615, col. 1, l. 11 from bottom, *the Earle of Ulster.* Ware's text has *the Earle of*, which is omitted in the Brit. Mus. MSS. For *Ulster*, 19 reads *Lacie.*

P. 615, col. 2, l. 2, *builded . . . Tomond* (22), *repaired . . . Thomond* (19).

P. 615, col. 2, l. 17 from bottom, *Clarifort* (19), *Clareforte* (73), *Clariford* (Ware). Omitted by 22.

P. 615, col. 2, l. 15 from bottom, *Mourne and Butlervant* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 615, col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *remember* (22), *reade* (19).

P. 616, col. 1, l. 14 from bottom, *hurt* (22), *scathe* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, l. 1, *Donluce* (Ware), *Donlace* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 8, *Belfast* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 12, *en Ranagh.* Omitted by 22; inserted from 19.

P. 616, col 2, l. 14, *Belfast . . . Newton.* Omitted by 22; inserted from 19.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 23, *in the Ardes.* Omitted by 22; inserted from Ware: 19 reads *at the Ardes*, 73 *in Ardes.*

P. 616, col. 2, l. 29, *Bremmegham* (22), *Bremingham* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, l. 35, *to breathe or* (22), *to staie nor* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, ll. 47–56, *and left . . . warres*, in 22, 19, and 73, but omitted by Ware.

P. 617, col. 1, l. 18 from bottom, *Gerald* (22), *Garrett* (19 and 73).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 6, *bluster* (22), *blatter* (19, and Ware).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 20 from bottom, *Leis* (22), *Leix* (19).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 16 from bottom, *Oreyleys* (73), *Orelies* (19).

P. 617, col. 2, ll. 12–9 from bottom, *All this . . . kindle* (22), *All these which ye have named and manie moe besides often tymes have I right well knowen to kyndle* (19).

P. 618, col. 2, ll. 18–22, *to keepe . . . provision* (19). Omitted by 22, and Ware.

P. 619, col. 2, l. 17 from the botto *dryve* (19).

P. 619, col. 2, l. 10 from bottom, *gerrans* (22), *garrandes* (73).

P. 620, col. 2, l. 3, *which purposel appoynted* (22), *which is purposelie ap unto* (19).

P. 620, col. 2, l. 18 from bottom, *void* (22). Ware and MSS. 19 and *beene made voyd*; and for *attaynted*, read *conteyned.*

P. 620, col. 2, l. 16 from bottom, *wrought* (22).

P. 621, col. 2, l. 15 from bottom, *Palatyne* (19), *Pallentyne* (73).

P. 623, col. 2, ll. 4, 3 from bottom *Cosshirh* (22), *Cuddie, Cossherie* (19). *Sorehim* (73 *Stragh and Brehim*) are o

P. 624, col. 1, ll. 3, 4, *saying co for their common sayinge is* (19).

P. 624, col. 1, l. 29, *Kin-cogish* (*glishe* (19), *Kingeogish* (73)

P. 624, col. 1, ll. 4, 3 from bottom, *him* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 624, col. 2, l. 21 from bottom, *Congish* (73).

P. 624, col. 2, l. 22 from bottom, *fellowes* (22).

P. 625, col. 1, l. 26, *I suppose to which at*, &c. In Ware's text we have passages (omitted in all the Brit. Mus. however, is directed to be crossed out agreeable to the best MS. copy; which omitted in the MS. of this 'View' belo Marquis of Stafford (Todd):—

Eudox. How commeth it then to pa Irish doe derive themselves from Spaniard?

Iren. They doe, indeed, but (I conce any good ground. For if there we notable transmission of a colony he Spaine, or any such famous conquest dome by Gathelus, a Spaniard, as they believe, it is not unlikely, but the ver of Spaine (had Spaine then beene in s as they now have it) would not hav memorable a thing as the subduing realme to the Spaniard, no more than neglect to memorize their conquest of specially in those times, in which t supposed, being nearer unto the flouri learning and writers under the Roma Irish doe heerein no otherwise then Englishmen doe in the Tale of Brutus devise to have first conquered and in land, it being as impossible to prove, th ever any such Brutus of Albion or En that there was any such Gathelus of surely the Scythians (of whom I earst

P. 625, col. 1, l. 37, *Scuttenland land* (22).

P. 625, col. 1, ll. 39–45, *I wonder same* (in 19 and 73). Omitted by 22.

P. 626, col. 1, ll. 21–22, *of all whic hanan* (22). Omitted by W.

P. 626, col. 1, l. 43, *leare* (so all cop

P. 626, col. 1, l. 54, *antiquitye* (22). (19 and 73).

626, col. 2, l. 39, *Cales* (22), *Cadiz* (19); l. 43, ...ssarm (W.), *Galdum* (22), *Galdumon* (19).
626, col. 2, l. 49, *Celties* (22), *Celtæ* (19), *Celts* ...
627, col. 1, l. 38, *Aftye* (22), *Aftteene* (19).
627, col. 1, l. 44, *Slerius* (22), *Slanius* (W.), ...ius (19).
627, col. 1, ll. 51–52, *As the Latine proverbe is* ...ited by 22; in 19 and 73). W. reads *as the* ...*proverbe is.*
627, col. 2, ll. 11–14, *for being . . . would* (22). ...ited by W.
628, col. 1, l. 12, *Isabell* (22), *Elizabeth* (W., ...nd 73).
628, col. 1, l. 23, *auncientrye* (22, 73 and W.), ...ntrie (19).
628, col. 2, ll. 17–21, *of the which . . . of the* ...ke (19 and 73). Omitted by 22
628, col. 2, l. 37, *Gaull* (22), *Gaules* (19), ...d (73 and W.).
629, col. 1, l. 16. *Cummurreeih* (12), *Cumner-* ...19), *Camericke* (73).
629, col. 2, l. 5, *winning* (22), *employing* (W. ...73), *empeopling* (19).
630, col. 1, l. 30, *bolyes* (W. and 19), *bogges* ...nd 73).
630, col. 1, l. 53, *bolyes* (22), *boolying* (W.), ...loges (19 and 73).
631, col. 1, l. 28. *Gaules* (22 and W.), *Africans* ...nd 73).
631, col. 1, l. 56, *besemeth* (22), *deserve* (19).
631, col. 2, l. 6, *encloseth* (22), *ensconceth* (19).
631, col. 2, l. 44, *Beantoolhe* (22), *Monashutt* ...nd 73), *Monashul* (W.).
632, col. 1, ll. 42, 43, *as have . . . that people.* ...reads *as have been devised for that people*; 22, ...*for theyr reformation*; 19, *as have been devised* ...*that people*; 73, *as have been devised for the re-* ...*mation of the people.*
632, col. 1, ll. 26–28, *I say . . . to be named* ...). Omitted by W.
632, col. 2, ll. 13, 14, *Launlaider* (W.), *Lan-* ...*gnale* (19), *Layarrigabowe* (22).
632, col. 2, l. 36, *blunt* (22), *blynde* (19 and ...).
633, col. 1, l. 1, *approoraunce* (22), *apparance* ...).
633, col. 1, ll. 2, 3, *Scota . . . judgement* (22), ...*he like an Egiptian word or carrie anie smacke* ...*this learninge or judgement* (19).
633, col. 1, l. 9, *owles or cats eyes* (19), *an* ...*or castl-is eyes* (22).
633, col. 1, l. 15, *Irish* (W.), *English* (22).
633, col. 1, l. 17, *Farreehs.* W. has *Ferragh*; ...*arreels*; 19 *Ferrah*; 73 *Ferraghe.*
633, col. 2, l. 50, *clashing* (19), *lashing* (22).
634, col. 1, l. 1, *joining* (19), *comming* (22).
634, col. 1, l. 35, *oath* (19), *weolth* (22).
634, col. 2, l. 31, *Lycanthropia* (W.), *Hican-* ...*pia* (22).
635, col. 1, l. 44, *shavinge* (19), *shewing* (22).
636, col. 2, ll. 47, 48, *an other huge . . . upon* ...(22), *and through other huge calamities which* ...*upon them* (19).
637, col. 2, ll. 25, 26, *Hernan, Shenan, Mau-* ...(22), *Heenan, Shenan, Mangan* (W).
637, col. 2, ll. 34–49, *of which sorte . . . quite* *Irish* (22, 19 and 73). Omitted by Ware, who states that this passage is in the Lambeth MS., and in the MS. belonging to the Marquis of Stafford.

P. 639, col. 2, l. 24, *head* (W. *hand* (22, 19 and 73).

P. 640, col. 2, ll. 4–12, *Me thinkes . . . dislike of* (19 and W.). Omitted by 22.

P. 640, col. 2, l. 48, *Tirteus* (W. and 19), *Tyrreus* (22).

P. 642, col. 1, l. 12, *Kcarrooghs* (22), *Garrowes* (19).

P. 642, col. 2, ll. 45–50, *by reading . . . of folke* (19), *by reading those which you call Folkemotes the which builte by two severall nations, the one by the Saxons, as the worde signifyeth in Saxone meeting of folke* (22).

P. 643, col. 1, ll. 30–34, *as ye . . . of stones* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 645, col. 2, l. 29, to P. 646, col. 1, l. 41, *This is truly . . . way togither* (22, 19 and 73). Omitted by W.

P. 646, col. 1, ll. 52, 53, *charge therof . . . but the inconvenience* (19), *charge therof, nor any defect of zeale for reformation herof, but the inconvenience* (22).

P. 649, col. 1, ll. 50–53, *And this is . . . for accursed* (omitted by W.).

P. 649, col. 1, l. 52, *times not called amisse* (19), *times called banisse* (22).

P. 656, col. 1, l. 6, *Jacques Geffray* (22), *Sequor Jeffrey* (19), *Signior Jeffrey* (W.)

P. 658, col. 1, l. 37, *Magueeirhe* (22), *Macguire* (73), *Macknyre* (19).

P. 658, col. 2, l. 11, *Tyrrelaghe O-Neale* (22), *Turlagh Levagh* (19), *Turlough Oneale* (73).

P. 658, col. 2, l. 41, *adrise* (22), *devyce* (19).

P. 659, col. 2, l. 28, *Cummerreeighe* (22), *Comericke* (19 and 73).

P. 659, col. 2, ll. 52, 53, *Brin in the Brittons . . . darke* (22), *Brin in the Britons language signifieth woodie, and Toll hillie* (19 and 73).

P. 659, col. 2, l. 58, *Deurmuid-ne-Galh* (22), *Dermonigle* (19).

P. 660, col. 1, l. 36, *Glan-Maleeirh* (22), *Glan Malor* (19 and W.).

P. 660, col. 1, l. 37, *Ballinecorrih* (22), *Ballinecarre* (19).

P. 660, col. 2, l. 53, *placing* (19 and 73), *plotting* (22).

P. 661, col. 1, l. 48, *good spialls* (22), *good especialls* (19).

P. 661, col. 1, l. 51, *bayte* (22), *bayoning* (19).

P. 663, col. 1, l. 11, *unto them . . . where they* (22), *unto them that they shal be brought and removed with such creete as they have into Leinster, where they*, &c. (19).

P. 664, col. 1, ll. 52, 53, *which amounteth . . . acres* (22). Omitted by W.

P. 672, col. 2, l. 47, *kinde of being bounde* (19), *kinde of living being bound* (22).

P. 675, col. 1, ll. 37, 38, *Alloonagh . . . dogge* (22), *Saxona, that is English* (19).

P. 676, col. 1, l. 54, *sparke.* All the MSS. agree in this reading. Ware has *speare*, but *sparke* may be a provincial form of the O. Eng. *sparthe*, a battle axe.

APPENDIX II.

LETTERS FROM SPENSER (IMMERITO) TO GABRIEL HARV

TO THE WORSHIPFULL HIS VERY SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND, MAISTER G. H.

FELLOW OF TRINITIE HALL IN CAMBRIDGE.*

GOOD Master G. I perceive by your most curteous and frendly Letters your good will to be no lesse in deed than I alwayes estéemed. In recompence wherof, think I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech nor wryting, nor aught else, whensoever, and wheresoever occasion shal be offred me: yea, I will not stay, till it be offred, but will seeke it in al that possibly I may. And that you may perceive how much your Counsel in al things prevaileth with me, and how altogither I am ruled and overruled thereby: I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to subscribe to your advizement: being notwithstanding resolved stil, to abide your farther resolution. My principal doubts are these. First, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writings: leaste by over-much cloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I have already tasted. Then also, meseemeth, the work too base for his excellent Lordship, being made in honour of a private Personage unknowne, which of some yl-willers might be upbraided not to be so worthie, as you knowe she is: or the matter not so weightie, that it should be offred to so weightie a Personage: or the like. The selfe former Title still liketh me well ynough, and your fine Addition no lesse. If these, and the like doubtes, maye be of importaunce in your seeming, to frustrate any parte of your advice, I beseeche you without the least selfe love of your own purpose, councell me for the beste: and the rather doe it faithfullye and carefully, for that, in all things I attribute so muche to your judgement, that I am evermore content to annihilate mine owne determinations, in respecte thereof. And indeede for your selfe to, it sitteth with you now, to call your wits and senses togither (which are alwaies at call) when occasion is so fairely offered of Estimation and Preferment. For whiles the iron is hote, it is good striking, and minds of Nobles varie as their Estates. *Verùm ne quid durius.*

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, ter G. and forthwith write me those t special points and caveats for the nono *in superioribus illis mellitissimis longis teris tuis.* Your desire to heare of my with hir Majestie muste dye in it selfe, twoo worthy Gentlemen, Master *Sidney* *Dyer*, they have me, I thanke them, in familiarity: of whom and to whome, w passeth for youre credite and estimation your selfe to conceive, having alwayes ceived of my unfained affection and ma you. And nowe they have proclaime ἀρειωπάγῳ a generall surceasing and balde Rymers, and also of the verie b steade whereof they haue, by authorit whole Senate, prescribed certaine Lawe of Quantities of Englishe sillables for Eng having had thereof already great pr drawen mee to their faction. Newe Bo of none, but only of one, that writing Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and d to Maister *Sidney*, was for his labor sco leaste it be in the goodnesse of that scorne. Suche follie is it, not to reg hande the inclination and qualitie of hi wee dedicate oure Bookes. Suche mig pily incurre entituling *My Slomber* and Pamphlets unto his honor. I meant to Maister *Dyer*. But I am of late m wyth my Englishe Versifying than wit whyche I should haue done long since, then haue followed your councell. *S jam tum suspicabar cum Aschamo sap Autam video egregios alere Poëtas Anglic*

Maister E. K. hartily desireth to be unto your Worshippe: of whome wha he maketh, your selfe shall hereafter p hys paynefull and dutifull Verses of you

Thus much was written at Westmin night: but comming this morning, bee teenth of October, to Mystresse *Kerke* delivered to the Carrier, I receyved sente me the laste weeke: whereby I p otherwhiles continue your old exercise ing in Englishe; whych glorie I had n shoulde have bene onely ours heere at the Court.

Truste me, your Verses I like passingl envye your hidden paines in this kind maligne, and grudge at your selfe, that once imparte so muche to me. But on you make a breache in Maister *Drunis* *tamen condonabimus tanto Poëtae, tuaque* *ima in his rebus autoritati.* You shall s meete in London (whiche, when it shall us) howe fast I have followed after

* Reprinted from 'Two other very commendable Letters, of the same mens writing: both touching the foresaid Artificiall Versifying, and certain other Particulars.—More lately delivered unto the Printer.—Imprinted at London by H. Bynnemann, dwelling in Thames streate, neere unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini, 1580. Cum gratia et privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.'

leaste in time I overtake you,
olum sequar, (ut sæpenumero sum
iam sane assequar dum vivam.
nite I you with the like, not with
ut with the verye shortest, namely,
ickes: I dare warrant they be pre-
the feete (as you can easily judge),
e inch from the Rule. I will im-
laister *Sidney* and Maister *Dyer* at
o the Courte. I praye you, keepe
r selfe, or your verie entire friendes,
Maister *Still*, and the reste.

mbicum Trimetrum.

the witnesse of my unhappie state,
flattring winge of thy fast flying
fly forth unto my Love wherso-
e:

eastlesse in heavy beldе, or else
erlesse at the cheerfull boorde, or

carelesse on hir heavenlie Virgi-

r, that my eyes can take no reste:
ell hir, that my mouth can eate no

nals, tell hir, I can heare no mirth.

: Waking Love suffereth no sleepe:
ing Love dothe appall the weake

nting Love marreth the Musicall.

ir pleasures were wonte to lull me

hir beautie was wonte to feede

hir sweete Tongue was wonte to
mirth.

ghtly waste, wanting my kindely

dayly starve, wanting my lively

alwayes dye, wanting thy timely

ho will bewaile my heavy chaunce?
e, who will record my cursed end?
who will saye: *this was Immerito?*

ce agayne here to haue made an
rtie *Vale* of the best fashion: but
d myschaunce! My last farewell,
great accompt, and muche mar-
de make no mention thereof, I am
ie Divels name) was thorough one
quite forgotten, but shoulde nowe
ve beene sent, whether I hadde
eing it can now be no otherwise, I
l togither, wyth all their faultes:
pe, you will vouchsafe mee an
largest size, or else I tell you true,
rye deepe in my debte: notwyth-
ther sweete, but shorte letter, and
Verses. But I woulde rather I
owne good selfe, and receive a
ell from your owne sweete mouth.

Ad ornatissimum virum, nullis jam diu
NOMINIBUS CLARISSIMUM G. H. IMMERITO
sui, mox in Gallias navigaturi, εὐτυχεῖν.

Sic malus egregium, sic non inimicus Amicum;
Sicque novus veterem jubet ipse Poëta Poëtam,
Salvere, ac cœlo, post secula multa secundo
Jam reducem, cœlo mage, quàm nunc ipse, secundo
Utier. Ecce Deus, (modò sit Deus ille, renixum
Qui vocet in scelus, et juratos perdat amores)
Ecce Deus mihi clara dedit modò signa Marinus,
Et sua veligero lenis parat Æquora Ligno:
Mox sulcanda, suas etiam pater Æolus Iras
Ponit, et ingentes animos Aquilonis——
Cuncta viis sic apta meis: ego solus ineptus.
Nam mihi nescio quo mens saucia vulnere, dudum
Fluctuat ancipiti Pelago, dum Navita proram
Invalidam validus rapit huc Amor, et rapit illuc.
Consiliis Ratio melioribus usa, decusque
Immortale levi diffessa Cupidinis Arcu.
Angimur hoc dubio, et portu vexamur in ipso.
Magne pharetrati nunc tu contemptor Amoris,
(Id tibi Dii nomen precor haud impune remittant)
Hos nodos exsolve, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.
Spiritus ad summos, scio, te generosus Honores
Exstimulat, majusque docet spirare Poëtam.
Quàm levis est Amor, et tamen haud levis est Amor omnis.
Ergo nihil laudi reputas æquale perenni,
Præque sacrosancta splendoris imagine tanti,
Cætera, quæ vecors, uti Numina, vulgus adorat,
Prædia, Amicitias, urbana peculia, Nummos,
Quæque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, Amores,
Conculcare soles, ut humum, et ludibria sensus.
Digna meo certè Harveio sententia, digna
Oratore amplo, et generoso pectore, quam non
Stoica formidet veterum Sapientia vinclis
Sancire æternis: sapor haud tamen omnibus idem.
Dicitur effœti proles facunda Laërtæ,
Quamlibet ignoti jactata per æquora Cœli
Inque procelloso longùm exsul gurgite ponto,
Præ tàmen amplexu lachrymosæ Conjugis, Ortus
Cœlestes Divûmque thoros sprevisse beatos.
Tantùm Amor, et Mulier, vel Amore potentior. Illum
Tu tamen illudis: tua Magnificentia tanta est:
Præque subumbrata Splendoris Imagine tanti
Præque illo Meritis famosis nomine parto
Cætera, quæ Vecors, uti Numina, vulgus adorat,
Prædia, Amicitias, armenta, peculia, nummos,
Quæque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, Amores,
Quæque placent ori, quæque auribus, omnia temnis.
Næ tu grande sapis, Sapor at sapientia non est:
Omnis et in parvis benè qui scit desipuisse,
Sæpe supercilliis palmam sapientibus aufert.
Ludit Aristippum modò tetrica Turba Sophorum,
Mitia purpureo moderantem verba Tyranno
Ludit Aristippus dictamina vana Sophorum,
Quod levis emensi male torquet Culicis umbra:
Et quisquis placuisse Studet Heroibus altis,
Desipuisse studet; sic gratia crescit inepti.
Denique laurigeris quisquis sua tempora Vittis,

Insignire volet, Populoque placere faventi,
Desipere insanus discit, turpemque pudendæ
Stultitiæ laudem quærit. Pater Ennius unus
Dictus in innumeris sapiens: laudatur at ipsa
Carmina vesano fudisse liquentia vino:
Nec tu pace tua, nostri Cato Maxime sæcli,
Nomen honorati sacrum mereare Poëtæ,
Quantumvis illustre canas, et nobile Carmen,
Ni stultire velis, sic S[t]ultorum omnia plena,
Tuta sed in medio superest via gurgite, nam Qui
Nec reliquis nimium vult desipuisse videri,
Nec sapuisse nimis, Sapientem dixeris unum.
Hinc te merserit unda, illinc combusserit Ignis;
Nec tu delicias nimis aspernare fluentes,
Nec serò Dominam, venientem in vota, nec Aurum,
Si sapis, ablatum, (Curiis ea, Fabriciisque
Linque viris miseris miseranda Sophismata: quondam
Grande sui decus il, nostri sed dedecus ævi:)
Nec sectare nimis. Res utraque crimine plena.
Hoc bene qui callet, (si quis tamen hoc bene callet)
Scribe, vel invito sapientem hunc Socrate solum.
Vis facit una pios: Justos facit altera: et altra
Egregiè cordata, ac fortia pectora: verùm
Omne tulit punctum, *qui miscuit utile dulci*.
Dii mihi, dulce diu delerant: verum utile nunquam:
Utile nunc etiam, ô utinam quoque dulce dedissent.
Dii mihi (quippe Diis æquivalia maxima parvis)
Ni nimis invideant mortalibus esse beatis,
Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul utile: tanta
Sed Fortuna tua est: pariter quæque utile, quæque
Dulce dat ad placitum: sævo nos sydere nati
Quæsitum imus eam per inhospita Cancasa longè,
Perque Pyrenæos montes, Babilonaque turpem.
Quòd si quæsitum nec ibi invenerimus, ingens
Æquor inexhaustis permensi erroribus, ultrà
Fluctibus in mediis socii quæremus Ulyssis.
Passibus inde Deam fessis comitabimur ægram,
Nobile qui furtum quærenti defuit orbis.
Namque sinu pudet in patrio, tenebrisque pudendis
Non nimis ingenio Juvenem infœlice e virentes
Officiis frustra deperdere vilibus Annos,
Frugibus et vacuas speratis cernere spicas.
Ibimus ergo statim: (quis eunti fausta precetur?)
Et pede Clibosas fesso calcabimus Alpes.
Quis dabit interea conditas rore Britanno,
Quis tibi Litterulas? quis carmen amore petulcum!
Musa sub Oebalii desueta cacumine montis,
Flebit inexhausto tam longa silentia planctu,
Lugebitque sacrum lacrymis Helicona tacentem.
Harveiusque bonus (charus licet omnibus idem,
Idque suo merito, prope suavior omnibus unus,)
Angelus et Gabriel, (quamvis comitatus amicis
Innumeris, geniûmque choro stipatus amœno)
Immerito tamen unum absentem sæpe requiret,
Optabitque Utinam meus hîc Edmundus adesset,
Qui nova scripsisset, nec Amores conticuisset
Ipse suos, et sæpe animo verbisque benignis
Fausta precaretur, Deus illum aliquando reducat, &c.

Plura vellem per Charites, sed non licet per Musas.
Vale, Vale plurimùm, Mi amabilissime Harveie, meo cordi, meorum omnium longè charissime.

I was minded also to have sent you so
verses: or Rymes, for a farewell: but by
I have no spare time in the world, to
such Toyes, that you know will detain
head, than mine is presently. I beseech
all your Curtesies and Graces let me b
ere I goe: which will be (I hope, I fear
the next weeke, if I can be dispatched o
I goe thither, as sent by him, and maint
what of him: and there am to employ m
body, my minde, to his Honours ser
with many superhartie Commendation
commendations to your selfe, and all
with you, I ende my last Farewell, no
any more to write unto you, before I
withall committing to your faithfull C
eternall Memorie of our everlasting frie
inviolable Memorie of our unspotted fr
the sacred Memorie of our vowed friends
I beseech you Continue with usuall writ
may, and of all things let me heare s
from you. As gentle M. *Sidney*, I than
Worship, hath required of me, and so
doe againe. *Qui monet, ut facias, quod*
you knowe the rest. You may alwayes
most safely to me by *Mistresse Kerke*,
other. So once againe, and yet once
well most hartily, mine owne good *M*
love me, as I love you, and thinke upo
merito, as he thinketh uppon you.

Leycester House, this 5 [? 16] of Oct

Per mare, per terras,
Vivus, mortuusque
Tuus Immerito.

TO MY LONG APPROOVED AND GOOD FRENDE, MASTER G.

Good Master H. I doubt not but yo
great important matter in hande, w
while restraineth your Penne, and w
nesse in provoking me unto that, where
nowe faulte. If there bee any such thi
ing, I pray you hartily, lette us knowe,
worlde see it. But if happly you dwe
in Justinians Courte, and give your s
voured of secreate Studies, as of all lik
doe: yet at least imparte some your
Latine or Englishe, Eloquent and Gal
to us, from whose eyes, you saye, you
manner nothing hidden. Little new
stirred: but that olde greate matter stil
His Honoure never better. I thinke the
was also there wyth you (which I w
learne) as it was here with us: overthr
old buildings and peeces of Churches.

* Reprinted from 'Three proper and
liar Letters: lately passed betwene two
men: touching the Earthquake in Apr
our English refourmed Versifying.—W
face of a wellwiller to them both.—I
London by H. Bynneman, dwelling
streate, neere vnto Baynardes Castell.
mitui, 1580.—Cum gratia et privilegio
tatis.'

ıge to be hearde of in these Countries, and heare some saye (I knowe not howe truely) hey have knowne the like before in their *Sed quid vobis videtur magnis Philosophis?* your late Englishe Hexameters so exceedingly hat I also enure my Penne sometime in that : whyche I fynd indeede, as I have heard you defende in worde, neither so harde, nor so , that it will easily and fairely yeelde it selfe Moother tongue. For the onely, or chiefest esse, whych seemeth, is in the Accente: ıe sometime gapeth, and, as it were, yawneth uredly, comming shorte of that it should, and ime exceeding the measure of the Number, *Carpenter*, the middle sillable being used in speache, when it shall be read long in seemeth like a lame *Gosling that draweth one after hir*: and *Heaven* being used shorte as one e, when it is in verse stretched out with a le, is like *a lame dogge that holdes up one*

But it is to be wonne with Custome, and words must be subdued with Use. For, why is name, may not we, as else the Greekes, the kingdome of oure owne Language, and re our Accentes by the sounde, reserving the litie to the Verse? Loe, here I let you see de use of toying in Rymes turned into your ial straightnesse of Verse by this *Tetrasticon*. ech you tell me your fansie without parcialitie.

yee the blindfoulded pretie God, that fea thered Archer,
f Lovers Miseries which maketh his bloodie game?
te ye why, his Moother with a Veale hath coovered his Face?
rust me, least he my Loove happely chaunce to beholde.

me they comparable to those two, which I ated you *ex tempore* in bed, the last time we gither in Westminster?

t which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
s for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.

ould hartily wish, you would either send me ales and Precepts of Arte, which you observe antities, or else followe mine, that M. Philip y gave me, being the very same which M. devised, but enlarged with M. Sidneys own ment, and augmented with my Observations, we might both accorde and agree in one: we overthrowe one an other, and be over- n of the rest. Trust me, you will hardly be- what greate good liking and estimation Mais- yer had of your *Satyricall Verses*, and I, since iewe thereof, having before of my selfe had all liking of *Englishe Versifying*, am even aboute to give you some token, what, and well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you , I minde shortely at convenient leysure, to forth a Booke in this kinde, whiche I entitle *alamion Thamesis*; whyche Booke, I dare un- ke will be very profitable for the knowledge, are for the Invention and manner of handling. n setting forth the marriage of the Thames: we *his first beginning, and offspring*, and all the Countrey, that he passeth thorough, and d describe all the Rivers throughout Englande, why came to this Wedding, and their righte names, a right passage, &c. A worke, beleeve me, of mu labour, wherein notwithstanding Master *Holins* hath muche furthered and advantaged me, wh therein hath bestowed singular paines, in searching oute their firste heades and sources: and also in tracing and dogging oute all their Course, til they fall into the Sea.

O Tite, siquid, ego,
Ecquid erit pretij?

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my *Dreames* and *Dying Pellicane*, being fully finished (as I partelye signified in my laste Letters) and presentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whyche I praye you hartily send me with al expedition: and your frendly Letters, and long expected Judgement wythal, whyche let not be shorte, but in all pointes suche, as you ordinarilye use, and I extraordinarily desire. *Multum vale. Westminster. Quarto Nonas Aprilis* 1580. *Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi se ex animo commendat plurimùm: jamdiu mirata, te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse. Vide queso, ne id tibi Capitale sit: Mihi certè quidemerit, neque tibi hercle impunè, ut opinor, Iterum vale, & quàm vales sæpè.*

Yours alwayes to commaunde,

IMMERITO.

Postscripte.

I take best my *Dreames* shoulde come forth alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of a Paraphrase) full as great as my *Calendar*. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K. and the pictures so singularly set forth and purtrayed, as if Michael Angelo were there, he could (I think) nor amende the beste, nor reprehende the worst. I know you woulde lyke them passing wel. Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry Apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whome, must more advisement be had, than so lightly to sende them abroade: howbeit, trust me (though I doe never very well) yet, in my owne fancie, I never dyd better. *Veruntamen te sequor solùm: nunquam verò assequar.*

EXTRACT FROM HARVEY'S REPLY.*

But Master *Collin Cloute* is not every body, and albeit his olde Companions, *Master Cuddy* and *Master Hobbinoll* be as little beholding to their *Mistresse Poetrie*, as ever you writ: yet he peradventure by the meanes of hir special favour, and some personall privileadge, may happely live by *Dying Pellicanes*, and purchase great landes, and lordshippes, with the money, which his *Calendar* and *Dreames* have, and will affourde him. *Extra jocum*, I like your *Dreames* passingly well: and the rather, bicause they savour of that singular extraordinarie veine and invention, which I ever fancied moste, and in a maner admired onelye in *Lucian*, *Petrarche*, *Aretine*, *Pasquill*, and all the most deli-

* Reprinted from '*Three Proper and wittie familiar Letters*, &c.'

cate, and fine conceited Grecians and Italians: (for the Romanes to speake of, are but verye ciphars in this kinde:) whose chiefest endevour, and drifte was, to have nothing vulgare, but in some respecte or other, and especially in *lively hyperbolicall amplifications*, rare, queint, and odde in every pointe, and as a man would saye, a degree or two at the leaste, above the reache, and compasse of a common schollers capacitie. In whiche respecte notwithstanding, as well for the singularitie of the manner, as the Divinitie of the matter, I hearde once a Divine, preferre *Saint Johns Revelation* before al the veriest *Metaphysicall Visions*, and jollyest conceited *Dreames* or *Extasies*, that ever were devised by one or other, howe admirable, or super excellent soever they seemed otherwise to the worlde. And truely I am so confirmed in this opinion, that when I bethinke me of the verie notablest, and moste wonderful Propheticall, or Poeticall Vision, that ever I read, or hearde, me seemeth the proportion is so unequall, that there hardly appeareth anye semblaunce of Comparison: no more in a maner (especially for Poets) then doth betweene the incomprehensible Wisdome of God, and the sensible Wit of man.

But what needeth this digression between you and me? I dare saye you wyll holde yourselfe reasonably wel satisfied, if youre *Dreames* be but as well esteemed of in Englande, as *Petrarches Visions* be in Italy: which I assure you, is the very worst I wish you. But, see, how I have the Arte *Memorative* at commaundement. In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*: bowbeit by good chaunce, I have nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case, then I And must you of necessitie have my j hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde ment, if your *Nine Comedies*, wherevnt tion of *Herodotus*, you give the names *Muses* (and in one mans fansie not come not neerer *Ariostoes Comedies*, ey finenesse of plausible Elocution, or the Poetical Invention, then that *Elvish* to his *Orlando Furioso*, which notwithst wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope as you flatly professed yourself in one Letters.

Besides that you know, it hath ben practise of the most exquisite and odde nations, and specially in *Italie*, rather t advaunce themselves that way, then as namely, those three notorious dyscou *Bibiena*, *Machiavel*, and *Aretine* did. (& and *Ariosto* passe) with the great adm wonderment of the whole country: be reputed matchable in all points, both fo Witte and eloquent decyphering of ma with *Aristophanes* and *Menander* in Gr *Plautus* and *Terence* in Latin, or with a any other tong. But I wil not stand y you in your owne matters. If so be *Qurene* be fairer in your eie than the and *Hobgoblin* runne away with the G *Apollo*: Marke what I saye, and yet I that I thought, but there an End for th fare you well, till God or some good A you in a better minde.

GLOSSARY.

The numbers refer to the pages.

ods name,' 442, 474
e, to lower, to hang down, 82, 257, 397
bandon, 138
fear, 202, 203
behave, conduct, 356, 406
to aid, support, maintain, 364, 383; falsely, 242
, remained, 178
bye, to pay the penalty of, to atone for, , 101, 122, 179, 212, 235, 258, 595; abide
hrow or cast down, 219, 338
ained, 227; a delay, stay, 155, 202
wipe out, 101
ord, from the bank, astray, at a loss, *orde*, harbour, 418
ut, 58
rouse, wake up, 218
t, *abrayde*), to start up suddenly, to 2, 257, 261; to quake with sudden fear,
use, deceit, fraud, 141, 230, 359
ye, to clog up, choke, encumber, hinder, 568
skimming along near the ground, 369
oumpt, account, 444, 515
encourage, 90, 203
grant, to agree, to reconcile, 255, 278, greement, 99, 125
agreeably to, according to, 65, 75, 99, ordingly, 139
o side by side, to adjoin, border, 352
entertaining (courteously), 88
nt, garb, 519
e, to subdue, daunt, tame, 448
y, caress, 274
ssemble, gather together, 128
ncrease, 259, 317
ates), purchased provisions, cates, 128
equit, *acquite*, to deliver, release, 49, 145; , free, 314
ehrystals, 288
daunt, tame, moderate, 195, 260, 341,
ly, 452
adjudge, 307
adjudge, 435
prepare, adjust, direct, clothe, arm, 176, *Addrest*, ready, 243
approach, join, 198
, admiration, 347
wonder at, *256*, *266*, *399*

Adore, to adorn, 290
Adorne, ornament, 226
Adowne, down, 49
Adrad, *adred*, *adredde*, afraid, terrifie 272, 507
Adrad, to be frightened, 299
Advaunce, to extol, 34; impel, 81
Adventure, chance, 237; opportunity, 2 tempt, 314
Adview, to view, 308
Advize, *adveise*, to consider, perceive, ta of, bethink, 79, 129, 294, 419
Advizement, consideration, 103, 126
Award, an award, 280; to award, 294
Æmuling, emulating, rivalling, 550 (æm
Afeard, afraid, 217, 235
Affear, to frighten, 93, 96
Affect, affection, 365; sorrow, 566; limit
Affection, passion, 100, 139, 168, 386
Affide, *affyde*, betrothed, 273, 306; intru
Afflicted, low, humble, 11
Afford, to consent, 108
Affrap, to strike, to strike down, to en assault, 82, 163
Affray, to terrify, fray, 184; terror, 340
Affreade, to make friends, 246
Affret, encounter, 207, 242
Affront, to confront, encounter, oppo 244
Affy, to betroth, espouse, 372, 376; entr
Affyaunce, betrothal, 99
Afore, in front, before, 97, 170
Aggrace, favour, kindness, goodwill, 12 gracious, 151
Aggrate, to please, delight, charm, tre 105, 128, 193, 204, 238, 349, 410
Aglet, point, tag, 94, 366
Agree, to settle, to cause to agree, 97
Agreeably, alike, in a manner to agree,
Agrise, *agrize*, *agryse*, *agryze*, to cause to terrify, to make disgusted, 111, 165
Agryz'd, having a terrible look, disfigur
Aguise, *aguize*, to deck, adorn, fashion 82, 83, 165, 306, 519; to disguise, 107
Alablaster, alabaster, 167
Albe, *albee*, although, 37, 455
Aleggeaunce, alleviation, 186
Alew, howling, 323
Algate, *algates*, altogether, wholly, by a all ways, at all events, 161, 201, 259, n 480
All, although, 155; 'all as' = as if, 448

Allegge, to lessen, allay, 452
Almes, a free allowance, alms, 230
Alone (only), without compulsion, 255
Alow, downwards, 397
Alow, praise, 5
Als, also, 80, 84, 123, 232
Amaine, violently, by force, 235, 256, 364
Amate, to daunt, subdue, to stupefy, terrify, 16, 87, 178, 197, 220; to keep company with, 128
Amaze, amazement, 194, 227
Ambassage, embassy, 517
Amearst, amerced, punished, 583
Amenage, to manage, handle, 97
Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour, 160, 121, 242, 520
Amis, *amice*, a priestly vestment, 29
Amount, to mount up, ascend, 60
Amove, to move, remove, 31, 56, 219
Andvile, anvil, 72
Annoy, annoyance, grief, hurt, 40, 91, 129
Antickes, *antiques*, ancient, or fantastic figures, 94, 112, 223
Apace, fast, copiously, 286
Appall, to falter, 260; to weaken, 160
Appay, *apay* (pret. and p. p. *appay'd*, *appaid*), to please, satisfy, pay, 129, 148, 354, 470, 543
Appeach, to impeach, accuse, 123, 144, 320, 342
Appease, to cease from, 25
Appele, to accuse, 341; to offer, 168
Appellation, appeal, 427
Apply, to attend to, 65; to bend one's steps to, 106
Approven, to put to the proof, to prove, 432
Approvaunce, approval, 153
Arboret, little grove, 107
Aread, *areed* (p. p. *ared*), to tell, say, declare, describe, inform, teach, interpret, explain, 55, 57, 93, 164, 220, 238, 258, 309, 380; appoint, 355; detect, 254
Arear, *areare*, *arere*, *arreare*, to the rear, backward, aback, 143, 196, 214, 377, 509
Aret, *arret*, to allot, entrust, adjudge, 120, 140, 254
Arew, in a row, in order, 357.
Arguments, signs, indications, 391
Arights, rightly, 343
Arke, box, chest, 248
Arras, tapestry of Arras, 28
Arraught (pret. of *arreach*), seized forcibly, 135
As, as if, 51, 70, 126, 197
Askaunce, sideways, 112, 160
Aslake, to slake, abate, appease, 26
Aslope, on the slope, aside, 180
Assay, to try, attempt, assail, attack, 20, 28, 97, 183, 277; an attempt, trial, 83, 92, 93; value, 19, 177
Assayde, affected, 470
Asseige, to besiege, 141
Assignment, design, 140
Assize, measure, 538
Assoil, *assoyl*, to absolve, determine, set free, let loose, renew, 65, 104, 160, 203, 243, 397, 533; to pay, 548; remove, 255, 260
Assott, to befool, to beguile, bewilder, 132, 202, 452
Assure, to promise, assert confidently, 132
Aswage, to grow mild, 23
Aswyn, to mark or point out, 46
Astart, to start up suddenly, 166
Astert, befall, come upon suddenly, 482
Astond, *astound*, *astonied*, astonished, stunned, 269, 468
Astonish, to stun, 272
Astonying, confounding, 305
Attach, to seize, take prisoner (*attach*, 20 275, 318
Attaine, *attayne*, to find, reach, fall in with, 2
Attaint, to stain, obscure, 47
Attempt, to tempt, 354
Attendement, intent, 388
Attent, attention, 211, 406
Attone (*atone*), at one, together, reconciled, 26 264, 277. *Attone*, *attons*, at once, together, 26 206
Attrapt, dressed, 251
Atween, *atweene*, between, 185, 351, 390
Atwixt, between, at intervals, 224
Aumayl, to enamel, 94
Availe, *avale*, to fall, sink, lower, descend, down, 136, 399, 447, 448
Avaunt, depart, 388
Avauntage, advantage, 103
Avaunting, advancing (boastfully), 92
Avenge, revenge, 258
Avengement, revenge, 30, 184
Aventred, thrust forward (at a venture), 138, 2
Aventring, pushing forward, 258
Avise, *avyse*, to perceive, consider, regard, take note of, reflect, bethink, 37, 109, 137, 169, 174, 238, 275, 419; advise, 273
Avizefull, observant, 260
Avoid, to depart, go out, 161
Avoure, 'to make avoure' = to justify, maintain
Awarned, made, was made aware, 216
Awayte, to wait for, 157; watch, 280
Awhape, to terrify, frighten, 263, 351, 513
Aygulets (*aglets*), tags, points of gold, 94
Aym, direction, 107

Babe, doll, 460
Base, low, 36, 168
Base, the game of prisoner's base, 476; 'bad = challenged, 218
Baffuld, disgraced (as a recreant knight), 391.
Baile, to deliver, 275; custody, 428
Bains, banns (of marriage), 77
Bale, grief, sorrow, affliction, trouble, 13, 114; *bales*, ruins, 407; *baleful*, full of bad structive, deadly, 169, 241; *balefulness*, 154
Balke, to disappoint, to deal at cross purpose 281; a ridge between two furrows, 413
Balliards, billiards, 520
Ban, *banne*, to curse (*band*, cursed), 197, 3 349, 368, 601
Band, forbid, banish, 167; assemble, 31
Bandog, mastiff, 474
Bane, death, destruction, 142
Banket, banquet, 190, 264
Bannerall, a standard (shaped like a swa tail), 393
Barbe, equipments of a horse, horse-armour.
Barbican, a watch-tower, 128
Bard, ornamented with *bars* (ornaments girdle), 94
Base, low, 18; the lower part, 339
Basenesse, a low humble condition, 371
Basen-wide, widely extended, 519
Bases, armour for the legs, 318
Bash, to be abashed, 190

, lowborn, 41, 96
slightly, 316
, 102 ; fed, 473
attack, 422
96, 514
ady for battle, in order for battle, 33,

battled, fortified, 537
erly *to fatten*), to be of good flavour,

, club, 395
elt, 94, 297, 607
, 642
till, a position in which one is kept at

e, 44
, laurels, 234, 386
rtifice, 103, 404 ; to bait (a bull), 123 ;
abate, to let rest, 148
rs, 14
st, 239
n, 561 ; bier, 371
'your *beastlyhead*,' 'a greeting to the
beast,' 461
ged, 263
ir companions, 159
, 149
ome to, go to, to suit, to happen, 62,
209

ed, equipped, decked, adorned, 81, 111,
82 ; 'ill-bedight,' disfigured, 112
ve, dip, 110
tting, proper, 127
inning, 171
ed with gore, 285
ploy, use, 95
d, command, 90, 178
, name, address, pronounce, promise,
67, 91, 198, 238, 244, 286, 313, 455 ; or-
; adjudged, entrusted, 65, 120, 259, 383
lt, 266
omise, 251 ; call, 484 ; *behott*, promised,

ind salutation or greeting, 260
clamy, a lover, 108, 117
et, encompass, 575 ; adorn, 366
lady, 167
(or kind) looks, 94, 211, 598
eautiful and good woman, 455
terfeited, 212
en), are, 232
94, 114, 316
benefice, 517
alks of (*bent*) grass, 377
t, 236
, 292 ; bier, 148
ech, 246
ll-beseen,' of good appearance, comely,

me, to be seemly, to seem fit, to suit,
e, appear, 128, 129, 159, 161, 276, 320,

itting, 237
address, 316
orned, 216
print, besprinkled, 481, 485
d, bestadded), situated, placed, placed in
peril, 14, 85, 217, 267 ; treated, 388 ; atten
230 ; beset, 184, 244 ; 'ill bested'=in a
plight, 83
Bestaine, to stain, 265
Bestow, to place, 128
Bestrad, bestrided, 301
Bet, did beat, 89
Betake (pret. *betooke*), to take (into), to deliver, be
stow, betake one's self, 34, 59, 191, 417
Beteeme, to deliver, give, 121
Bethinke, to make up one's mind, 40
Bethrall, to take captive, 52
Betide, betyde, to befall, to happen to, 83, 110, 183
betid, betyded, betight, befall, befallen, 307, 482, 55
Bett, better, 477
Bever, the front part of a helmet (covering th
mouth), 102
Bevy, company (of ladies), 128
Bewaile, to choose, select, 38
Bewray, to reveal, betray, accuse, 31, 36, 168, 244
signify, 642
Bickerment, bickering, strife, 311
Bid, to pray, 14
Bide, to bid, offer, 202
Biggen, cup, 460
Bilive, bylive, blive, forthwith, quickly, 36, 475
Bils, battle-axes, 353
Blame, to blemish, 120 ; injury, hurt, 156
Blanckt, confounded, put out of countenance, 170
Blast, to wither, 187
Blatter, to bluster (in note), 704
Blaze, to blazon forth, proclaim, 68
Blemishment, a blemish, 239
Blend (pret. and p. part. *blent*), to mix, confus
confound, defile, blemish, stain, obscure, 42, 9
113, 206, 359, 525. *Blent*, blinded, obscure
blotted, 97, 227, 310
Blere, to blear (one's eyes), deceive, 466
Bless, to preserve, deliver, 19, 44, 87, 269 ; to bra
dish, 33, 51
Blesse, bliss, 281
Blin, to cease, 184
Blincked, dimmed, 206
Blind, dark, 285
Blist, wounded, struck, 397
Blist, blessed, 267
Bloncket, liveries, grey coats, 458
Blont, blunt, unpolished, 474
Bloosme, blossom, bloom, 268, 446
Blot, blotten, to defame, blemish, 230, 235
Blubbred, wet or stained with tears, 39, 298
Boad, 'bootless boad'=lived uselessly, profitlessly
516
Boads, bodes, portends, 425
Bode, abode, 354, 416
Boley (or *buala*), 630 ; 'place (situated in a gras
hollow) enclosed by man in which to put catt
in the spring and summer months, while on th
mountain pastures—a place that ensures safety
(HENRY KINAHAN in *The Athenæum*, No. 216
May 8, 1869)
Bollet, bullet, 45
Bolt, arrow, 452
Bond, bound, 108, 269
Boone, prayer, petition, 241, 341
Boord, bord, to accost, to address, talk with, 8
99, 125, 170 ; conversation, 212 ; go side by sid
289

Boot, to avail, profit, 81, 102; booty, gain, 338, 443
Booting, availing, 293
Bore, borne, 247
Borde, coast, 418
Bordraging (pl. *bordrags*), border ravaging, border raid, 138, 552
Borowe, borrowe, pledge, surety, 459, 460, 520
Borrell, rustic, 467
Bosse, middle of shield, 353
Bouget, budget 21
Boughi, fold, 13, 69, 507
Boult, to sift, bolt, 99
Bounse, to beat, 220
Bountie, bounty, goodness, 92, 206. *Bounteous*, generous, good, 160, 164, 219. *Bountyhed*, generosity, 145, 160, 173
Bourdon, burden (of a song), 567
Bourne, boundary, 107
Bout, about, 170
Bouting-can, a drinking-can, 29
Bownd, to lead (by a direct course), 67
Bowre, chamber, inner room, 161; to lodge, shelter, 360, 407
Bowrs, muscles (of the shoulder), 53
Boy, a term of reproach, 105
Boystrous, rough, rude (as applied to a club), 50
Brace, to embrace, encompass, 474
Brag, proudly, 449. *Bragly*, proudly, 452. *Bragging*, proud, 449
Brame, sharp passion (cf. O.E. *breme*, severe, sharp), 168
Bransles, dances, brawls, 212
Brast, burst, 36, 49, 198, 242
Brave, fair, beautiful, 94, 153
Braverie, finery, 521
Bravely, gallantly, splendidly, 107
Brawned, muscular, brawny, 53
Bray (*braie*), to cry out suddenly, cry alond, utter aloud, 350; gasp out, 84
Braynepan, skull, 389
Breaded, braided, embroidered, 88, 168
Breare, brere, briar, 64, 160, 213
Breech, breeches, 338
Breede, work, produce, 159
Breem, breme, boisterous, rough, sharp, 433, 448, 485
Brenne, to burn, 246
Brent, burnt, 55, 71, 160
Brickle, brittle, 283, 494
Brigandine, a kind of light vessel, 533
Brim, margin of the horizon, 341
Brize, bryze, gadfly, 363, 537
Brocage, pimping, 441, 520
Broch, to commence, broach, 162
Brode, abroad, 247
Brond, sword, 121, 226
Brondiron, sword, 250
Bronds, embers, *brands*, 115
Brood, a brooding-place (? an error for *bood* = O.E. *bood* or *ubood*, an abode, resting place; cf. *bode*, p. 354), 112
Brooke, to endure, bear *brook*, 179, 240
Brouzes, twigs, 216
Brunt, assault, 123
Brust, burst, 160, 202, 251
Bruled, renowned, *bruited*, 514
Brutenesse, brutishnesse, brutality, brute-like state, 120, 267
Buckle to, make ready, 348
Buff (pl. *buffes*), a blow, 89
Bug, apparition, bugbear, goblin, 96, 147
Buegle, wild ox, 49
Bugle, bead, 448
Bullion, pure gold, 159
Burdenous, heavy, 356
Burganet, headpiece, helmet, 124, 533
Burgein, burgeon, bud, 434
Buskets, bushes, 458
Busse, kiss, 216
But-if, unless, 271
Buxom, obedient, yielding, tractable, 71, 155, 474
By-and-by, one by one, singly, 432, 533
Byde, abide, 87. *Byding*, abiding, remaining, 232
Bylive, quickly, also active, 55, 183, 212. See *Belive*
Bynempt, named, appointed, 86, 466; bequeathed 480

Cabinet, cottage, little cabin, 154, 547
Cærule, azure, 506
Caitive, captive, subject, captive, 45, 55; vile, base, menial, rascal, 80, 95, 122, 195
Call, caul, cowl, cap, 54
Camis, camus, a light loose robe of some light material (as silk, &c.), chemise, 94, 316
Can or *Gan* (an auxiliary of the past tense), 32, 348
Can, knows, 452, 453
Cancred, cankerd, corrupt, 80, 206
Canon bit, a smooth round bit (for horses), 47
Capitayn, captain, 141
Caprifole, woodbine, 192
Captivaunce, captivity, 198
Captived, taken captive, enslaved, 98, 160
Capuccio, hood (of a cloak), capuchin, 235
Card, chart, 112
Care, sorrow, grief, injury, 268, 349. *Careful*, rowful, 39, 111, 544. *Careless*, free from 22, 544; uncared for, 251
Carke, care, sorrow, grief, 16, 481
Carl, carle, an old man, 206; churl, 60, 257
Carriage, burden, 375
Cast, to consider, plot, resolve, purpose, 71, 197; time, period, opportunity, 402. *'utmost cast'* = almost dead, 378; a couple, 382
Castory, colour (red or pink), 129
Caudron, caldron, 169
Causen, to assign a cause or reason, explain, 30
Cautelous, wary, 619
Caved, made hollow, 256
Centonel, a sentinel, 59, 239
Certes, certainly, 164
Cesse, to cease, 274
Cesure, a breaking off, stop, 138
Chaffar, to chaffer, exchange, 102, 473
Chalenge, to claim, 122, 233, 235, 254; to impeach, follow, 81; accusation, 278
Chamelot water, camlet watered, 290
Chamfred, wrinkled, furrowed, 448
Champain, champian, champion, open country, plain, 301, 379, 429
Championesse, a female warrior, 228
Character, image, 577
Charge, assault, attack, 577

, 198
549; a tune, song, 478, 500
o become warm, to be irritated, to
17, 96, 432; rage, 301, 368, 383
ardous, 513
e cock, 17
to chew, 30, 99, 505
187
503
countenance, favour, cheer, 12, 247.
heer up, 60
red, 147
. *ciclaton*), a rich kind of cloth, 395
ally, 501
herishing, 503
sh, 409
rent, 663
erprise, undertaking, performance,
198, 220, 456, 459
sse), heathen brood, 173
ht with a chiefe,' worked with a
nosegay), 481
irth to a child, 419
ace, 128
01
lded, 259
olar, 343, 501
t, did cleave, 109, 510
lene, pure, *clean*, 66; entirely, 264,
anly, skilfully, 521
, 159, 282
ncy, 329
ose (properly a hank of thread), 80
latch, 461
, mounted, 175, 257
, 187. *Closely*, secretly, 41, 166, 189
es, 339
ed with a *clout* or rag, 452
, 193
ach, 303
s (in heaps), 480
owledge, recollection, 83
al, fondled, 166
t, cunning, 460
e, 444; to hide, 411
tful, crafty, 449
e-plant, 534
cumber, 449. *Combrous*, laborious,
127
on, to commune, discourse, 129, 338
late (falsely), 435
vantage, 413
ommon, equally, 66
ompacted, concerted, 324
e, 158. *Compacture*, a close knitting
panion, 233
llect, procure, 30
it, 210
ived, 195. *Compast creast*, the round
almet, 250
, call to aid, 12
rfection (of character), 187; union,
compliish, 352
Complyne, evensong, 517
Comportaunce, behaviour, 83
Compound, to agree, 355
Comprize, to comprehend, understand, 130
Comprovinciall, to be contained in the same pr
with, 172
Compyle, to heap up, 164, 169; frame, 268;
reconcile, 276
Conceiptful, thoughtful, 419
Concent, to harmonize, 236
Concert, harmony, 224, 598
Concrese, to grow together, 267
Cond, learnt, 449, 475
Condign, worthy, 424
Conditions, qualities, 206, 270, 597
Conduct, conductor, guide, 415; management
Confusion, destruction, 460
Congé, leave, 155, 523
Conjure, to conspire, 346
Conne, to know, 464
Consort, company, companion, 428; concer
566; to combine, unite (in harmony), 152
Constraint, distress, uneasiness, 87
Containe, to restrain, control, 206, 354, 386
Conteck, dispute, 460
Contempt, contemned, 480
Contrive, to wear out, spend, 130
Controverse, debate, controversy, 252
Convenable, conformable, 474
Convent, to convene, summon, 431
Convert, to turn, 341
Convince, to conquer, overthrow, 165
Coosen, kindred, 170
Coosinage, fraud, 521
Cope, to *chop*, bargain with, 517
Copesmate, a companion, 521
Coportion, an equal portion, 371
Corage, heart, mind, 164; wrath, 214
Corbe, crooked, 448
Corbe, corbel, a projecting piece of wood, st
iron, placed so as to support a weight
terinl, 279
Cordewayne, cordwayne, cordovan leather, 94
Coronall, a wreath, garland, 187
Coronation, carnation, 456
Corpse, a (living) body, 597. *Corse*, a body,
bulk, frame, 27
Corsive, corrosive, 276
Cosset, a hand-reared lamb, 480
Cost, to approach, come to one's side, 543
Cote, sheep-fold, 467
Cott, a little boat, 107
Couched, bent, 156; laid (in order), 69
Could, knew, 385
Count, an object of interest or account, 345
Countenaunce, to make a show of, 88
Counter, encounter, 499
Countercast, counterplot, 373
Counterchaunge, return of a blow, 207
Counterfesaunce, a counterfeiting, 54, 201
Counterpoys, to counterbalance, 303
Countervayle, to oppose, resist, 109
Coupe, a cage, coop, 477
Couplement, couple, 247
Coure, to cover, protect, 120
Courst, chaced, 315
Courting, attendance at court, 520
Couth, could, 118; knew, knew how, 456, 48

Covert, concealed, 79
Coverture, covering, shelter, 466
Covetise, covetize, covetousness, 30, 176
Cowardree, cowardice, 522
Cracknell, a thin hard-baked biscuit, 447
Cræsie, cracked, 553
Crag, cragge, neck, 449, 473
Craggy, knotty, 265
Crake, to boast, 307; boast, boasting, 140, 434
Crank, a winding, 435
Crank, vigorously, 473
Crapples, grapples, claws, 336
Crased helth, impaired health, 208
Cratch, rack, crib, 601
Creakie, indented with creaks, 539
Creasted, crested, tufted, 231
Creste, cattle, live stock, 652
Cremosin, cremsin, crimson, 140, 449, 456
Crewe (priestes *crewe*) = *crewet, cruise*, vessel, 450
Crime, accusation, reproach, fault, 153, 449
Crisped, curly (hair), 94
Crooke (cross), gibbet, 318
Croslet, a little cross, 42
Cros-cut, to pierce or cut across, 217
Croud, a fiddle, 588
Cruddle, to curdle, 448. *Cruddy*, curdled, 44, 178
Crumenall, purse, 474
Cud, not the thing chewed, but the *stomach* where the food is received before rumination, 505
Cuffing (or *cuffling*), striking, 250
Culter, a ploughshare, 564
Culver, dove, 115, 500
Culvering, culverin, a sort of cannon, 347
Cumbrous, troublesome, 14
Curats, curiets, cuirasses, 318, 382
Curelesse, hard to be cured, incurable, 217, 386, 471
Curtaxe, cutlass, 240
Cut, fashion, 514

Dædale, skilful, 155; fertile, 283
Daint, daynt, dainty, 60, 155, 234 (superl. *dayntest*, 149). *Dainty*, rare, valuable, 20
Dallie, to trifle, 233. *Dalliaunce*, idle talk, trifling, 90
Dame, lady, 108
Damnify, to injure, damage, 73, 110
Damozel, damsel, 82
Danisk, Danish, 282
Dapper, neat, pretty, 477
Darrayne, to prepare, get ready, for battle, 31, 44, 157
Darred, dazzled, frightened ('a *darred* lark' is generally explained as a lark caught (? frightened) by means of a looking-glass), 428
Dayesman, a judge, arbitrator, 122
Daze, to dazzle, dim, 13, 51, 573; to confound, 194
Dead-doing, death-dealing, 92
Deaded, deadened, 293
Dealth, bestows, 230
Deare, valuable, precious, 177
Deare, hurt, injury, 48; sore, sad, 143; sorely, 106
Dearling, darling, 273
Dearnelie, sorrowfully, mournfully (literally *secretly*, hence *lonely, sadly*, &c.), 544
Deaw, to bedew, 87, 356
Debate, to contend, strive, 207, 380; battle, strife, 125, 397. *Debatement*, debate, 110
Debonaire, gracious, courteous, 20, 138, 182
Decay, to destroy, perish, relax, 124, 144, 2 struction, ruin, death, 22, 43, 198, 222, 48
Deceased, taken by deceit, 309
Deceipt, deceit, 444
Decesse, decease, 344
Decreed, determined on, 258
Decrewed, decreased, 259
Deeme (pret. *demped*), to judge, deem, 121, 2 253, 471, '*deeme his payne*' = adjudge his p ment, 292
Deering-doores, doors of daring deeds, 239
Deface, to defeat, 121
Defame, disgrace, dishonour, 310, 158, 228, 2
Defaste, defaced, destroyed, 98, 122, 168
Defeasaunce, defeat, 75
Defeature, defeat, 359
Defend, to keep or ward off, 151, 245
Deffly, deftly, gracefully, 455
Define, to settle, decide, 242
Deforme, shapeless, deformed, 147
Defray, to avert (by a proper settlement) appease, 255
Degendered, degenerated, 295
Delay, to temper, stop, remove, 100, 128, 28
Delice (*Deluce*), flower de-luce (= flos delici the iris, 456
Delices, delights, 105, 279, 310. *Delightsome*, d ful
Dell, hole, 452
Delve, dell, hole, cave, 112, 119, 169, 232
Demayne, demeane, demeasnure, demeanour, ing, treatment, 121, 129, 208, 388. *Ill* treated, 556
Demisse, submissive, 600
Dempt. See *Deeme*
Denay, to deny, 199, 219, 294, 413
Dent, dint, blow, 259
Deow, dew, 561
Depainted, depicted, 103
Depart, to divide, separate, remove, 133, 1 parture, 195
Depeinct, depeincten, to paint, 465
Depend, to hang down, 145, 446
Deprave, to defame, 330
Dernful, mournful, 564. See *Dearnelie*
Dernly, secretly, 227; grievously, severely, 1
Der-doing = performance of daring deeds, 11
Derring-doe, daring deeds, warlike deeds, 1 477
Derth, scarcity, 20
Deryve, to draw away, transfer, 22
Descrie, descry, to perceive, discover, 94, 18 reveal, 392
Descrive, to describe, 94, 420
Desine, to denote, 245
Despaireful drift, hopeless cause, 146
Desperate, despairing, 244
Despight, anger, malice, 17, 81, 162; a sc defiance, 309
Despightful, despiteous, malicious, 81, 119
Despoyl, to unrobe, undress, 145
Desse, dais, 284
Desynde, directed, 265
Detaine, detention, 324
Devicefull, full of devices (as masques, tri &c.), 306
Devise, devize, to guess at, 129; purpose, d

160, 268, 405, 447. *Devized*, paint-
d of, reflected on, 380
8. *Dewfull*, due, 427
149
), 127
ed, 588
, 154
d, 352
to arrange, prepare, dress, deck,
; mark, 150
abroad, enlarge upon, 150, 175
, 410
11; 'dolors dint'=pang of grief,
17
449; darkly, 474
, 97
hhold consent, 372
ower, to draw back, 242, 248
fortunate, unsuccessful, unhappy,
53. *Disaventure*, mishap, misfor-
burden, 107
uit oneself of, account for, 425
two, 232
line, 229
l, 213
isclose), to unfold, transform, 76,
lisengage, 254
-coloured, 30, 213, 223
ncerted, 160
peak disparagingly of, 322
suade, 148
, to discover, 129, 165
g, 398
ourteous, 161
, 152
r shook of, 160
ess, 87, 89; uneasiness, 184, 385,
, ill at ease, afflicted, 375
raw forth, to cause to flow, 244,
ity, 357
guise, 255
rage, 104
), perfidious, 102, 235
eeable, 278
ted, 281
4
lue, defeat, grieve, disquiet, 158,
defeat, ruin, 305, 408. *Dismayfull*,
ide, deformed, 141
off a coat of mail, 109
, roaming, 534
iring. See *Despairefull*
ragement, 273
, 274
for, 25; expense, 128; abundance,
19
d out, 168; discover, 153
ine, 63
pleasaunce, displeasure, 134, 258
ort, 160
, spread abroad, 91, 266, 358
arage, 399

Dispredden (pl.), spread out, 29
Disprofesse, to abandon, 220
Dispurvayaunce, want of provisions, 212
Disseise, disseize, to dispossess, 70, 434
Disshivered, shivered to pieces, 232
Dissolute, weak, 201
Distayne, to defile, 205
Distent, beaten out, 112
Disthronize, to dethrone, 136
Distinct, marked, 374
Distraine, to rend, 153
Distraught, distracted, 246, 495; drawn apart, separated, 266
Distroubled, greatly troubled, 176
Dite, dighte, to make ready, 51
Ditt, ditty, song, 107
Diverse, distracting, diverting, 16, 87
Diverst, diverged, turned off, 175
Divide, to play a florid passage in music (Kitchin), 34
Divinde, deified, 545
Divorced, separated by force, 22
Doale=dole, destruction, 314
Documents, instructions, 62
Doe, to cause, 45
Doffe, to put off, 175. 208, 405
Dole, doole, sorrow, grief, 147, 213, 262, 268, 471, 549. *Doolefull*, sorrowful, 109
Dolor (*dolour*), grief, 164, 268
Dome, doome, doom, judgment, censure, 59, 251, 281, 289
Don, to put on, 192, 399
Done, donne, to do, 158, 195, 410, 'of well to *donne*' =of well-doing, 63; DOEN, to cause, 93; DOEN (pl.), they do, 448
Donne, dun, 461
Doomefull, threatening doom, 425
Dortours, sleeping apartments, 420
Doted, foolish, 52
Doubt, fear (also to fear), 183, 348. 349, 369, 379; a matter of doubt, 352. *Doubtful*, fearful, 39, 112, 158
Doubted, redoubted, 477
Drad, dred, dread, dreaded, feared, 84, 101, 226, 227, 240, 345, 423; an object of reverence, 11, 269. DREDDEST, most dread, 239
Draft, drift, aim, purpose, 152, 236
Drapet, cloth, 128
Draught (=*draft*), stratagem, aim, 136, 265
Drave, drove, 506
Dread, fury, 103. *Dreadful*, fearful, 159
Dreare, Drere (*Dreriment*), grief, sorrow, dreadful force, 22, 50, 53, 149, 178, 347, 256, 272. *Drerihed, drearyhood, dryrihed*, dreariness, affliction, 157, 162, 166, 225, 535
Drent, drowned, 118, 145
Dresse, to dispose, adorn, 220, 284, 480
Drevill, a slave, 236
Droome, a drum, 59
Droupe, to droop, 134
Drousy-hed, drowsiness, 18
Drouth, drought, 118
Drover, a boat, 282
Droyle, to work sluggishly, 514
Drugs, dregs, 85
Dumpish, heavy, 236
Duraunce, bondage, 186
Durefull, enduring, 283
Duresse, confinement, 269, 292
Dye, lot, destiny, 211

Earne, to yearn, 12, 41, 293, 452; to be grieved, 213
Earst, erst, first, soonest, previously, 51, 70, 83, 165, 477; *at earst*, at length, 295; at present, 485
Easterlings, men of the East (Norwegians, Danes, &c.), 138
Eath, ethe, easy, 95, 290, 535
Edge, to sharpen, 237
Edifye, to build, inhabit, 15, 157, 495
Eeke, eke, to increase, 37, 166, 199, 241; also, 459
Effierced, made fierce, inflamed, 220
Efforce, to oppose, 164
Efforced, efforst, forced, constrained, compelled (to yield), 119, 228
Effraid, scared, 13
Eft, afterwards, again, forthwith, moreover, 82, 98, 123, 243, 402
Eftsoones, soon after, forthwith, 13, 159
Eide, seen, 248
Eine, eyes, 568
Eld, age, old age, 61, 93, 239, 288
Elfe, fairy, 112
Els (elles), else, elsewhere, otherwise. 87, 122, 189
Embace, embase, to bring or cast down, humiliate, 195, 361, 388, 574. *Embaste*, debased, dishonoured, 157, 209
Embar, to guard, confine, 21, 48, 219
Embassade, ambassador, 598
Embassage, embassy, message, 208
Emballeil, to arm for battle, 102
Embaulm, to anoint, 266
Embay, to bathe, 56, 63, 84, 124, 151; bask, 534
Embayl, to bind up, 94
Embellisht, adorned (with flowers), 449
Embosome, to foster, 99
Emboss, to overwhelm, press hard, 57, 158, 225; to surround, enclose, 25, 70, 381
Embosse, to adorn, ornament, array, 158, 162, 248
Embow, to arch over, to curve, bend, 56, 537
Embowell, to take out the bowels, 196
Embower, to take shelter, 507
Emboyl, to boil (with anger), 97. *Emboyled*, heated, 71
Embrace, to brace, to fasten, or bind, 361; to protect, 203
Embracement, an embrace, 98, 201
Embrave, to decorate, 86, 481
Embreade, embroder, to embroider, 189, 225
Embrewe, to stain with blood, 189, 400
Embusied, occupied, 265
Eme, uncle, 136
Emeraud, emerald, 150
Emmove, to move, 85, 117
Emong, among, 146. *Emongest*, amongst, 159, 173
Empale, to enclose, fringe, 535
Empare, empair, to diminish, impair, hurt, 67, 134, 311, 352
Emparlaunce, treaty, 277, 316
Empart, assign, 261
Empassioned, empassionate, moved or touched with passion, feeling, 22, 210, 219, 342, 536
Empeach, to hinder, prevent, 53, 174, 219; hindrance, 113; disfigurement, 151
Empeopled, dwelt, 66
Emperce, empierce, to pierce through (pret. *emperst, empierst*), 86, 124, 184, 210
Emperill, to endanger, 248
Emperish, to perish, decay, 448
Empight, fixed, settled, 101, 184, 242, 420
Emplonged, plunged, 213
Empoysoned, poisoned, 187, 189
Emprise, emprize, enterprise, attempt, 86, 1[illegible] 310
Empurpled, purple-dyed. 150, 195, 227
Enaunter, lest, 450, 459
Enbosome, to fix firmly, 148
Enchace, enchase, to adorn, embellish. 76, 121 518; to honour with befitting terms, 253 grave, 380; dart, 347
Encheason, reason, cause, occasion, 53, 460
Encomberment, hindrance, 400
Encroche, to come on, 450
Endamage, to damage, do harm, 422
Endangerment, danger, 302
Endevourment, endeavour, labour, 515
Endew, to endow, 32
Endite, to censure, 422
Endlong, from end to end, continuously, 211,
Endosse, write on the back, endorse, 353, 355
Endure, to harden, 270
Ene, once, 485
Enfelon'd, made fell or fierce, 337
Enfested. See *Infest*
Enferce, to make fierce, 97
Enforme, to fashion, 386
Enfouldred, hurled out like thunder and light 72
Engin, wiles, deceit, contrivance, 99, 161, 2[illegible]
Engirt, surrounded, 602
Englut, to glut, fill, 89
Engore, to gore, wound, 159, 185, 277, 392
Engorge, to devour, glut, 145
Engraffed, engraft, implanted, fixed, 164, 23[illegible]
Engrained, dyed, 449
Engrasp, to grasp, 104
Engrave, to bury, 64, 86, 104; to cut, pierce.
Engreeve, engrieve, to grieve, to be vexed, 99, 1[illegible]
Engrosse, to buy up in large quantities, to re 681; to write a large letter, 555
Engroste, made thick, 111, 176, 681
Enhaunse, to lift up, raise, 13, 109, 260
Enlargen, enlarye, to set at large, deliver, 3[illegible] 274
Enlumine, to illumine, 296
Enmove, to move. See *Emmove*
Enrace, to implant, 187, 409
Enragement, rapture, 602
Enraunge, to range, 367
Enraunged, ranged in order, 191, 603
Enrold, encircled, 91, 147
Enscames, encloses, 289
Ensewe, ensue, to follow after, pursue, 151, 16 *Ensuing*, following, 275
Ensnarle, to ensnare, entangle, 338
Entayle, to carve, inlay, 94, 109, 112; (sb.) ca 112
Enterdeale, negotiation, 334, 520
Enterpris, to undertake, 82
Enterprize, to entertain, 88; take in hand, 2[illegible]
Entertain, take, receive (pay), 126, 370. *tayne, entertainment*, hospitality, 90, 341, 37
Entertake, to entertain, 341
Entire, inward, internal, 160, 167, 193, 27[illegible] *tyrely*, earnestly, 71, 393; entirely, 129
Entraile, entrayl, to twist, entwine, interla 192, 222, 246, 456
Entraile, twisting, entanglement, 73

st part, depth (bowels), 147
of, treat, 213, 280, 296, 365
actise, 238. *Enured*, accustomed,
d habitually, 341
gry, indignant, 251 ; to emulate,

bont, 178, 349
iant, 85
up, 70
l, 427
equipment, 68 ; to array, equip,

ine, 165
he ermine, 161
6
ig, 201
ng, 182, 210
Carat
91
draw, 29
pearance, observation, 280, 312
e, 29
k, 369
93. *Eternize*, to make eternal, 66,

ortalize, 503

Eughen, eoghen, of yew, 70, 519
, 137
lful, 416
ss, 146
rofit, escheat, 35, 202
ience, 482
out, 72 ; to fulfil a term, put an

out, 144
, 425
out, 118
out, 63
300
ed, 210
ion, 343
8

ged young, 71, 599
94

false appearance, 338
210
eive, 222, 293 ; to cause to fall, 103
d, eager, 12, 261, 378 ; *fayned*, de-
mes, delights, 358
feign, dissemble, 34, 93 ; to mis-
agine, 420 ; '*fained* dreadful '=ap-
ful, 228
cheat, deceiver, vagabond, villain,
9
9
deceived, 20, 160 ; insecure, weak,
lsehoods, 305. *Falser*, a liar, 461
g, 219
fancy, 149 ; apprehension, 403
ead, act, deal, 80, 87, 251, 277
r, 211
ace, 141
hold, 345
rm of life, 200. *Fatal*, ordained by

Fault, to offend, be in error, 140, 444
Favour, feature, 331
Favourlesse, not showing favour, 126
Fay, a fairy, 241 ; faith, 334, 474
Fear, feare, companion, 399 ; *to feare*, t
Fear, fearen, to frighten, 147, 176 ; '*fear*
alarmed by, 401
Fearfull, timid, 421
Feastfull, festival, 409
Feateously, neatly, 606
Feature, fashion, form, character, 54, 24
Fee, tenure, 88 ; pay, service, 409, 553
233, 276
Feeble, enfeebled, 51. *Feblesse*, feeblene
Feeld (golden), an emblazoned field (of
shield), 433
Feend, fiend, devil, 70
Feld, let fall, thrown down, 109, 233
Fell, befell, 249 ; gall, 218
Fell, fierce, cruel, 172, 220, 337. *Felly*,
142, 242, 417. *Fellonest*, most fell, 2
ous, wicked, fell, 162. *Felnesse*, cru
ness, 123, 270, 276
Femenitee, womanhood, 193
Feood, feud, enmity, 232
Fensible, fit for defence, defensible, 127,
Fere, companion, husband, 60, 247, 308,
Ferme, lodging, 184
Ferry, a ferry boat, 108
Fett, to fetch, 131 ; fetched (rescued), 3
Fleur-de-luce, the iris. See *Delice*
Feutre, fewtre, to place the spear in
prepare for battle, 252, 258
Fiaunt, commission, fiat, 523
File, to defile, 162, 266
File, to polish, smoothe, 15, 556
Fine, end, 151, 245
Firm, to fix firmly, 112
Fit, to be fitting, 87 ; 'Of loves were *f*
suited, furnished with lovers, 231
Fit, fitt, emotion, passion, grief, 229, 20
a musical strain, 68
Flaggy, loose, 69, 178
Flatt, plain, 474
Flake, a flash, 163
Flamed, inflamed, 107
Flasket, a basket, 606
Flatling, flatwise, with the flat side (of the
Flaw, a gust of wind,
Fleare, to mock, 519
Fleet, to sail, float, 146, 278, 552 ; to flit,
Flex, flax, 160
Flit, fleet, swift, 100, 222 ; changing, l
stantial, light, 217
Flit, flitte, to move, change, flee, 19, 22
fleeting, 70 ; yielding, 119, 161
Flong, flung, 503
Flore, ground, spot, 143, 370
Flout, to mock, deride, 397, 428
Flowrets, little flowers, 450
Flushing, rapidly flowing, 260
Fodder, grass, 222
Foen, foes, 93
Foile, a leaf (of metal), 27
Foison, abundance, plenty, 564
Folkmote, a meeting, assembly, 247
Fon, a fool, 449, 456, 552. *Fonly*, foolis
Fond, foolish, doting, 68, 167 ; foolis

Fondly, foolishly, 313, 628. *Fondness*, folly, 459, 578
Fond, found, 151; tried, 196
Fone, foes, 20, 172, 358
Food feud, 50, 80
Foolhappie, undesigned, 38
Foolhardine, foolhardiness, folly, 88, 528
For, notwithstanding, 177; for fear of; what for= what sort of? 454
Fordo, to destroy, 355. *Fordonne*, utterly undone, ruined, overcome, 37, 172, 250, 277
Foreby, forby, hard by, near, 42, 43, 183; with, 349; past, 157
Forecast, previously determined, 227
Foredamned, utterly damned, 217
Forelay, to lay before, or over, 94
Forelent, given up entirely, 242
Forelifting, lifting up in front, 69
Forepast, gone by, 232
Fore-red, foretold, 532
Foreshewed, previously instructed, 434
Foreside, the side to the fore, external covering, 310
Forespent, forspent, utterly wasted, 256
Forestall, to take previous possession of, to hinder, obstruct, 126, 461, 611
Foretaught, previously taught, 45
Forewent, gone before, 467
Forged, false, 21
Forgery, fiction, deceit, 161; a counterfeit or assumed character, 310
Forgive, to give up, 404
Forhaile, to overtake, 475
Forhent, overtaken, 180
Forlent, gave up, 180
Forlore, forlorn, utterly lost, abandoned, 45, 53, 94, 150, 173, 178, 187; *forlore* (pret.), deserted, 211; lost (to sense of propriety), 354
Formally, expressly, 153
Formerlie, beforehand, 365
Forpas, to pass over, 517
Forpassed, past by or through, 213, 310
Forpined, pined away, 217
Forray, to ravage, prey on, 416; a raid, 174
Forsake, to avoid, 70; renounce, 108
Forsay, forsake, 459
Forsayd, denied residence, banished, 467
Forslacke, forsloe, forslow, to delay, waste in sloth, 280, 355; neglect, omit, 425; impede, 465
Forstall, forstallen, to prevent, 475. See *Forestall*
Forswat, spent with heat, 455
Forswonck, tired with over work, 456
Forthink, to repent, be sorry for, 380; to give up, 292
Forthright, straightway, 115
Forthy, therefore, because, 130, 452
Fortilage, a little fortress, 149, 681
Fortune, to happen, 165, 183, 392
Fortunize, to make happy, 405
Fortuneless, unfortunate, 270
Forwandre, to stray away, 42, 220
Forwasted, utterly wasted, 68, 136
Forwearie (forwearied), utterly wearie, worn out, 15, 56, 72
Forwent, left, 183, 258; did forgo, 561
Forworne, much worne, 42
Foster, forester, 157
Fouldring, thundering, 88
Found, established, 136
Foundring, toppling, falling, 250
Foy, allegiance, faith, 135
Foyle, repulse, defeat, 93; to defeat, ruin, throw, 136, 351
Foyne, to thrust, push, 103, 124, 244, 317
Foyson, abundance, 564
Fraight, fraught, 473
Frame, to make, form, support, prepare, dire 52, 56, 157, 158, 159; to put in shape for 385
Franchisement, deliverance, 351
Franck, free, forward, 90
Francklin, freeman, freeholder, 61
Franion, a loose woman, 90, 308
Fray, to frighten, terrify, alarm, 15, 17, 24, 149, 170; affray, 234
Frenne, a stranger, 455
Fret, ornamental border, 288. *Fretted*, orna with fret-work, 129, 174
Frett, to consume, 90
Friend, to befriend, 236, 285
Frigot, a little boat, 107
Frisket, gambols, 283
Frize, to freeze, 410
Fro, from, 114, 405
Frolicke, 'fained her to *frolicke*'= desired her cheerful, 372
Fronts, foreheads, 19
Fronne, frozen, 450
Frory, frosty, frozen, 203, 204
Frounce, to fold, plait, 28
Froward=frowward, at a distance from, 4
Frowie, musty, 467
Fruict, fruit, 449
Fry, swarms (of young children), 74
Fry, to foam, 149
Fulmined, fulminated, 163
Fume, to pass away like smoke, 556
Funerall, death, 104
Furniment, furnishing, 245
Furniture, gear, equipment, 157
Fylde, felt, 420
Fyle, to polish, 164
Fyled, kept in files, registered, 394

Gage, pledge, 31, 72, 93
Gain, against (as in *gainstrive*, 264), 98
Gainsay, denial, 164
Galage (galoche), a wooden shoe, 450
Galingale, sweet cyperus, 534
Gall, bile, 13
Gallimaufray, hotch-potch, 442
Gamesome, pleasant, 428
Gan (can) began, did, 18, 48, 110, 120
Gang, to go, 452, 474
Gard, safeguard, protection, 165
Garran, a kind of horse, 681
Garre, to cause, make, 104, 455
Gasping, gaping, 454
Gastfull, fearful, dreary, 471
Gate, a goat, 460
Gate, way, procession, 147, 178
Gaudy green, a robe of a light green, 458
Gazement, gaze, 307
Gealosy, gelosy, jealousy, 78, 100
Geare, gere, gear, dress, equipment, 29, 66, 421; matter, affair, 472

, scoff, 108
uncommon, 381, 512, 536
, 179
; bribed with gold, 186
ord has been variously explained—by
gelding, by others as a *guilty* person.
hild explains it as a wild Irishman,

l, 428
kind, accomplished, 55, 57, 83, 160
are
ner, 33, 34, 124
, 356
, think, *guess*, 39, 230
arms, 60, 124, 378; gesture, deport-
ng, 128, 165, 201
ble, 162, 166. *Ghastlinesse*, terrible-

s, deem, 39
soul, 46
gings, greaves, 109
(of torture), 36; plot, contrivance,
94
begin, 13, 40, 70, 205
y, 513
ments, tilts, 11, 477,; to joust, tilt,

dale, 159
den, 411
glayve, a sword, 265, 281, 353
? fee property, 58
ry, hamlet, 455
bush of hair overhanging the eyes,

e, indistinct light, 401, 604
615
ittering, 141, 468
ter, shine, 13, 160, 223
249
ry, boasting, 92
tful, 201
474
l, snarl, 36
lin, 139
, piece, 13, 69
d, 557
r
dola, 106
odlihead, goodness, 95, 369, 450;
arance, 167
golds, 552
e, wound, 162
otted blood, 84
, 13, 69, 242
r for the throat, 242
arge kind of hawk, 315
an, 75
, greediness, 410
vernment, 150
government, 83,
control, 254
, kindness, 118; to give favour to, 67
ted, 450
, 44
scarlet), 43
many thanks, 117
ling, place, 431
g, 250

Graplement, grasp, clutch, 142
Graste, graced, favoured, 419
Grate, to scorn, 86
Grayle, gravel, 339, 540
Grayle, the holy vessel said to have been used at Our Saviour's Last Supper, 137
Greave, grove, 216, 370
Gree, degree, rank, 468 (st. 15)
Gree, favour, goodwill, 34, 92
Greete, to congratulate, praise, 307, 349; mournful, 470; to assign with praise (st. 14), 307; to weep, 454
Gren, to grin, snarl, 265, 420
Grenning, grinning, 39
Gride, pierce, 507
Griefull, grievous, 231, 400
Griesie, thick, sluggish, 108; gray, 58
Grieslie, grisely, horrible, 36, 145, 157
Grieved, hurt, 49
Grimnes, severity, savageness (Embl.), 451
Grin, to gnash the teeth, 314
Gripe, to grasp, 70, 350
Griple, gripe, grasp; grasping, greedy, 30, 301, 377
Gronefull, full of groans, 144
Groome, man, a young man, a servant, 297, 376
Grosse, heavy, 70; the whole, 474
Groundhold, ground-tackle (as cables, anchors), 377
Groveling, with face flat to the ground, 84, 159, 184
Groynd, growled, 420
Grudge, grutch, to murmur, growl, 19, 84, 90, 167
Gryde, cut, pierce through, 123, 162, 209
Gryesy, grysie, squalid, 141, 226; foggy, moist, 162
Gryfon, gryphon, griffin (a fabulous animal), perhaps used for vulture, eagle, 33
Grypt, 'through grypt' = *through-gyrd*, pierced through, 374
Guarish, to heal, 186, 244
Guerdon, reward, 66, 243
Guilen, to beguile, 206
Guiler, guyler, deceiver, 215
Guilt, guilded, 432
Guize, manner, mode (of life), custom, 349, 366
Gulfe, throat, 474
Gulphing, flowing (like a gulf), 510
Gust, taste, 433
Gybe, gibe (Embl.), 452
Gyeld, guild, courthouse, 116
Gynst, beginnest, 477
Gyre, circle, course, 102, 158
Gyvd, fettered, 314

Habergeon, haberjeon, a small coat of mail, armour for the neck and breast, 109, 174
Habiliment, clothing, 74, 82
Habitaunce, habitation, 112
Hable, able, fit, 56, 70
Hacqueton, a jacket worn under armour, 123
Hagard, wild, untamed, 70
Haile, hayl, to drag, haul, 97, 98, 203
Hale, health, welfare, 560
Halfendeale, half part, 211
Halfen-eye=half ordinary sight, i.e. one eye, 212
Hallidome, 'by my *halidom*'=by my faith as a Christian, 517
'Han (pl.), have, 452, 478
Hand, 'out of *hand*'=at once, 182, 314; 'nigh *hand*'=near, 401
Handsell, price, reward, 413

Hansomly, neatly, 513
Hap, to happen, fortune, lot, 101, 380
Happily, haply, by chance, 79
Happy, successful, 156
Harborough, *harbrough*, shelter, 464
Hard, heard, 165
Hardiment, hardihood, boldness, 56, 82, 156, 133, 211
Hardnesse, rudeness, 274
Hardyhed, hardihood, 31, 440
Harnesse, weapons, 314
Harrow, an exclamation of distress, a call for help, 124
Harten, to encourage, incite, 529; *hartned*, encouraged, 278
Hartlesse, timid, 87
Haske, a wicker basket for fish, 480
Haubergh, *hauberk*, *hauberque*, *hawberk*, a coat of mail, 177, 223, 277
Haught, high, august, 41
Hault, haughty, 368
Haulst, embraced, 246
Haunten, to frequent, 467
Haveour, *haviour*, deportment, behaviour, 193, 224, 455
Hayle, to drag, 302, 362
Hazardize, danger, 147
Hazardry, hazard, risk, 103; gaming, 161
Headlesse-hood, *heedlesshood*, heedlessness, 449
Heame, home, 481
Heard, herd, 448; a keeper of cattle, 403. *Heard-groomes*, herdsmen, 448
Heare, hair, 21, 126. *Hearie*, hairy, 157
Heast, *hest*, command, behest, 45, 245, 318; name, 290; office (of one who had *taken vows*), 420
Heben, ebony, 117; of ebony wood, 11
Hedstall, that part of the bridle which is put on the horse's head, 309
Heedinesse, heedfulness, 326
Heedy, wary, 474
Heeling, heel, 514
Hefte, raised, 72; threw, 242
Hell, to cover, 282
Helme, helmet, 237
Hem, them, 459
Hend, to seize, grasp, 350
Henge, hinge, 70
Hent, took, seized, 111, 141
Her, their, 460
Herbars, herbs, 130
Herneshaw, heron, 392
Herry, *hery*, to praise, worship, honour, 146, 160, 448, 478
Hersall, rehearsall, 219
Herse, ceremonial, 168
Hether, hither, 401, 455
Hew, shape, form, 16
Hew, hacking, 401
Heydeguyes, dances, 464
Hide, hastened. See *Hyt*
Hidder (if not an error for *hider*=hither) =he-deer; animals of the male kind, 474
Hie, to hasten, 286
Hight, called, named, 58, 158; entrusted, 28; directed, 348; pronounce worthy, hence determine, choose, 394; appointed, 264; purports, 474
Hight, '*on hight*'—aloud, 388
Hild, held, 287
Hippodames, sea-horses, 130, 221
Hoary frost, hoarfrost, 446
Hole, whole, 186
Holpen (pp.) helped, 399
Hond, hand, 225
Hong, hung, 189, 190
Honycrock, pot of honey, 303
Hood, state, manner, 329
Hooved, hovered, abode, 556
Hopelesse, unexpected, 185
Hore, hoary, 23
Horrid, rough, 47
Hospitage, hospitality, 212
Hospitale, a place of rest, 126
Hoste, to entertain, lodge, 270, 402, 506
Hostlesse, inhospitable, 218
Hostry, lodging, 345
Hot, *hote*, was called, 71, 251, 475; mention
Housling, sacramental, 77
Hove, rise, float, 21, 196; hover, 213
Howre, time, 95; '*good howre*'=good h 406
Howres, devotional exercises, 383
Hoye, vessel, ship, 138
Hububs, shouts, din, 216
Hugger mugger, in secret, secretly, 514
Humblesse, humility, humbleness, 19, 25, 7
Hurlyburly, noise of battle, 309
Hurtle, to rush, dash, hurl, attack, 2 brandish, 116; crowd, 250
Hurtlesse, innocent, 41
Husband, farmer, 244
Hyacine, hyacinth, 150
Hye, to hasten, 91, 383; *on hye*, hastily, 6
Hylding, base, vile, 384
Hynde, a servant, 397

Idle, causeless, 193
Idole, image, 91, 254
Ill-faste, having an ill-look, 149. *Ill-hab* turbed in the head, 230
Imbrast, embraced, 274
Immeasured, unmeasured, 147
Imp, child, scion, shoot, 11, 187, 286, 3
Imp, to engraft, insert, 603
Impacable, unappeasible, 277, 493
Imperceable, not able to be pierced, 69
Implore, entreaty, 106
Imply, to enfold, entangle, envelop, 30, 7
Importable, intolerable, 122
Importune, violent, savage, 73, 123; fell of 173; to threaten, 157; to solicit, 342
Importunely, with importunity, 119
Impresse, to make an impression, 140
Improvided, unprovided, unlooked for, 77
In, *inne*, dwelling, lodging, 15, 148, 171, 5
In, '*in . . . lyte*'=fall upon, 163
Incontinent, forthwith, immediately, 39
Indew, to put on, 191, 212
Indifferent, impartial, 163, 341. *Indifferen* partially, 431, 492
Indignaunce, indignation, 219
Indigne, unworthy, 233
Indignify, to treat with indignity, 364
Inferd, offered, 399
Infest, to make fierce or hostile, hostile, 377,
Influence, the power of the stars, 53
Informed, formed imperfectly, 185

599
280, 499
ant, 431
il, 164, 220 ; entirely, 459
venture, 163, 298
33
eousness, 555
)
ie, 94
ollows, 91, 567
out, 72 ; to denote, name, 424 ;
rse, 101
tion, 77, 224 ; knowledge, 185, 499
, 426
mingle, interweave, 308, 421
rmix, 4
unnicate, 372
upon, 90
165
ato, 191
, 183, 302
254
eary, 17
rious, 82

grim's staff, 42, 543
, 395 ; a scolding woman, 143
riance, 89

wretch, 515
y, danger, 101
leather tied round the legs of
hich they are held upon the fist,

ome, pretty, lively, 11, 160, 233
jollity, joyfulness, prettiness, live-
460
415
piece, 63
71
ny, 150
glad, enjoy, 159
ss, merriment, 226
nce, joyousness, 458, 489
316

ee *Kern*
, charge, 16, 467, 484 ; to take
keedie keepe'=watchful care, 339 ;
459, 481
6
7
y, 597. *Kend*, *kent*, knew, per-
74, 121, 195, 350, 552, 460. *Kenst*,
, 452
t-soldier, 640
168

12

s nature, 92
, 283 ; sex, 163 ; occupation, 96.
, 50, 161, 209
161

Kirtle, a coat fastened at the waist, 30
Knee, projection of rocks, 58
Knife, a sword, dagger, 103
Kon, know, 552. *Kond*, knew, 326
Kydst, knewest, 485
Kynded, begotten, 320

Lackey, to follow as a servant, 367
Lad, led, 154, 225
Lade, to load, 322
Laesie, lazy, 448
Laid, attacked, 277
Laire, plain, 273
Lamping, shining, 168, 573
Lanck loynes, slender waist, 189
Langwrous, languid, 81
Lap, *lappe*, to fold, entangle, 94, 187
Larded, fattened, 449
Lare, pasture, 270
Large, bountiful, 50
Latched, seized, caught, 453
Launce, balance, 194
Launch, to pierce, 84, 261, 366
Laver, a basin, 151
Lay, field, lea, plain, 201, 214
Lay, cry, 83
Lay, to throw up, 145
Lay, law, 136
Layd, faint, 477
Laye, laity, 459
Laystall, a dunghill, a place for the deposit of filth, 38
Lazar, leper, 27
Lea, field, 449
Leach, a physician, 170, 179
Leachcraft, medical skill, 170
Leake, leaky, 398
Leany, lean, 468
Leap, a basket, 486
Leare, lore, counsel, 219, 245. *Leares*, lessons, 196
Leasing, lying, falsehood, 43, 130, 140
Least, lest, 350
Leave, to raise, 134
Ledden, dialect, speech, 287, 556
Lee, river, 302, 496
Leese, to loose, 474
Lefte, lifted, 95
Legierdemain, sleight of hand, 339, 519
Leke, leaky, 36
Leman, a lover, 45, 105, 165
Lend, to give, provide, 131
Lengd, longed, 461
Lenger, longer, 14
Lepped, did leap, 453
Lere, to learn, 484 ; lore, 461, 557
Lesinges, lies, 461
Lessoned, instructed, 193
Lest, to listen, 362.
Let, to hinder, 45, 85, 183 ; '*let ba*'=away with, 93 ; hindrance, 50, 143, 231
Level, to direct one's course, 148
Levin, lightning, 187, 467. *Levin brond*, thunderbolt, 426
Lewd, ignorant, wicked, foolish, 450. *Lewdly*, foolishly, 270, 448
Lewdnesse, wickedness, 181, 310
Libbard, leopard, 41, 94, 158, 166
Lich, like, 196
Lief, *liefe*, dear, beloved, 25, 56 ; willing, 207 ; '*liefe*

or sory'= willing or unwilling=*lief* or *loth*, 365, 424: (comp.) *liefer*, 58, 99, 158; (superl.) *liefest*, 213, '*liefest liefe*'=dearest loved one, 166

Liege, lord, master—one to whom faith has been pledged, 393. *Liegeman*, a vassal, one who owes homage to a liege lord, 92

Lifal, living, full of life, 417, 588

Lig, *liggen*, to lie, 381, 459, 460

Light, easy, ready, 161; to lighten, 185; befall, 353

Lightly, quickly, 761

Lignage, *lynage*, lineage, 40

Like, to please, 114

Like as, as if, 316

Likely, similar, 598

Likelynesse, likeness, 331

Lill, to put out the tongue, 36

Limbeck, retort, 432

Limehound, a bloodhound, limer, 302

Lin, to cease, 14, 36, 171, 202, 547

List, to desire, like, 125; (impers.) please, 164, 278. *Listful*, attentive, 299

Lite, *lyte*, alight, befall, 387, 395

Livelod, *livelood*, livelihood, 311, 372

Lively, lifelike, living, 125, 159, 200

Livelyhed, *livelyhead*, livelihood, 86; living original, 125; motion of a living being, 393

Liverey, delivery, 381

Loathly, loathsome, 232, 351

Loft, height, 16

Lome, clay, loam, 403

Lompish, dull, slow, 16, 181, 225

Long, to belong, 32, 174, 367

Loord, lout, 195, 446

Loos, fame, 419

Loose, to solve, 350

Lope, leapt, 453

Lopp, branch, 448

Lore, learning, teaching, fashion, 91, 246, 287; speech, 354

Lore, *lorn*, left, deserted, 27, 228; lost sight of, 347

Loring, learning, 331

Lorrel, *losell*, *lozell*, a loose idle fellow, 92, 378, 467

Lose, to loosen, 224

Losen, to set loose, 193. *Los'te*=loosed, dissolved, 176

Lot, fate, 365; share, 250

Lothfull, unwilling, unpleasant, loathsome, 180

Loup, loop, 126

Lout, *lowt*, to bow, to do obeisance, 65, 93, 214, 238

Lovely, loving, 25, 238, 246; lovingly, 246; *lovely*, of love, 261, 394

Lover, an opening in the roof to let out the smoke, 411

Lug, a perch or rod of land, 132

Lumine, to illumine, 602

Luskishnesse, sluggishness, 364

Lust, pleasure, desire, 251, 290, 480; to desire, please, 113

Luster, a glittering, sheen, 353

Lustlesse, feeble, listless, 29, 181, 364

Lusty, pleasant, 449

Lustihede, *lustyhed*, *lusty-head*, pleasure, 216, 459, 532; pleasure (of youth), 460

Lymiter, a friar licensed to beg within a certain district, 513

Lynage, lineage, 12

Lyne, linen, 535

Lyte, to alight, light, befall, 387

Lythe, pliant, 449, 507

Mace, sceptre, 132

Macerate, to tear, 505

Madding, foolish, 455

Mage, magician, 170

Magnes-stone, the magnet, 145

Mail, *mayl*, *male*, armour, 236

Maine, *mayne*, force, 44, 50, 141; ocean, 6. *Mainly*, *maynly*, strongly, violently, 40, 58

Mainsheat, mainsail, 356

Maintenaunce, condition, 120

Maisterdome, *maistery*, mastery, superiority, 158, 234

Maistring, superior, controlling, 194, 274, 98

Make, to write poetry, 441

Make, companion, mate, 44, 218, 238

Malefice, evil deed, 523

Malengine, ill intent, deceit, guile, 161

Malice (pret. *malist*), regarded with malice, ill-will to, 406, 534, 601

Maligne, to grudge, 179

Mall, club, mallet, 49, 257; to maul, 348

Maltalent, ill-will, 181

Mand, blocked up with men, 417

Manie, *many*, company, multitude, 75, 202, 53

Manner, kind of, 279

Mantle, to rest with outspread wings, 268

Mard, spoilt, injured, dishonoured, 139, 214

Marge, margin, bank, 102, 274

Margent, margin, 178

Marle, ground, soil, 143

Marishes, marshes, 345

Martelled, hammered, 198

Martyr, to afflict, torment, 263

Martyrize, to devote as a martyr, 554

Maske, to conceal oneself by means of a mask (as at a masquerade), 43, 174

Masse, wealth, 206; material, 283

Massy, massive, 214

Mate, to stupefy, confound, *amate*, 55

Matchlesse, not to be matched, 232

Maugre, *maulgre*, in spite of, a curse on! 16, 220, 234; unwillingly, 299

Mavis, thrush, 588

Mayntenaunce, behaviour, 474

Mayzterdome, superiority, 301

Mazed, amazed, confounded, 234, 261

Mazeful=*amazeful*, wonderful, 589

Mazer, a kind of hard wood (probably the maple), 150; a bowl made of maple, and richly ornamented, 470

Me, 'he cast *me* down' (I. 244), 260

Mealth, melteth, 57

Mean, middle, moderate, moderation, 113, 158; means, 228; 'by *meanes*,' because, 299

Meanesse, humble birth, 372

Meanly, moderately, 513

Meare, pure, 143; boundary, 210

Mear'd, divided, shared, 529

Measure, moderation, 401

Medæwart, meadow-wort, 121

Measured, sang, 148

Measurelesse, boundless, 503

Meddle, *medle*, to mix, 86, 445

Meed, reward, 515

Meere, absolute, entire, 608

Meint, mingled, 482

Melampode, black hellebore, 467

Mell, to intermeddle, 14, 430

ddling, 358, 468
ervices for the dead, 517
o commemorate, 502
manage, guide (a horse), 47; to wield 28; management, 226
ends, 82
is, 342, 387
ssed, meant, 227
d, united, 18, 317
nerciful, 474
cy, thanks, favour, 103; thank you, 82
pity, 394
meryment, merry-making, sport, 108, 458
ant, cheerful, 105
mesprize, contempt, insolence, 116, 207, take, 147
ifine, secrete, 95, 206, 226; prison, 105, den, 339
gled, united, 467
ch, great, 97, 177, 211
idst, 251; midmost, 28
ove, 293
fected, 90
ll to mind, 87
nmindful, 269
trifling song, but properly a musical
trifles, toys, 268
avourite, 90
ninished, 72
to mirke = very obscure, 474
dark, 85
err, 95, 206
ll-advised, misinformed, 164
ill-aimed, 50
abuse, 155, 270
, false challenge, 242
, mistake, 257
ed, ill-advised, 513
nbeliever, 34
ill-formed, 116
e, false faith, misbelief, 124, 459
o deem amiss, misjudge, 73, 360. *Mis-* misleading, 18. *Misdempt*, misjudged, d, 214
rime, 362
ed, 250
r-eating, 29
l-dressed, 331
o misdo, 206
, fearing sadly, 376
ch, 80
feign wrongfully, 26
sfortune, 352
evil doing, 556; misfortune, 268, 270
ne astray, 468
nce, misrule, 459
respass, 376, 600
happen amiss, 24
isshaped, 196
ilike, to dislike, 305, 460
misconstruction, 270
ay to no purpose, uselessly, 418; abuse, f, 260, 474
be unseemly, to misbecome, 203
unseemly, wrong, 57, 90; deceit, 49
formity, 557

Misshapen, deformed, 140
Mister, sort of, manner of, 57, 182, 468
Misthought, mistake, 273
Mistooke, suspected, 219
Mistrayne, to mislead, 353
Mistreth, signifies, matters, 199
Misusage, abuse, 468
Miweene, to think amiss, 79
Miwende, to go wrong, 513
Mizzle, to rain in little drops, 482
Mo, moe, more, 59, 222
Mochell, much, 449, 470
Mold, mole, spot, 418
Moldwarp, mole, 556
Molt, melted, 102
Mome, blockhead, 428
Moniment, mark, stamp, 112; record, 131
Monoceros, sea-unicorn (? sword-fish), 147
Moorish, morish, marshy, 288, 507
Moralize, to cause to be moral, 153
More, root, plant, 430
Morion, helmet, 432, 535
Morrow, morning, 306
Mortall, deadly, 89
Mortality, the estate of mortal man, 60
Most, greatest, 286
Mostwhat, generally, 556
Mot, mote (pl. *moten*), may, must, might, 191, 236, 267
Mott, measured, 553
Mought, might, 452
Mould, to moulder, 96; shape, form, 27
Mountenaunce, space, distance, 202, 220
Mowes, insulting grimaces, *mouths*, 396
Moyity, half, 148
Moyle, to defile, 601
Muchell, much, great, 32, 40, 197, 214
Muck, wealth, 113, 214
Mucky, sordid, vile, 113, 206, 405
Mumming, masking, 520
Munificence (*munifience*), fortification, defence, 133
Mured, walled, enclosed, 421
Muse, to wonder, 82; wonderment, 77
Muscall, music, 458
Must, new wine, 433
Myndes, resolves, 101
Mysterie, profession, trade, 514

Namely, especially, 434
Napron, apron, 318
Narre, nearer, 467
Nas, has not, 459
Native, natural, 325
Nathelesse, nathless, none the less, never the less, 161, 254
Nathemoe, nathemone, none the more, never the more, 57, 97, 102, 184, 421
Ne, nor, 14
Neat, cattle, 402
Needments, necessaries, 551
Nempt, named, 214
Nephewes, descendants, grandchildren, 35, 122, 177
Net, nett, pure, clean, 226, 401
Nethelesse, nevertheless, 442, 444
Newell, a new thing, 461
Nigardise, niggardliness, miserliness, 269
Nigh, to approach, 452
Nighly, nearly, 467

Nill, will not, 183, 219; *will* or *nill*, willing or unwilling, 27; '*nilled*,' unwilling, 264
Nimblesse, nimbleness, 340
Nip, to slander, 519
Nobilesse, *noblesse*, nobleness, nobility, 52, 441, 465
Nominate, to name, affirm, 67
Nones, nonce, occasion, 539
Noriture, *norture*, nurture, bringing up, 91
Norveyses, Norwegians, 172
Not, *note*, wot not, know not, knows not. (It sometimes seems to stand for *ne mote*=could not), 173, 192, 226, 293, 306
Nothing, not at all, 107
Notifye, to proclaim, 228
Nought, not, of no value, 128
Nould, would not, 40, 374, 394
Noule, the head, pate, 433
Nourice, nurse, 491
Nourse, *nousle*, to nurse, foster, rear, 41, 297, 380
Nousling, nestling, burrowing, 288, 556
Novell, news, 449
Noyance, *noyaunce*, annoyance, 224
Noyd, *noyed*, annoyed, 63, 72, 160
Noyes, noise, 245
Noyous, annoying, disagreeable, injurious, 37, 73
Noysome, hurtful, 407
Nycely, carefully, 225
Nye, to draw near, 461
Nys, is not, 460

Oaker, ochre, 491
Obliquid, oblique, 435
Obsequy, funeral rite, 86
Oddes, advantage, 368
Of, off, 460; upon, 247; by, 112, 118, 285; *of all*, above all, 407
Offal, that which falls off, 92
Offend, to harm, hurt, 151, 379
Ofnew, recently, 416
Ofspring, origin, 138
On, one, 489
Onely, chief, especial, 80
Ope, open, 246
Oppresst, taken captive, 153
Or, ere, before, 517
Ordain, to set (the battle) in order, 133
Order, to arrange, 128; rank (of army), 127
Ordinaunce, arrangement, 128; ordinance, artillery, 141
Oricalche, a kind of brass, 532
Origane, bastard marjoram, 21
Other, left, 97, 358
Otherwhere, elsewhere, 150
Otherwhiles, sometimes, 212, 230
Ought, owned, 31, 123, 521; owed, 160
Outbarre, to arrest. 138
Outgo, to surpass, 253
Outhyred, let out for hire, 295
Outlaunced, outlaunched, 533
Out-learn, to learn from, 270
Outrage, violence, outburst, 90
Outstrained, outstretched, 507
Outweare, wear out, 239; pass, spend, 227
Outwell, to gush or well out, 13; (pret.) *outwelde*, 509
Outwent, surpassed, 454
Outwin, to get out, 232
Outwind (=outwin), to get out, 307
Outworest, wrest out, discover, 99
Outwrought, completed, passed, 118
Overall, everywhere, 72; all over, 69
Overborne, overthrew, 251
Overcame, overspread, 194
Overcaught, overtook, 266
Overcraw, to crow over, insult, 59, 449
Overdight, decked over, covered over, o 117, 271, 554
Overgo, to overpower, surpass, 300, 471
Overgive, to give over, 173, 515
Overgrast, grown over with grass, 474
Overhaile, to draw over, 447
Overhent, overtook, 133, 207; overtakes, 1
Overkest, overcast, 189, 494
Overlade, to overwhelm, 356
Overplast, overhanging, 82
Over-raught, overtook, 376
Over-red, read over, 223
Overpasse, pass over, alleviate, 373
Overren, to over-run, oppress, 302
Oversee, to overlook, 129, 515
Oversight, escape (through having over danger), 88
Overswim, to swim over, 172
Overbore, overthrow, 251
Overthwart, opposite, 284
Overture, an open place, 466
Overwent, overcome, 452
Owe, to own. See *Ought*
Owch, a socket of gold to hold precious jewel, 19, 63, 177
Owre, ore, 112, 177
Owzell, blackbird, 588
Oystrige, ostrich, 141

Pace, *pase*, step, pass, passage, 27, 157
Packe, to pack off, 424; a burden, 368
Paddock, toad, 484
Paine, *payne*, labour, pains, 141; punishm '*did him paine*'=took pains, exerted 355
Paire, to impair, 48
Paled, '*pinckt* upon gold, and *paled part* 366='adorned with golden points or and regularly intersected with stripes. raldry a shield is said to be *parted per pa* it is longitudinally divided by a pale bar'
Paled, fenced off, 33
Pall, to subdue, moderate, 311
Pall, a cloak of rich material, 318, 467
Panachea, panacea, 85
Pannikell, skull, crown, 184
Paragon, *paragone*, companion, equal, 223, rivalry, 174
Paramour, a lover, 456
Paravaunt, first, beforehand, 164, 558; 408
Parbreake, vomit, 13
Pardale, panther, 41
Parentage, parent, 134
Parget, plaster, 538
Part, party, 249; depart, 24
Partake, to share, 98
Parture, departure, 205
Pas, passe (*passing*, surpassing), to surpass, 28, 63, 108, 177, 235, 308
Passion, suffering, 20, 269. Passioned

, be grieved. *Passionate*, to express

vn, 636
ence, 122. *Patronesse*, a female de-

e, pansy, 159, 221, 456
k, 223
pains, exert, 28
, balance, 132
ding, 429
ual, 369
, base knight, 374
65
fortified place, as a castle, ship, &c.,
, 212, 302
fect, 477
ar tree, 453
nt, 449
poise, weigh, 304, 557
ie, restrain, 302
naments (of wood or stone) hanging
a Gothic roof, 279
r, 69
t of food, 318
erce, 47
, *pardieu*, truly, 42, 65, 93, 205
al, 470
nécessity, 92
brisk, 448
lous, 157, 196, 228, 282
saunt, piercing, 65, 94, 208
rsley, 534
rcing, 208
ersonal appearance, 165
ack, 185,
plain, 474
, provision. See *Purveyaunce*
kind of blunderbuss, 622
easant, 96
e, companion, 564
countenance, 430
picture, 130
, placed, fastened, 22, 186, 449
il, plunder, 300, 524, 531
sorrow, grief, 58; to waste away through
, 65; '*pined ghost*,' a spirit wasted away
a torment), 168, 267; *done to pine*, caused
34
inioned, 313
mpassionate, tender-hearted, 136
places,' of rank, 269
ryne, to complain, 186, 219, 220
plaintive, 315
lane tree, 12
e, *pleasaunce*, pleasure, delight, 20, 450;
affording pleasure, 150
ded, 342
allow pool, plash, 123
p. *plight*), weave, plait, fold, 107, 208,
plait, fold, 94, 340; condition, 208, 233
ove, 233
se, weight, force, 73, 356
nt, to appoint, 273, 292; a whit, '*to poynt*'
ly, 164
ouch, 263
lunder, 300
statecraft, 135
s, *porpoises*, 552

Port, *portance*, *portaunce*, demeanour, bearing, 92, 93, 116, 165, 204, 222
Portesse, breviary, 29
Possesse, to accomplish, 174
Potshares=potshards, fragments of broken vessels, 365
Pouke, a goblin called Puck or Robin Goodfellow, 590
Pouldred, powdered, spotted, 44, 165; reduced to powder, 530
Pounce, claws, talons, 70, 315
Pound, weight, balance, '*new in pound*'=anew in the balance, 303
Pourtrahed, drawn, 128
Pourtraict, *pourtraiture*, portrait, image, 40, 94, 155, 253 (vb.), 442
Pousse, pease, 470
Poynant, piercing, sharp, 45, 122, 156, 242
Poyse, weight, 303; force, 73
Practic, *practicke*, treacherous, deceitful, 77; skilful, 242, 364
Prancke, to trim, deck, adorn, adjust, 28, 90, 92; a malicious trick, 298
Praunce, to prance, 44
Pray, to be the prey of, 410; to make a prey of, 312
Preace, *prease*, to press, 76, 242, 424; a press, crowd, 22, 116, 250
Preeve, to prove, 525
Prefard, preferred, 238
Prefixt, fixed beforehand, 351
Prejudize, foresight, 130
Prepense, to consider, 219
Presage, to tell or point out, foresee, 66
Presence, reception-room, 28
President, precedent, 310
Prest ready, prepared, 122, 244
Pretend, to attempt, 141; to stretch out (or over), offer, 378, 414
Prevent, anticipate, 365, 398
Price, to pay the price of, atone for, 35, 58; value, 63
Prick, to ride hard, to spur on quickly, 298; point, centre of target, 145, 474
Prickett, a buck, 484
Prief, *priefe*, proof, trial, experiment, 53, 56, 63, 85, 99, 380
Prieve, to prove, 314
Prime, *pryme*, spring time, 21, 153, 192; morning, 128
Primitias, first fruits, 517
Primrose, chief rose, 449
Principle, beginning, 348
Prise, adventure, 399
Prive, *privy*, secret, 474. *Privitee*, *privitie*, private life, 98; intimate relation, 252
Procure, to arrange, entreat, 155
Prodigious, ominous, 231
Profesee, to present the appearance of, 387
Proine, *proyne*, to prune or trim the feathers, 565
Project, to throw forward, 365
Prolling, prowling, 474
Prolong, to postpone, 248
Prone, subjected, 165
Proper, own, peculiar, 137; *proper good*, own property, 299
Protense, a stretching out, 169
Prove, to experience, try, feel, 261, 268, 305
Provokement, a provoking, 247

Prow, brave; (superl.) *Prowest*, 31, 84, 171. *Prowes*, prowess, 56
Prune, 95. See *Proine*
Pryse, to pay for, 285. See *Price*
Puddle, a small stream, 500
Puissant, powerful, 286
Pumie, *pumy stones*, pumice stones, 186, 453
Purchase, to obtain, to get, win (honestly or otherwise), 93, 456
Purchas, *purchase*, property, booty, robbery, 24, 93, 413
Purfled, embroidered on the edge, 19, 94
Purport, disguise, 161
Purpos, *purpose*, conversation, discourse, 20, 75, 93, 163, 201, 230; '*to purpose*,' to the purpose, 101; to speak as '*purpose diversly*'=to speak of various things, 146
Pursuivant, a pursuer, 518
Purvay, to provide, 93, 355
Purveyaunce, provision, management, 75, 156, function, 159, 223
Puttocke, a kite, 317
Pyne, pain (of hunger), 318; torment, 65
Pyoning, diggings, work of pioneers, 138

Quaile, to cast down, defeat, conquer, 98, 165, 203; perish, 481
Quaint, nice, fastidious, 194, 230
Qualify, to ease, soothe, 111
Quarle, *quarrel*, a square-headed arrow, 142, 143
Quarrie, *quarry*, prey, game, 144, 197, 315
Quart, quarter, 133
Quayd, *quailed*, quelled, subdued, 50
Queane, a worthless woman, 270
Queint, quaint, 478; '*queint elect*,' oddly chosen, 196
Queint, quenched, 103
Quell, to kill, to subdue, 116, 411; to perish, 434; to abate, 452; to disconcert, frighten, 307, 356
Queme, to please, 458
Quest, expedition, pursuit, 199, 262
Quich, *quinche*, to stir, move, 341, 670
Quick, alive, 84; 'some quicke'=something alive, 452
Quietage, quietness, 246
Quight, to set free, 50; to requite, 186
Quilted, padded, 102
Quip, a jeer, taunt, 519; to sneer at, taunt, 395
Quire, company, 401
Quirk, a quip, 618
Quit, *quite*, *quyte*, to set free, to requite, repay, 19, 556; to return (a salute), 14, 62; freed, removed, 33, 67, 231; '*quite clame*,' to release, 367
Quooke, quaked, 214

Rablement, a rabble, troop, 36, 75, 141, 525
Race, to raze, 154, 172; to cut, 317; *raced*, erased, 340
Rad, rode, 301
Rad, perceived, 206, 361. See *Read*
Raft, bereft, 14, 470
Ragged, rugged, 36
Raile, *rayle*, to flow, pour down, 43, 123, 181, 222, 237
Rain, *rayne*, to reign, 37; kingdom, 114, 180, 244
Rakehell, loose, worthless, 352
Ramp, tear, attack, 26, 35; leap, 421
Ranck, fiercely, 92; vigorous growing, 466
Random, random, 202, 458
Ranckorous, sharp, 450
Ranke, fiercely, 256
Rape, rapine, 263
Rascal, *raskall*, low, base, worthless, 141, 222, 5
Rase (pret. *rast*), to erase, 153, 232
Rash, to tear violently, hack, 237, 307. *Rash*, hastily, suddenly, 162, 227, 237. *Rash*, quick,
Rate, to scold, 207
Rate, allowance, 269; order, state, 284
Rath, early, soon, 171, 467. *Rather*, early-born,
Rath, mound, 642
Raught, reached, extended, took, 41, 156,
Raunch, to wrench, 471
Ravin, *ravine*, plunder, prey, 32, 69, 263
Ravishment, ecstasy, 404
Ray, to defile, soil, 84, 203, 379, 540
Ray, array, 305, 351
Rayle, to flow, 237, 540. See *Raile*
Rayle, abuse, 234
Rayne, kingdom, 367
Rayons, rays, beams, 538
Read, *reede*, advice, 296, 369; motto, 269; proved 466; prophecy, 293
Read, *reed* (pret. *rad*, *red*), to know, declare, plain or advise, discover, perceive, suppose, 14, 42, 52, 67, 107, 117, 164, 171; regard,
Reædifye, to rebuild, 136
Reallie, to reform, 425
Reames, realms, 187
Reare, to raise, take up or away, steal, 108, 212, 217; excite, 156; to rouse, 233
Reason, proportion, 88
Reave (pret. *reft*, *raft*), to bereave, take away (forcibly), 26, 120, 141, 201
Rebuke, conduct deserving of reproof, rudeness,
Rebutte, to cause to recoil, 19, 73
Rechlesse, reckless, 521
Reclayme, to call back, 355 (sb.), 213
Recorde, to remember, to call to mind, 293,
Recoure, *recouer*, *recure*, to recover, 243, 251
Recourse, to recur, return, 4; '*head recourse*'=
recur, 300; return, 208, 260
Recoyle, to retire, retreat, 62
Recuile, *recule*, to recoil, 352, 363
Red, *redd*, declared, described, perceived, saw, 67, 107, 117, 190, 216, 282, 429, 589. See *Read*
Redisbourse, to repay, 244
Redoubted, doughty, 206
Redound, to overflow, flow, be redundant, 279
Redress, to reunite, remake, 36; to rest, 256
Reed, to deem, 112. *Reede*, *read*, to advise,
Reek, to smoke, 474
Reele, to roll, 198
Refection, refreshment, 294
Reft, bereft, taken violently away, 152, 179, See *Reave*
Regalitie, rights of royalty, 86
Regarde, a subject demanding consideration or attention, 115; value, 413
Regiment, government, command, 131, 172,
Reke, to care, reck, 466
Relate, to bring back, 205
Release, to break loose from, 86; to give up,
Relent, to give way, to slacken, relax, soften, 194, 237
Relide, to ally, join,

cover, revive, live again, 60, 178, 200,

o retrace, 195
without hope of rescue, 36
thank, 141
y, 198
o encounter, meet in battle, 31
enfierst), made more fierce or = *renforst*
ed, 124
inforced, enforced, made fresh effort,

n, 455, 470
reverse, overturn, 31, 310
ntance, 226; to grieve, 205
failing (of courage), 19
aw term signifying to take possession
claimed, giving security at the same
ubmit the question of property to a
inal within a given time, 294
rry off, 83, 132
roof, shame, 57, 169, 176
leprive of, take away, 85
rieve, 294
etake, 144, 248
require, demand, 41
and, 90
ited, returned, 246
einstate, to be repossessed of, 136
compare, 213
e, look, regard, 195
dent, 288
, caution, 356
, correspondence, reply (in music), 152
breathe again, 98
istless, 346
itution, 184
e, 336
turn (the eyes) back, 96
ture, portrait, 94, 125
treat, 94, 244, 284
ement, 405
t, 159
, revenge, 234
eturn, to cause to return, 168, 175
clothe, 82
a reviling, abuse, 98
scall, withdraw, 220
ll back, 220
pity, to be sorry for, to lament over,
, 172, 185
89; '*in rew*,' in order, 499
auld, a loose impure person, ribald, 81
hes, 115
ll, skill in explaining riddles, 223
bundant, abundantly, much, frequent,
42, 249. *Rifelye*, abundantly, 485
roken, 114; gap, fissure, fragment, 20,

, 184. *Rigorous*, violent, 226
149
irole, 361
e, riot, extravagance, 159, 226
k, 259
t, tear, 156, 305
e to, 131
240
ursion, 400
d, anchorage for ships, 78

Rong, rang, 162
Rontes, young bullocks, 448
Roode, a cross, crucifix, 385
Rosiere, a rose tree, 127
Rosmarine, a sea-monster that was sup
feed on the dew on the tops of the sea ro
rosemary, 534
Rote, a lyre, harp, 132, 275
Roules, rolls, records, 394
Roundle, a roundelay, a kind of song, 471
Rout, crowd, troop, 127, 305
Rove, to shoot (with a sort of arrow called
11, 161, 320, 471
Rowel, the ring of a bit—any small moves
47
Rowme, place, space, 59, 183
Rownded, whispered, 214
Rowndell, a round bubble (of foam), 178
Rowze, rouze, to shake up, 69, 95
Royne, to mutter, 341
Rubin, Rubine, the ruby, 94, 150
Ruddock, redbreast, 588
Rue, to grieve, 20, 343
Ruffed, ruffled, 165, 501. *Ruffin*, disord
Ruffing, ruffling, 213
Ruinate, to ruin, 146, 346; ruined, 522
Ruing, pitying, 343
Rulesse, lawless, 509
Ruth, pity, 17, 182. *Ruthfull*, piteous, 46
Ruthy, rooty, 605
Ryfe, frequent, common, 466
Ryve, to pierce, 185

Sacrament, oath of purgation taken by a
party, 299
Sacred, accursed, 53, 149, 354
Sad, firm, heavy, grave, 23, 61, 84, 89, 122
Saine, sayne, to say (pl. say), 435, 460, 481
Sake, cause, 34
Sale, a wicker net (made of sallows or
484
Salew, to salute, 260
Saliaunce, onslaught, 83
Salied, leapt, sallied, 392
Sallows, willows, 256
Salvage, savage, wild, 23, 133, 173, 215, 25
Salue, to salute, 121
Salve, to heal, save, remedy, 133, 250, 320
Salving, salvation, restoration, 82
Sam, together, 66, 460
Samite, silk stuff, 225
Sample, example, 467
Sanguine, blood-colour, 201
Sardonian, sardonic, 359
Saufgard, guard, defence, 102. *Save*
protect, 205
Saulye, sage, 534
Saw, word, saying, proverb, sentence, 558
Say, a thin stuff (for cloaks), 30, 224
Say, assay, proof, 417
Scald, scabby, 54
Scand, climbed, 424
Scarabee, a beetle, 537
Scarmoges, skirmishes, 109
Scath, hurt, harm, damage, ruin, 77,
577
Scatter, to let drop, 86
Scatterling, a vagrant, 138, 674

Scerne, to discern, 385
Schuchin, *scutchin*, escutcheon, shield, device on a shield, 177, 233, 242, 353
Scolopendra, a fish resembling a centipede, 147
Scope, aim, 482; dimension, 210; 'aymed scope,' a mark aimed at, 372
Scorse, to exchange, 131, 207
Scorse, to chase, 402
Scould, scowled, 90
Scriene, *serine*, *scryne*, *skreene*, a cabinet for papers, a writing desk, 11, 131; entrance of a hall, 340
Scrike, shriek, 379
Scruze, to squeeze, crush, 144, 151, 185
Scryde, descried, 358
Sdeigne, to disdain, 160, 161
Sea-shouldring, having shoulders that displace the sea, 147
Sear, to burn, 70; burning, 69
Sease, to fasten on, seize, 72
See, seat, 282
Seelde, seldom, rare, 69, 570
Seely, simple, innocent, 39, 92, 192, 466
Seem, 'nought seemeth'=it is not *seemly*, 460
Seeming, apparently, 226
Seemlesse, unseemly, 302
Seemly, in a seemly manner, 123; comely, 148; apparent, 226
Seemlyhed, a seemly appearance, 269
Seene, skilled, experienced, 239, 442
Sewe, to pursue, 209
Seised, taken possession of, 76
Seisin, possession, 381
Selcouth, seldom known, rare, strange, 269
Sell, seat, saddle, 87, 92, 156, 175, 250
Semblaunce, *semblaunt*, *semblant*, likeness, appearance, phantom, 82, 150, 167, 168, 181, 195, 282; cheer, entertainment, 378
Sence, feeling, 259
Seneschall, governor, steward, 231, 343
Sens, since, 254
Sensefull, sensible, 381
Sent, scent, perception, 16, 180, 196, 257
Sere, sear, 446
Serve, to bring to bear upon, 137
Set by, to esteem, 262
Severall, diverse, 24
Seue, to follow, 88, 113, 180, 186, 402; to solicit, 294
Seyne, to say. See *Seyne*
Shade, to shadow, represent, 327
Shallop, sloop, 197
Shame, to feel shame, to be ashamed, 147
Shamefast, modest, 318
Shamefastnesse, modesty, 308
Shard, division, boundary, 110; cut, 297
Share, portion, piece, 19; to cut, 237, 297, 317
Shagres, shires, 135
Sheare, to cut, divide, 109, 178, 256
Sheare, *shere*, bright, clear, 218
Sheares, wings, 119
Shed, to spill life blood, to kill, 115
Sheene, *shene*, bright, shining, clear, 81, 90, 162, 180
Shend (pret. *shent*), to disgrace, defile, abuse, reproach, shame, 17, 81, 102, 120, 181, 206, 235, 467, 607
Shere, to cleave, divide, 106
Shere, bright, clear, 167, 259
Shew, mark, track, 23
Shidder (generally explained as *she*), but if not a corruption of *thider* (thither) must mean a deer, she animals, 475
Shield, 'God shield,' God forbid, 406
Shine, *shyne*, a bright light, 67; bright, 262
Shiver, to quiver, 235, 257
Shole, shallow, 427
Shonne, to shun, 161
Shope, shaped, framed, 320
Shot, advanced (in years), 324
Shriche-owle, shriek owl, 491
Shriech, shriek, 379
Shrieve, to question (shrive), 293
Shrifts, confessions, 517
Shright, a shriek, 118, 377; to shriek, 262
Shrike, shriek, 494
Shrill, to give out a ringing, shrill sound, 46
a shrill sound, 495
Shrilling, shrill, 33, 203, 239
Shriving, confession, 517
Shrowde, to take shelter, 449
Sib, *sibbe*, akin, related, 395
Sich, such, 196, 171
Sicker, sure, 452
Sickernesse, security, safety, 223
Siege, seat, 90, 116
Sield, cield, 318
Sient, scion, 296
Sight, sighed, 85
Sign, watchword; representation, picture, 22
Sike, such, 460
Silly, simple, innocent, 42, 194, 216
Simplesse, simplicity, 467
Sin, since, 417
Singults, sighs, 219, 500
Sinke, hoard, deposit, 14
Sited, placed, situated, 191
Sith, *sithe*, *sythe*, time, since, 37, 124, 215, 334
Sithens, since, since that time, 32, 37, 55, 111,
Sithes, times, 447, 191
Sits, is becoming, 14, 459
Skean, a dagger, 631
Skill, to signify, to be a matter of importance
Skippet, a little boat, 146
Slacke, slow, 190
Slake, to slack, 169, 332
Slaver, slobber, 357
Slight, sleight, device, trick, 46, 234, 339
Slipper, slippery, 482
Slombry, sleepy, 190
Slug, to live idle, 82
Sly, subtle, clever, 124
Smirke, neat, trim, 449
Smit, smote, 19, 348; smitten, 166, 231
Smot, smote, 158; smitten, 167
Smouldry, *smouldring*, suffocating, 102, 220
Snag, a knot, 142, 263
Snaggy, knotted, covered with knots, 44
Snags, knots, 263
Snaky-wreathed = (?) *snake-wreathed*, snake-twined, 425
Snar, to snarl, 420
Snarled, twisted, 225
Snebbe, to reprove, snub, 449
Snib, to reprove, 516
Snub, knob (of a club), 50
Soare-falcon, a falcon of the first year, 602
Sold, pay, remuneration, 126
Solein, sad, 489

:, a solemn rite, 60
somewhat, 484
g, 106
unned, exposed to the sun, 447
ie, sunshiny, 446
etly, 456
ie, truth, 460; truly, 170, 174, 277
igury, 485
oothlich, truly, indeed, 164, 344, 367
prediction, omen, 205
vine, a kind of flower like a carnation, 458
ipany, 160, 561
sort,' inasmuch as, 76
use, *sowse*, to swoop on, as a bird does upon
y, strike, attack, 33, 133, 177, 243, 244,
6, 263; the swoop (of a hawk), 143; blow,
3
immerse, 25
soothsay, 286. *Southsayer*, soothsayer, 33
ice, remembrance, 107, 111, 124, 459
o wield, 74. *Sound*=*swound*, swoon, 112
sound, 105, 111
ruck, 250
y, 243
walk, roam, 240, 273, 297
he shoulders, 109
spangles, 290
forth, to cause to sparkle, 159
aring, niggardliness, 161; to save, 263, 459
? an error for *sparthe*), a battle-axe, 676
olt, bar, 348
on, sight, 603
vill speed,' misfortune, 254
arm, 452
o bolt, shut, 347, 460
o disperse, scatter, 15, 310
es, keen glances, eyes, 19, 159, 398, 401
ispleasure, grudge, 161
ravage, destroy, 27, 199
ced, inlaid, 279
rth, produced, 489
ravage, carry off, 114
flowed out quickly, 277
olame, 189
espoused, betrothed, 60
pread, 340
ranch, 434
redden, to spread over, to cover, 157
prinkled, 150, 237, 534
spirit, 310
springal, youth, 535
, a youth, stripling, 343
eaded, having heads that spring afresh,

sprang, 162, 175
to spur, 156
py, 80
shoot forth, 187
paltry trifling fellow, 516
square, a rule, a carpenter's measure, 86
staff, prop, 40
disparage, 544
oy, bait, 80, 407
tride, 114
olen, taken, 524
eary, 473
shine, 197
p stared,' stood up stiffly, 227

Stark, strong, stiff, 16, 84
Star-read, knowledge of the stars, 296
Startuppe, a wooden shoe, 451 (*Glosse*)
State, stately, 473
Stay, to hold, hold up, support, 220
Stayd, caused to stay, 372
Stayed, constant, 148
Stayne, to dim, deface, 99
Stayre, a step, 187
Stead, *sted*, *stedd*, station, place, situation, 51, 58, 72, 164, 223, 249
Stead, to help, avail, bestead, 126
Steale, stale, handle, 356
Steane, a stone (vessel), 434
Steare, a steer, 222, 261
Sted, place, condition, 357; steed, horse, 51. See *Stead*
Steedy, steady, 83
Steely=*steelen*, of steel, 297
Steemed, esteemed, 252, 410
Steep, to bathe, stain, 162
Stelths, thefts, 24
Steme, to exhale, 109
Stemme, to rush against, 237
Stent, to cease, stop, 98
Sterve, to die, 230; to starve, 594
Steven, voice, cry, 475
Stew, a hot steaming place, 72
Stie, to ascend, 278
Still, to drop, flow, trickle, 166, 266
Stint, to stop, cease, 176, 243; a stop, limit, 564
Stir, *styre*, to stir, move, incite, provoke, 102, 198; to direct, steer, 80
Stole, a long robe, 76
Stomachous, angry, 121
Stomacke, temper, 116
Stond, attach, 141
Stonied, astonished, alarmed, 351
Stound, *stownd*, *stond*, a moment of time, 52, 53; (a time of) trouble, peril, alarm, assault, 122, 158, 162, 255; effort, 485; a stunning influence, a blow, amazement, 258, 261, 308, 532; stunned, 350, 568
Stound, astonishment, amazement, 568
Stoup, to swoop, 144
Stout, stubborn, bold, 174, 226
Stoure, *stowre*, tumult, disturbance, battle, passion, fit, 18, 159, 163, 446, 447; paroxysm, 173; danger, peril, 25, 32
Straine, race, lineage, 271.
Straine, *strayne*, to stretch out, 114
Straint, grasp, strain, 301
Strake, strook, 95, 98, 507; a streak, 98
Straunge, foreign, borrowed, 225
Strayne, to wield, 114; to embody in strains, 480
Strayt, a street, 116
Streight, narrow, strait, strict, 355, 583; close, 274
Streightly, straitly, closely, 122, 166
Streightnesse, straitness, 322
Strene, strain, race, 341, 387
Stresse, distress, 135, 219
Strich, the screech-owl, 149
Strif-ful, *stryfull*, contentious, 88, 164, 243, 255
Stroken, struck, 367
Strond, strand, 196
Strong, strung, 504
Strow, to spread out, display, 467
Stub, stock of a tree, 58

Stud, *studde*, trunk, stock, 452; shrub bush, 505
Sty, to ascend, mount, 70, 117
Subject, lying beneath, 70, 194
Submisse, submissive, 284
Subtile, fine-spun, 153
Subverst, subverted, 228
Succeed, to approach, 377
Successe, succession, 136
Sue, solicit. See *Sew*
Sufferaunce, patience, endurance, 235
Suffisaunce, abundance, 534
Suffised, satisfied, 22
Sugred, sweet, 105
Supple, to make supple, 185
Suppress, to overcome, keep down, 398
Surbate, to batter, 178
Surbet, bruised, wearied, 89
Surcease, to leave off, utterly to cease, 158, 178, 237, 304
Surcharge, to attack with renewed vigour, 277
Surcharged, heavily laden, 266
Surplusage, excess, 114
Surprise, to seize suddenly, 410
Surmount, to surpass, 131
Surquedry, pride, insolence, presumption, 148, 157, 211, 303
Surview, *surrew*, to overlook, survey, 449
Suspect, suspicion, 39
Swain, *swayn*, a labourer, youth, person, 393, 453
Swart, black, 133
Swarve, to swerve, retreat, 62, 96, 156
Swat, did sweat, 305
Sway, to swing, brandish, wield (arms), 136, 162; force, 317; a rapid motion, 147
Sweard, sword, 244, 552
Sweath-bands, swaddling-bands, 379
Swell, fainted, swooned, 263; burnt, 44; (? swelled, 220)
Swinck, labour, toil, 112, 474
Swinge, to singe, 70
Swole, sweetly. See *Soote*
Swound, swoon, 263
Sybbe, akin, related, 461
Syker, truly, 467
Syrlye, surly, 468

Table, a picture, 59
Tabrere, one playing on a tabour, 458
Tackle (pl. *tackles*), rigging, 78
Tadvaunce, to advance, 449
Taking, sickness, 456
Talaunts, talons, 72
Tamburins, small drums, 464
Taue, taken, 546
Tapets, tapestry, figured work, 535
Tare, tore, 197
Targe, target, 102
Tarras, terrace, 340
Tassal gent, the tiersel, or male goeshawk, 180
Tassuage, to assuage, 448
Tawdrie lace, a lace (girdle) bought at the fair of *St. Audrey* or *St. Ethelred*, 456
Teade, a torch, 78, 535, 587
Teene (*tene*), grief, sorrow, pain, 58, 76, 86, 213, 643; affliction, 343. See *Tine*
Teene (*? leene*, lend, give), to bestow, 186
Tell, *to count*, 114. *Teld*, told, 365
Temed, yoked in a team, 178
Temerise, like a team, 222
Temper, to govern, control, 525
Tempring, controlling, governing, 109
Tend, to wait on, 310
Tender, to tend, attend to, 193, 372
Terebinth, the turpentine tree, 467
Termelesse, unlimited, 600
Thee, to prosper, thrive, 83
Theeveryes, thefts, 222
Thelement, the elements, 449
Thelf, the elf, 452
Then, than, 43, 166
Thereto, besides, 158
Thetch, thatch, 515
Thether, thither, 307
Thewed, behaved, mannered, 109, 597
Thewes, qualities, manners, 55, 60, 83, 127
Thick, a thicket, 84, 453
Thilk, *-dilke*, that same, this, 447, 450, 456
Tho, *thoe*, then, 13, 17, 158, 459. *Tho*, the, pl. tho 474
Thone, the one, the first, 445
Thorough, through, 246, 374
Throughly, thoroughly, 118, 307, 383
Thother, that other, the other, 145, 445
Thous=thou es, thou art, 466, 552
Thrall, to take captive, enslave, 85, 219; bring in subjection, constrain, 319; a slave, 38; enslave 417
Threat, to threaten, 179, 227. *Threatfull*, threatening, 227
Thresher, a flail, 325
Threttie, thirty, 448
Thrid, a thread, 240
Thrill, to pierce, 153, 166, 184, 213, 266. *Thrilling* piercing, 70, 101
Thrist, to thirst, 42; thirst, 108
Thristy, thirsty, 64, 105
Throw, time, while, 180
Throw, throe, pang, 64; thrust, attack, 103, 13 184, 244, 245
Thrust, to thirst, 89; thirst, 199
Thwart, athwart, 198
Tickle, uncertain, insecure, 178, 431, 542
Tide, *tyde*, time, season, opportunity, 20, 190, 20
Tight, tied, 421
Timbered, massive (like timbers), 305
Timelesse, untimely, 570
Timely, seasonable, beautiful, 446
Tinct, coloured, 481
Tine, affliction, 294
Tine, to light, kindle, inflame, 14, 120, 193, 213,
Tine or *teen*, sorrow, grief, pain, 218, 243, 294
Tire, rank, train, 30
Tire, *tyre*, attire, dress, 54, 63, 86, 430
Titmose, hedge-sparrow, 480
To=for (as in *to frend*), 14
Todde, a thick bush, 452
Tofore, before, 248, 387
Too, very, 449, 460
Toole, weapon, 95
Tooting, looking about, 452
Top, head, 46
Torn heare, torn hair, 563
To-rent, rent asunder, 263
Tort, wrong, injury, 74, 103, 164, 271
Tortious, injurious, wrongful, 86, 218, 237
Tossen, to brandish, toss, 168

y, tottering, unsteady, 433, 449
torn to pieces, 338
to tilt, joust, 80 (sb.), 164
tease, worry, 143
avourable, 99; approaching, near at hand,

worn out, 338
me, sport, 110, 151; to play, 629
, 560
walk, track, tract, 196, 271, 374
ce, 420; to trace, 110
otstep, tread, 110; occupation, 148; con-
52
n, transfer, 243
rayne, to drag along, trail, to allure, 390;
eceit, snare, trap, 38, 57, 169, 212, 271;
01; assembly, 303
a net for the hair, tresses, 88, 208
d, transformed, 221
e, to transmute, transform, 47, 95, 159
se, to transpose, 222
adorn (with trappings), 120, 527
, toiled, 120, 527
oil, 393
interwoven, adorned, 316
r, *treachetour*, a traitor, 31, 81, 99, 136, 397,

truce, 90
discourse, hold parley with, 202 (sb.), 231
trees, 46
d, *trenchant*, cutting, 70, 317
services of 30 masses, which were usually
ted upon as many different days, for the
17
xperience, 492; prove, *a daw trie*=prove a
w or fool, 521
wed, 153
at, well-formed, 159; pleasing, 160
hreefold, 78
, quality of being threefold, 78
ode, path, footstep, 211, 466, 474
s, a headless spear, 123, 242
ith, 81
r, restless, 92
believe, 303
, truncated, having the head cut off, 102
o pack up, 216; carry off, 70, 264; a bundle,

oved, essayed, 87
d, purified, 302
l, troubled, 278, 541
n encounter, 258, 278
t, turban, 288
ain, two, 109
o twit, 323
twofold, 35
ndled, 265, 508
ef, pain, 56. See *Tine*, *Teen*
come to grief, to perish, 289
a tyrant, 478
se, a female tyrant, 37
g, acting like a tyrant, 262
ress, attire, 282
' weary, 157, 395

rible, 59
, the visor of a helmet, 160, 251
nied, *unusual*, *strange*, 63

Unbid, without a prayer, 60
Unblest, unwounded, 301
Unbrace, to unfasten, 97
Uncivile, wild, uncivilised, 112
Uncouth, unusual, strange, 13, 163, 215, 267
Uncrudded, uncurdled, 589
Undefide, unchallenged, 122
Underfong, to surprise, circumvent, 300, 465
Underhand, secretly, 289
Underlay, to diminish, 505
Undersay, to affirm in contradiction to anyone, 474
Undersong, burden (of a song), 471
Understand, to learn the cause of (or perhaps to take in hand for purpose of arbitration), 24
Undertake, to perceive, hear, 309
Undertime, time of the mid-day meal, 195
Undight, to undress, take off ornaments, unloose, 23, 146, 185, 190, 392
Uneasy, disturbed, 159
Uneath, *unneath*, *unneathes*, *uneth*, scarcely, with difficulty, uneasily, 58, 68, 106, 183, 211, 473
Unespyde, unseen, 159
Unfilde, unpolished, 196
Ungentle, uncourteous, 162
Ungentlenesse, base conduct, 182
Unguilty, not conscious of guilt, 165
Unhable, incapable, 29
Unhappie paine, unsuccessful labours (because there was no heir to reap the benefit of their pains), 380
Unhappy, unfortunate, 111
Unhastie, slow, 23
Unheale, *unhele*, to expose, uncover, 152, 253
Unheedy, unwary, 182. *Unheedily*, unheedingly, 280
Unherst, 'took from the herse or temporary monument where the knights' arms were hung,' 310
Unkempt, uncombed, rude, 214, 480
Unkend, *unkent*, unknown, 286, 440
Unkind, unnatural, 167
Unkindly, unnatural, 132, 448
Unlast, unlaced, 365
Unlich, unlike, 35
Unlike, not likely, 320
Unmannurd, not cultivated, 132
Unmard, uninjured, 407
Unmeet, unfit, 193, 232
Unnethes, scarcely, 446
Unnoble, ignoble, 502
Unpurvaide of, unprovided with, 424
Unred, untold, 291
Unredrest, without redress, unrescued, 272
Unreproved, blameless, 113
Unrestfulnesse, uneasiness, 454
Unshed, unparted, 266
Unsoote, unsweet, 485
Unspidie, unseen, 188
Unstayd, unsteady, 363
Unthrifty, wicked, 30
Unthriftyhead, unthrift, 147, 226
Untill, unto, 68, 482
Untimely, unfortunately, 319
Untrust, unbound, 566
Unvalued, invaluable, 584
Unwary, unwary, unexpected, 76
Unware, *unwares*, unawares, unexpectedly, 84, 159; unknown, 250, 452, 461

Unwecting, not knowing, unconscious, 21, 22, 174
Unweldy, unwieldy, 51
Unwist, unknown, 165, 260, 297
Unwont, unaccustomed, 448
Unworthy, undeserved, 380
Unwreaked, unrevenged, 219
Upbraide, *upbraiding*, reproach, abuse, 277, 252, 512
Upbrast, burst open, 416
Upbray, to upbraid, 101, 239; an upbraiding, 163
Uphild, upheld, 414
Uphoorded, uphoarded, 503
Upreare, to raise up, 83, 173, 235
Upryst, uprisen, 452
Upstare, to stand up erect, 149, 217
Up-start, start up, 97, 121
Upstay, to support, 226
Uptyde, tied up, 86
Upwound, knotted, 13
Urchin, hedgehog, 141
Usage, behaviour, 267
Usaunce, usage, 112
Use, to practise, 252; habits, 104, 218
Utmost, uttermost, outmost, last, 90, 147, 220, 379, 420, 603
Utter, to put out or forth, 452; outer, 90, 280

Vade, to go, 304; to vanish, 208, 529
Vaile, to lay down, 208
Vaine, frail, 240
Vaine, the poetic vein, 477
Vainesse, vanity, 538
Valew, *value*, valour, courage, 109
Valiaunce, valour, 93, 171
Variable, various, 182
Vauncing, advancing, 249
Vaunt, to display, 164
Vauntage, advantage, opportunity, 199
Vaut, a vault, 115, 128
Vaute, to leap, 519
Vauted, vaulted, 179, 555
Vaut, a vault, 509, 524
Vele, a veil, 12, 161
Vellanage, *villinage*, slavery, 139
Vellet, velvet, 460
Venery, hunting, 40
Vengeable, revengeful, deserving of revenge, 19, 99
Vengement, revenge, 265
Venger, avenger, 24
Ventayle, the place of the helmet, 165, 259
Vented, lifted up the visor, 160
Venteth, snuffeth, 449
Ventre, to venture, 265
Ventrous, *venturous*, bold, adventurous, 149, 239
Vere, to veer, 356
Vermeil, *vermeill*, *vermell*, *vermily*, vermilion, 134, 160, 201, 277
Vertuous, possessing virtue or power, 154
Vestiment, vestment, 227
Vetchy, consisting of the straw of the *vetch* (tare), 475
Vild, vile, 38, 349
Vildly, vilely, 14, 27
Villein, base-born, low, 142
Virelayes, light songs, 480, 546
Virginal, pertaining to a virgin, 127
Visnomie, visage, 311, 535
Vitall, life-giving, 81
Voide, to avoid, turn aside, to remove, 288, 3
Voided, cleared, 315, 396

Wade, to walk, go, 13
Wae, woe, 473
Wag, to move (the limbs), 299
Wage, a pledge, 31; to pledge, 114
Wagmoires, quagmires, 474
Waide, weighed, proved, 278
Waift, a waif, an article found and not claim an owner, 294
Waite, to watch, 220, (sb.) 460
Wakefull, watchful, 16, 206
Walke, to roll, wag, 97, 225
Wallowed, groveling, 218
Was, gained, 88; took, 110
Was, pale, faint, 110
Wand, branch of a tree, 339
Wanion, wild, 190
War, worse, 474
Ward, to guard, 340, 466
Ware, wary, cautious, 43, 206
Wareless, unaware, 236; unexpected, 239; he 318
War-hable, fit for war, 138
Wariment, caution, 243
Warke, work, 83
War-monger, a mercenary warrior, 214
Warray, *warrey*, to make war on, to lay wa 133, 136
Warre, worse, 271
Wasserman, a sea monster in shape like a ma
Wast, to desolate, lay waste, 234; wasted, 44
Wastfull, barren, uninhabited, wild, 22, 11 devastating, 446
Wastness, wilderness, 22
Water-sprinckle, waterpot, 225, 244
Wawes, waves, 145
Wax, *wex*, to grow, 207, 241
Way, to weigh, esteem, 429
Wayd, went on their way, 237; weighed, mined, 230
Wayfull, lamentable, 179, 449
Wayment, to lament, 81, 501; lamentation, 17
Wayne, chariot, 29
Weanell, a weanling, lamb or kid, 475
Weare, to pass, spend (the time), 13
Wearish, mischievous, evil-disposed, 256
Weasand-pipe, windpipe, 242
Weather, to expose to the weather, 315
Weaved, waved, floated, 311
Weed, clothes, dress, 11, 45, 94, 120
Weeke, wick, 134
Weeldelesse, unwieldy, 243
Ween (pret. *weend*), to suppose, expect, thi 17, 58, 99, 251
Weet, *weeten*, to know, learn, understand, pe 23, 92, 157, 163, 185. *To weet*=to wit, 13
Weeting, knowledge, 347
Weetingly, knowingly, 372
Weetlesse, unconscious, ignorant, 106, 165, 2
Weft, a waif, 309
Wefte, was wafted, 108; avoided, 179; a w thing cast adrift, 215
Wel-away the while, alas the time! 473
Weld, to wield, govern, 229, 338
Welke, to wane, 14, 261, 441
Welkin, sky, heavens, 98

, 22; very (*well affectionate*), 175
ur, 134. *Well-head*, fountain head, 113
an exclamation of great sorrow, alas!

experienced, 306
!, abounding in moral wisdom, 449
:oll, 468
ırn, go, 273
ney, course, 257, 386
easand, windpipe, 301
ow, increase, become, 120, 196, 207
201
ırked with streaks, 29
ing—*homely, what* homely fare, 402
, what sort of a, 455
here, place, 66, 177
elly, 505
overwhelm, 91, 98
hich of two, 21, 301
e; 'Alas the *while*!' = woe worth the
6
whilere=erewhile, formerly, lately, 57,

ilest, whilst, 292
covered with a wimple, 430
a kind of whale, 147
ıced, 435
86, 128, 198
formerly, 28
le (chains), 220
ıd-about, 414
ider, 475
:ite, blame; '*worthy wight*' = merited
64
son, being, 129, 140
ive, 453
uickly, 473
, wild apple, 195
imble, 453
o gather, plait, fold, 12; a covering for
:, veil, 76
, get (out), 232; come up to, 363
izard, wise man, 28, 296
mode, manner, guise, 161, 165, 173
, knew, 165
witch,
eed, 464
, *wyte*, to blame, twit, reprove, 147, 180,

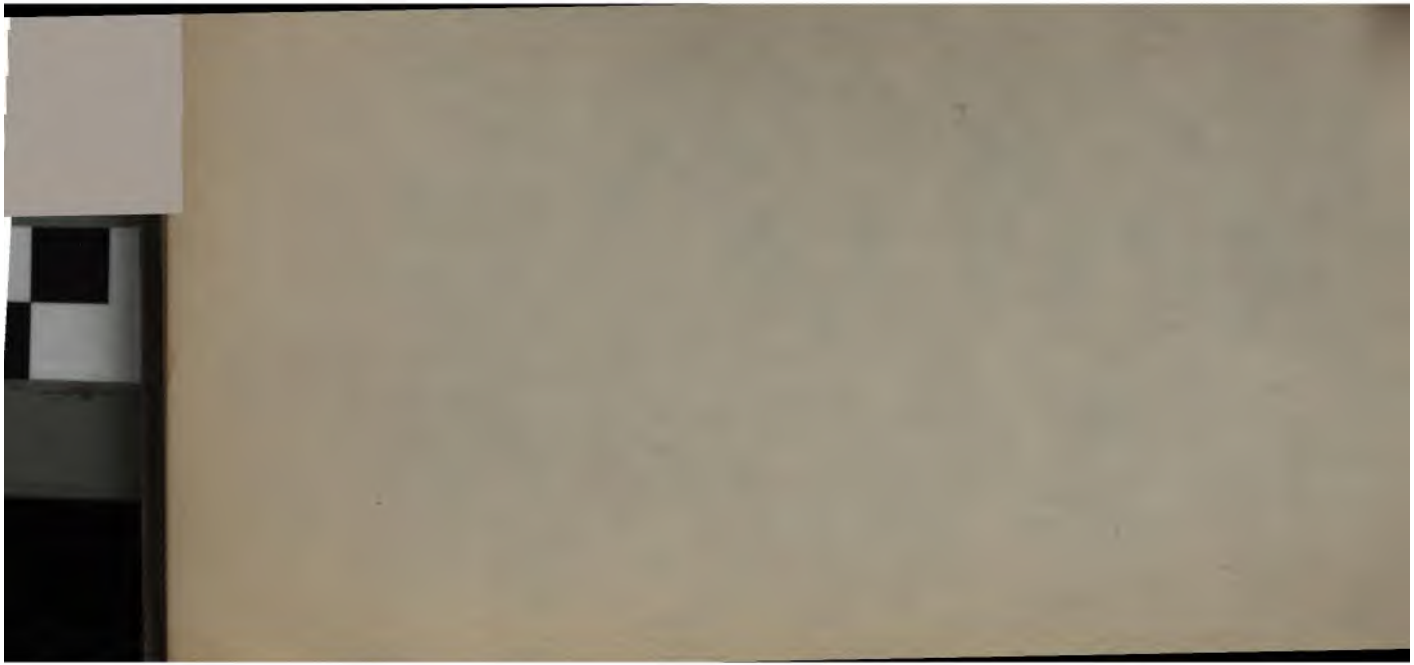
blameless, 471
', withheld, 140
without, 359
nseless, foolish, 466
l, intelligence, 149. *Withily*, wisely, sen-
0
ad, 124, 233
d, womanly feeling, 402
won), be wont, 208
e (*wonning*), dwelling-place, abode, 114,
, 375, 378; to dwell, 42, 117, 184, 369
marvellous, 149
vere wont, 449
e accustomed, 226
l, frantic, furious, 80, 35, 98, 277
nadness, 220
well, 504, 557
o, 251
d or spent the time, 276

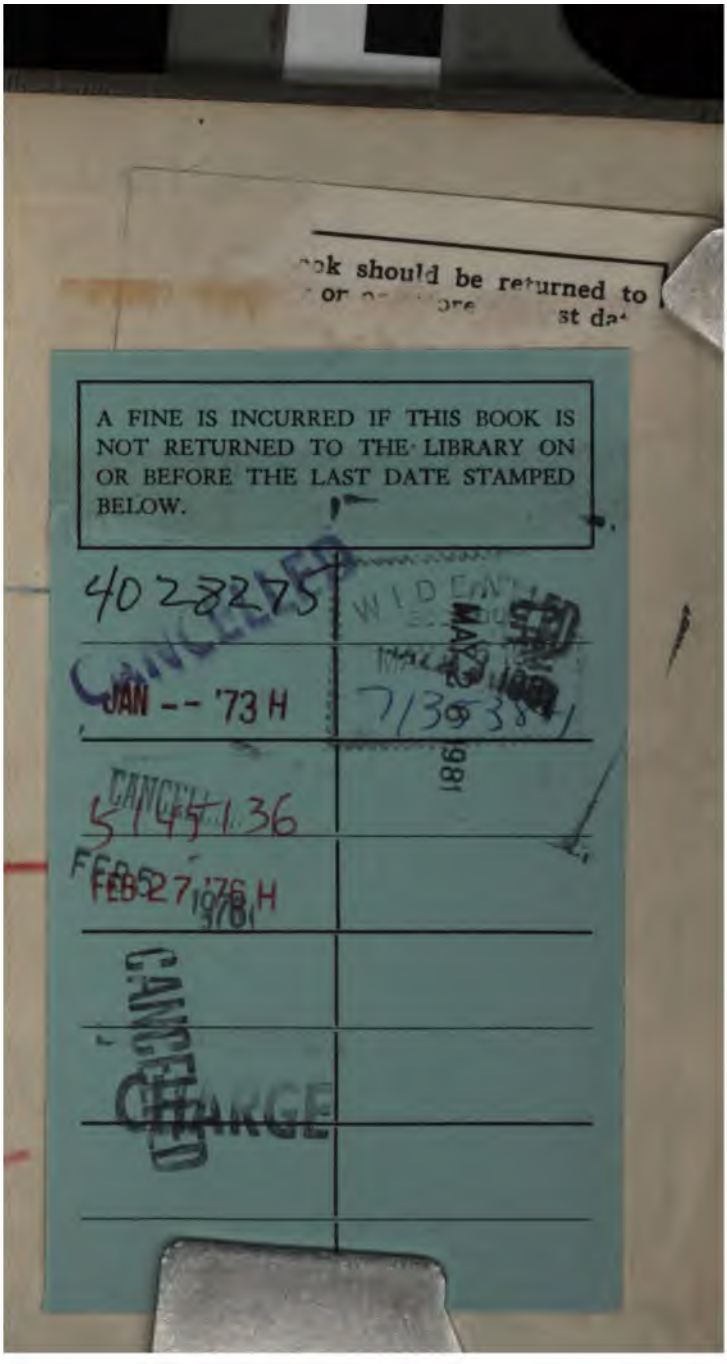
Worshippe, honour, reverence, 12, 163
Worth, to be, 109
Wot, wote, know, knows, 7, 59, 206, 449
Wotes, knows, 206. *Wotest*, knowest, 93
Woundlesse, unwounded, 477
Wowed, wooed, 412
Woxe, woxen, become, grown, 30, 180, 271
Wracke, wreck, destruction, violence, 38,
take vengeance, 261. *Wrackfull*, avengi
Wrast, to wrest, 357
Wrate, did write, 227
Wrawling, mewing like a cat, 420
Wreak, vengeance, 53, 75; ruin, 198; to
take vengeance on, 93, 164
Wreakfull, avenging, 297
Wreath, to turn, 86
Wreck, destruction, 21
Wrest, to wrench, twist, 153; a wrenchin
turning, 144, 153
Wrest, the wrist, 33, 194
Wrethe, to twist, 13
Wrigle, wriggling, 448
Writ (pl. *writtes*), writing, a written paper
Wroke, wroken, avenged, 104, 238, 265, 453
Wrye, awry, crooked, 448
Wull, will, 590
Wyde, turned away (cf. *wide* of the mark),
Wyte, wyten, to blame, 353, 516, 558

Y, as a prefix of the past participle, is fre
employed by Spenser, as *Y-clad*, clothed
Y-fraught, filled, 20, &c.
Yate, gate, 460
Ybent, turned, gone, 180
Ybet, beaten, 248
Yblent, blinded, dazzled, 18, 456
Ybore, born, 177
Ycond, learnt, 461
Yclad, clad, 14
Ycleepe, to call, 550
Ycleped, called, named, 182
Ydle, empty, 33
Ydlesse, idleness, 369
Ydrad, ydred, dreaded, feared, 11
Yead, yede, yeed, to go (properly a preterit
68, 96
Yearne, to earn, 365, 392
Yeuen, give in, 455
Yfere, together, in company with, 54, 455
Yfretted, adorned, 165
Ygo, ygoe, gone, ago, 19, 183
Yglaunst, glanced, glided, 198
Yilde, yield, 138
Yirks, jirks, lashes, 395
Ylike, alike, 30
Ylk, same, 471
Ymolt, melted, 220
Ympe, youth, 224. See *Imp*
Ympt, joined, 275
Ynd, India, 38
Ynne, abode, inn, 480
Yod, yode, went, 60, 112, 202
Yodest, didst go, 567
Yold, yielded, 219
Yond, yonder, 420
Yond, outrageous, terrible, 196
Yongthly, youthful, 596
Youngling, young of man or beast, 66

Youngth, *yongth*, youth, 480, 532
Younker, a youth, 231
Youthly, youthful, 95
Ypent, pent up, 446
Yplight, plighted, 91
Yrapt in spright, rapt in spirit, 555
Yrkes, wearies, 204
Yron-braced, sinewed like iron (of the arm), 102
Ysame, together, 433
Yshrilled, did sound shrill, 550
Ytost, harassed, 463
Ywis, certainly, truly, 82, 199
Ywist, '*had Ywist*,' vain after-regret; li
I known' (how it would have turned
Ywrake, *ywroke*, *ywroken*, avenged, re
285, 368

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET





ook should be returned to
or ... ore ... st da

A FINE IS INCURRED IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW.

4028275

CANCELLED

JAN -- '73 H

WIDENER
MAY 2 1981

7135381

CANCELLED

5145136

FEB 27 1976 H

CANCELLED

CHARGE

3.7
le works of Edmund Spenser /
Library
003643203
2044 086 752 284